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### PROFESSOR TUCKER'S LIFE OF JEFFERSON.

*The Life of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States; with parts of his Correspondence never before published, and Notices of his Opinions on questions of Civil Government, National Policy, and Constitutional Law.* By George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837.

AFTER Washington and Franklin, there is no person who fills so eminent a place among the great men of America, as Jefferson. Whether we regard his important services in the revolutionary contest, or his subsequent assertion of the principles upon which the separation was undertaken,—both while he filled a subordinate station in Washington's presidency, thwarted by his colleagues, as well as at variance with his chief, and while he administered himself the government of that free and prosperous country,—no reasonable doubt can be entertained, that to his enlightened views and to the firmness of his character, it is indebted for much of that freedom and prosperity. While his enemies have admitted the integrity of his conduct, and the undeviating consistency with which he acted upon the principles professed by him for upwards of half a century, marked by mightier changes and more perplexing difficulties than perhaps the history of nations ever before recorded, he was, during the last twenty years of his public life, the recognised leader of the party which had effected the first, possibly the most remarkable of those revolutions, and the one that has had the greatest influence upon the fortunes of mankind. As the only charge against him, whilst engaged in state affairs, related to the vehemence of his republican opinions, and the prejudices connected with them in regard to the foreign policy of his country, so almost the only question that can now be raised concerning his merits, must be upon the extent of the benefits which America owed to him, and the degree in which he possessed those qualities ascribed to him by his admirers. That he was a great man, and a great public benefactor, can only be denied by those whom the prejudices of national or

of party animosity on either side of the Atlantic, render blind to the merits of a republican and an American. But even they who judge him the least fairly and calmly, will be ready to admit, that the account of such a man's life, drawn from authentic sources of information, and given with a singular freedom from partiality in its substance, as well as of affection in its execution, forms a very valuable addition to the stock of our political and historical knowledge; and this praise cannot be withheld from the work of Professor Tucker, which is now before us. A consideration of the subject of it will direct our attention, not only to the remarkable person whose history it records, but to several matters of great interest to other countries as well as the United States.

The book is dedicated appropriately to Jefferson's successor in the Presidency, James Madison, who shared in his opinions, and was his steady and attached friend in private life, as he had been his zealous and conscientious supporter in public. From this able and excellent person the author derived much assistance in the performance of his task; he having both "kindly answered his inquiries and guided his researches." To him application was made on all matters of doubt; much of the information was derived from him; and he revised nearly the whole of the first volume. It is an affecting circumstance, that when the dedication was sent to Mr. Madison, he delayed answering the letter which enclosed it for some months, his health being in a very feeble state, and those about him dreading the effects of any exertion; but at last being determined to delay giving his sanction no longer, he said, "there was no time to lose;" and on the 27th June, 1836, only thirteen hours before he expired, he dictated, and with considerable effort, signed a letter, which the author has very properly printed. In it, this upright and venerable statesman expresses his confidence in the author's "capacity to do justice to a character so interesting to the country and to the world;" and he adds, "It could not escape me, that a feeling of personal friendship has mingled itself greatly with the credit you allow to my public services. I am, at the same time, justified by my consciousness in saying, that an ardent zeal was always felt to make up for deficiencies in them, by a sincere and steadfast co-operation in promoting such a reconstruction of our political system as would provide for

the permanent liberty and happiness of the United States; and that of the many good fruits it has produced, which have well rewarded the efforts and anxieties that led to it, no one has been a more rejoicing witness than myself." The author has farther had the assistance of Mr. Jefferson's family, especially his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, and of some aged friends who remembered his earlier life. He had the freest access to his papers, from his grandson and executor; and he had himself an acquaintance of twenty-seven years with the subject of his work. During the last fifteen months of his life their intercourse was "frequent and familiar." It must be added, that with a general coincidence of political principles, so far as belonging to the same party, Professor Tucker by no means agrees in all Mr. Jefferson's opinions, and never hesitates to express his dissent where he differs; and his disapprobation of such parts of the President's conduct as appear to deserve censure. The work may not satisfy either extreme of American party: the Federalists are not likely to forgive any one who records the useful and the successful efforts which overthrew their influence, and prevented them from regaining the ascendancy that had been propped up by the alarm of the French Revolution; the Democrats may, with the accustomed and unreasonable intolerance of faction, be more vexed at a few candid admissions, which a regard for truth and justice has drawn forth, than gratified with the clear statement of their policy, and the successful defence of it in the main. But reflecting men will give their confidence to one who has so well earned it by fairness and moderation, and whose labours received the dying sanction of so unsuspected a judge, and so tried a friend of popular rights and national independence as James Madison.

At the period of Mr. Jefferson's birth,—and the same state of things continued down to the time when he entered into public life,—the constitution of society in Virginia was exceedingly aristocratical; although the tone of political feeling was, with respect to the executive government and the mother country, that of opposition frequently carried to the extremes of party violence. Indeed, these two characteristics of the Colonial body had their origin in the same circumstances. The planters living apart, and enjoying revenues which, though ample, were received in kind, and could only be spent by consumption upon the spot, exercised an habitual profuse hospitality; and had no intercourse with any but their guests or their slaves, unless when they were delegated to represent their order in the assembly, when they leagued together against the only superiors whom they ever could see, the governor and the council appointed by him. Such a class of men could not be expected to regard with any great respect the rest of the community; and that feeling of superiority was much increased by the distinction established between the families of the older and free settlers, and those who descended from indentured servants; a class of men whose necessities had caused their emigration, and made them the object of colonial enactments almost as severe as any that the common law of slavery contained against the people of colour. It is a singular and a transcendent praise of the Jeffersons and the Madisons, that, born and bred in a society so constituted, their course was marked by a uniform regard for the rights and the happiness of the whole people.

Their aversion to negro slavery, and their desire, by all safe and practicable means, to eradicate this curse, as well as their own personal kindness towards the unhappy beings dependent upon their care, are well known. But it is, perhaps, a more remarkable feature in their character that they could break through the trammels with which the prejudices of their station tended to hamper them; and could steadily place and keep before their eyes the interests of the most numerous class of society, as the object of all their public care, and even make an attention to the will of that class the governing principle of their policy. It is very possible that some may regard their doctrines upon this subject as carried to an extravagant length, and as exceptionable for want of due qualifications in certain cases; but all must admit that they held these opinions contrary to their individual interests, and at the expense of feelings which must have been deeply rooted in the minds of their order.

Thomas Jefferson was born on the 2d of April, 1743, at a place in what is now the county of Albemarle, then on the frontier of the state, but which he lived to see eight hundred miles within the boundaries of the peopled country. His father's family is supposed to have come from Wales; his mother was a Randolph, of a wealthy Virginian family, "which traces its pedigree far back in England and Scotland." To this circumstance, he remarks, characteristically enough, in his own "Notes," "let every one ascribe the faith and merit he chooses." After passing some years at an English school, he was placed at a classical one from the age of nine to thirteen, when he lost his father; and he then was for two years under Mr. Maury, a good classical scholar, from whom he obtained that knowledge in the learned languages, and cultivated that taste for their inimitable productions, which remained with him through all his after life. The late much respected consul of the United States at Liverpool was the son of this gentleman, and a school companion of Jefferson, who continued in correspondence with him for nearly threescore years. We believe he is still alive; he certainly was at the time the work before us was written, and contributed some particulars respecting the early habits of his illustrious contemporary.

At the age of seventeen, Jefferson was sent to the College of William and Mary, where he had the good fortune to study the mathematics under Dr. Small, a Scotch Professor, who attained great eminence in that science, and was, if we mistake not, brother of the late Rev. Dr. Small of Dundee, whose demonstrations of Dr. Matthew Stewart's general Theorems, and other works, have acquired for him so considerable a reputation in the scientific world. Jefferson appears to have been a most diligent student in philosophy as well as letters; and to have profited assiduously by the instructions of his able teacher, whose favour he enjoyed in an extraordinary degree. While at Williamsburg College he corresponded, among others, with a friend of the name of Page; and our author has given several of his letters which have been preserved. They relate chiefly to love-making and the gaieties incident to that age and state of mind, and which might naturally be supposed to occupy the youth of a country where early marriage was habitual. The style of the composition is pure and correct enough; the thoughts, generally speaking, of an ordinary cast; the levity or humour, where they intrude, as they con-



usually do, not remarkable for grace or felicity; but the sense, where he is serious, is exceedingly sound, and the feelings just and right. To those who used to regard, or at least to represent him as a person careless of religion, we submit the following passage, as a proof that, from his earliest years, indifference to such subjects was by no means in his nature, although he never may have been at any time warmed into enthusiasm.

"Perfect happiness, I believe, was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of his creatures in this world; but that he has very much put in our power the nearness of our approaches to it, is what I have steadfastly believed.

"The most fortunate of us, in our journey through life, frequently meet with calamities and misfortunes which may greatly afflict us; and, to fortify our minds against the attacks of these calamities and misfortunes, should be one of the principal studies and endeavours of our lives. The only method of doing this is to assume a perfect resignation to the Divine will, to consider that whatever does happen must happen; and that, by our uneasiness, we cannot prevent the blow before it does fall, but we may add to its force after it has fallen. These considerations, and others such as these, may enable us in some measure to surmount the difficulties thrown in our way; to bear up with a tolerable degree of patience under this burden of life; and to proceed with a pious and unshaken resignation, till we arrive at our journey's end, when we may deliver up our trust into the hands of Him who gave it, and receive such reward as to Him shall seem proportioned to our merit. Such, dear Page, will be the language of the man who considers his situation in this life, and such should be the language of every man who would wish to render that situation as easy as the nature of it will admit. Few things will disturb him at all: nothing will disturb him much.

"If this letter was to fall into the hands of some of our gay acquaintance, your correspondent and his solemn notions would probably be the subjects of a great deal of mirth and railery, but to you, I think, I can venture to send it. It is in effect a continuation of the many conversations we have had on subjects of this kind; and I heartily wish we could now continue these conversations face to face."

Whilst he was yet at college, the dissensions between England and the colonies began; and when he was called to the bar, in 1767, things had assumed the form of a settled conflict, which engrossed the attention of all, and ranged every body on one or other side of the question. Mr. Wythe, a lawyer of eminence under whom he studied the learning of his intended profession, had warmly devoted himself to the American party; and this naturally increased the ardour with which Jefferson, who took the same side, gave way to the prevailing enthusiasm. Being chosen, in 1767, to represent his native county in the Assembly, his professional pursuits, though not at first interrupted, gradually yielded to the superior interest of his political duties; and though he made such progress at the bar, and showed such capacity and such knowledge as made his reaching the highest station in the law not a matter of any doubt, yet he gradually withdrew from labours which have, very rarely, been found to bear any rival occupation, and had ceased to practise after about eight years' active and increasing employment. He is represented as a good business-

like speaker, though without the advantage of a clear or strong voice; but it was as a sound and accurate lawyer that he distinguished himself; and when he began to make his professional subordinate to his political pursuits, he was rising gradually, but surely, to the first rank among his brethren.

The first session after his election saw the governor—that is the mother country—at issue with the assembly of Virginia upon the question of taxation; and resolutions having been unanimously passed, the house was dissolved abruptly before the address founded upon them could be presented. The members, however, met in a tavern, and signed a non-importation agreement. To this document are affixed the names of Washington, Randolph, Henry, Lee, and Jefferson.

During the same session, the first proposition which he ever made was brought forward; and, to his immortal honour, its object was the extinction, though gradual, of slavery, by removing those restraints upon emancipation which, in Virginia, as in all other slave colonies, had been from time to time imposed by the local legislatures. The general right of manumission, however, was not given till 1782. If any unreflecting person should undervalue the attempt with which Jefferson's political life so auspiciously commenced, we bid him only recollect that it was made in 1769,—fifteen years before any one ever denounced, as the subject of restrictive enactment, even the traffic in slaves; and nearly forty years before the word Emancipation was ever used, unless as a threat, or with the purpose of lawless violence, rather than of legislative reform.

During the three following years, the colonies confined themselves chiefly to the system of passive resistance by non-intercourse agreements, or associations; but an attempt made early in 1773 to send a person from Rhode Island to England for trial, roused the indignation, and justly excited the apprehensions, of the other colonies. Virginia now took the foremost part; and a party in the assembly, impatient of the extreme caution of the rest, united to promote more vigorous measures. Jefferson appears to have taken the lead upon this important occasion, and to have made the suggestion, and embodied it in resolutions, for appointing a committee of correspondence to communicate with the legislatures of the other colonies,—requesting them to appoint similar committees. He declined moving the resolutions himself, being desirous to bring forward Carr, his brother-in-law, upon so favourable an occasion for the display of his abilities; and the assembly adopted the plan without a dissenting voice. This has very justly been reckoned the most important measure ever taken by the colonies, and the origin of all the rest. A controversy has accordingly risen as to the quarter in which it originated. The question always lay between Virginia and Massachusetts; and Jefferson considered that the latter had, only in 1770, appointed inferior local committees; as other authorities have also stated. It now, however, appears clear from the resolution itself, which our author has inserted, that the Massachusetts committee was to correspond with the speakers of the other assemblies, or with such committees of correspondence as these may appoint; and that the only material difference in the resolutions of Virginia was their directly calling upon those other assemblies to make the appointment. But there is one very material difference between the proceedings of the two colo-

nies: the severe comments made in England upon a former circular which Massachusetts had addressed to the other assemblies, deterred its committee from entering into such a correspondence now; so that Virginia first carried the plan into active operation in 1773.

The Boston Port Bill extended the flames of discord next year over the whole continent, and united the thirteen colonies in a spirit of joint resistance to a common enemy. The governor having dissolved the assembly of Virginia, its members met, and declaring that the design of "reducing the inhabitants of British America to slavery" could no longer be doubted, recommended to the correspondence committee to communicate with the other similar committees upon the expediency of a general congress. This having been approved of, and the other committees agreeing, the members elected to the Virginia house of assembly, under the new writs issued by the governor, met first of all in convention, for the choice of delegates to the congress; and Jefferson drew up instructions for those delegates. They were considered as too bold, and the other members being startled by them, they were not adopted as instructions; but they were printed and circulated as a "Summary View of the Rights of British America." It is a very remarkable paper; and while the effect which it produced both in England and in the colonies was powerful, it greatly increased the reputation and the influence of the author. After denying the right of 160,000 electors in Great Britain to give law to four millions (an exaggerated statement by at least a million) of Americans—"every individual of whom is equal to every individual of themselves in virtue, in understanding, and in bodily strength," and recounting all the grievances to which the colonies had been subjected, and peremptorily denying the right of the king to "land a single man on the American shores without the same permission from the colonial legislature which George II. had from parliament before he could introduce the Hanoverian troops into Great Britain,"—it concludes with a solemn appeal to George III.

"Open your breast, sire, to liberal and expanded thought. Let not the name of George the Third be a blot on the page of history. You are surrounded by British counsellors, but remember they are parties. Let no act be passed by any one legislator which may infringe on the rights and liberties of another. This is the important post in which fortune has placed you, holding the balance of a great, if a well-poised, empire. It is neither our wish nor our interest to separate. We are willing, on our part, to sacrifice every thing which reason can ask to the restoration of that tranquillity for which all must wish. On their part, let them name the terms, but let them be just—accept of every commercial preference it is in our power to give, for such things as we can raise for their use, or they make for ours. But let them not think to exclude us from going to other markets to dispose of those commodities which they cannot use, nor to supply those wants which they cannot supply. Still less, let it be proposed that our properties, within our own territories, shall be taxed or regulated by any power on earth but our own. The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time: the hand of force may destroy, but cannot disjoin them."

The Virginia convention adopted another set of instructions,—equally firm, but more moderate,—and

chose Washington and six others, as their delegates to the congress; which consisted of fifty-five members, met in Philadelphia, and soon filled the world with admiration of the courage that inspired, and the wisdom that guided their councils. The year after, Jefferson was named as a delegate, provisionally, in case Randolph should be required to attend his duties as speaker of the Virginia assembly. Before he proceeded to Philadelphia, the important step had been taken in Virginia of preparing for the defence of the colony by embodying a sufficient force; and an answer had been prepared to the conciliatory propositions, as they were called, of the British government. This answer was his work. It gave universal satisfaction, and was warmly approved of by congress. The following is the concluding passage, which may be compared with any state paper for the dignity and propriety of its sentiments, and, with the exception of one word, (reunited,) for the purity of its composition:—

"For ourselves, we have exhausted every mode of application which our invention could suggest as proper and promising. We have devoutly remonstrated with parliament; they have added new injuries to the old. We have wearied our king with supplications; he has not deigned to answer us. We have appealed to the native honour and justice of the British nation; their efforts in our favour have hitherto been ineffectual. What then remains to be done? That we commit our injuries to the even-handed justice of that Being who doth no wrong, earnestly beseeching him to illuminate the councils, and prosper the endeavours of those to whom America hath confided her hopes; that through their wise direction we may again see reunited the blessings of liberty and property, and the most permanent harmony with Great Britain."

When he took his seat in congress, the resolution to take up arms had been adopted, and a committee appointed to prepare a statement of the reasons for so extreme a proceeding. Mr. Jefferson, whose reputation had preceded him, was added to the committee, its first report not having given satisfaction. He then drew up another paper; but it appeared too bold to Mr. Dickenson,—a man of great respectability, both for talents and integrity, but of extreme caution, and, beyond most men, anxious to the last for whatever might prevent a separation from the mother country. By him the paper was greatly altered, but the conclusion was retained. But it is probable that at this period the chief difference between those who took the more decided part, like Jefferson, and those who were deemed most moderate, like Dickenson, was in the hope which each entertained of being able to arrest what all appear equally to have regarded as a great calamity. Not only did Jefferson, and those with whom he acted, dread and abhor the war, through which alone independence could be obtained; but they would have greatly preferred such an issue of the existing contest as should leave them still in connexion with Great Britain, though with the security of their legislative rights. The more moderate party, on the other hand, were equally resolved to hazard the utmost extremities, rather than suffer these rights to be violated; and it is clear that the usual error was committed, in this country, of fancying those to be secret enemies of the American cause who were not even lukewarm friends, but only the more effectual as adherents, and more formidable as adversaries,

because they tempered their zeal with discretion. That even Jefferson was averse to the separation, so late as the middle of 1775, appears manifestly from parts of his correspondence cited by our author. "My first wish"—he writes to Randolph, then attorney-general, and who took part with England,—“My first wish is for a restoration of our just rights; my second for a return of the happy period when, consistently with duty, I may withdraw myself from the public stage, and pass the rest of my days in domestic ease and tranquillity, banishing every desire of hearing what passes in the world. Perhaps, (for the latter adds considerably to the former wish,) looking with fondness towards a reconciliation with Great Britain, I cannot help hoping you may contribute towards expediting this good work.” Randolph was then leaving America for England, in consequence of the side he had taken. Jefferson adds this remarkable declaration:—“I would rather be in dependence upon Great Britain, properly limited, than on any nation upon earth. But I am one of those, too, who, rather than submit to the rights of legislating for us, assumed by the British parliament, and which late experience has shown they will so cruelly exercise, would lend my hand to sink the whole island in the ocean.” To the same correspondent he says, towards the end of that year, 1775, after alluding to a separation as becoming inevitable,—“Believe me, there is not in the British empire a man who more cordially loves a union with great Britain than I do; but, by the God that made me, I will cease to exist before I yield to a connexion on such terms as the British parliament propose, and in this, I think I speak the sentiments of America. We want neither inducement nor power to declare and assert a separation. *It is will alone which is wanting*, and that is growing apace under the fostering hand of our king.” The strong expressions in these letters are easily explained, by recollecting that they were written after the affair of Lexington, when the troops were made to butcher their fellow-citizens for the support of the king's despotic prejudices, and at the time that Englishmen were under prosecution for giving that transaction its appropriate name; and even after the battle of Bunker's Hill, he writes to his old master, Dr. Small, then settled in Scotland, in terms which show that the hope of reconciliation had not faded from his mind. On the other hand, that Dickenson and the moderate party were early prepared for extremities rather than submission, is plainly seen from their retaining, in the Declaration on taking arms, the conclusion in which Jefferson had plainly stated, that, though averse to separation, they were resolved to maintain their rights at the expense of a “civil war;” and were, “with one mind, resolved to die freemen, rather than live slaves.” It was the peculiar felicity of the Americans, and of the great cause of civil liberty, of which they were the champions, that among their leaders were to be found both men of the most ardent spirit, and men of the most approved discretion: whilst all were alike firm of purpose, and alike determined to let no differences, nor any personal feelings whatever, keep them apart in the pursuit of their common object. It would be difficult to point out any serious error committed in the whole of their difficult course; and it would certainly be impossible to find instances of the unreflecting violence, and the sudden changes, either among the people, or

their chiefs, which, in other cases, have brought such discredit upon the popular cause, and removed its triumph to so great a distance.

By degrees, however, the bloodshed at Lexington produced the effect of alienating the people; and the imprudent conduct of the government at home,—a constant alternation of violence and irresolution,—did nothing to counteract it. Neither conciliated by judicious kindness, nor awed by the firm display of power, they now looked to separation as inevitable; and their leaders prepared for it in good earnest. Virginia made the first movement. The convention met, for the fifth and last time, in May 1776, and instructed its delegates to propose the assertion of independence, and the measures of foreign alliance, and domestic policy, which must be the consequence. Richard Henry Lee accordingly brought the subject before congress on the 7th of June. The debate continued for three days, when it was adjourned to the 1st of July, in consequence of objections taken by six of the colonies, but rather to the time than to the measure itself. In the meanwhile, to prevent all unnecessary delay, a committee was appointed to prepare a statement of the reasons for the momentous step in contemplation. Jefferson, J. Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and J. Livingston, formed this celebrated body; and were chosen by ballot, having numbers of votes in the order in which we have named them. Lee was absent, from a private misfortune, otherwise, as the mover, he would probably have stood at their head. Jefferson, as the first, was appointed to draw up the paper; and he submitted it privately to Franklin and Adams, who only made two or three verbal alterations. It was referred to congress on the 28th June, and debated on the 1st July, when nine colonies voted for it; Pennsylvania and South Carolina against it; Delaware was equally divided, and New York did not vote,—its delegates having been instructed to do nothing against conciliation. Next day the arrival of another delegate from Delaware gave that vote in its favour. South Carolina joined for the sake of unanimity. A change in the delegates of Pennsylvania also brought round that colony; and the consent of New York arrived at the same time. Some alterations in the document were then made,—amounting in the whole to the omission of a third part of it, and the alteration of a few lines only in what remained. The omissions were made chiefly with the view of avoiding topics which might give offence to the people of the mother country, whom it was obviously politic, and perhaps more politic than just, to separate from their rulers in condemning the proceedings of Great Britain; and there was a most important passage left out, reproaching the African slave trade. This omission was in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, and is greatly to be lamented, though it cannot be severely blamed. On the 4th of July the instrument was finally adopted, and signed by all the members present, except Dickenson, in whose room, and in that of two others who had withdrawn, Pennsylvania chose new delegates, who afterwards affixed their names, as did several others at different times.

This is that famous *Declaration of Independence* by which the freemen of the New World approved themselves worthy of their ancestors in the Old,—who had spoken, and written, and fought, and perished for conscience and freedom's sake,—but whose descendants in the Old had not always borne their



high lineage in mind. We verily think that this "Declaration" is the most important event in the history of mankind, whether its consequences be regarded on one side of the Atlantic or on the other; and if tyrants are sometimes said to feel uneasy on the thirtieth of January, how much more fitted to inspire alarm are the recollections associated with the fourth of July, in which nothing like remorse can mingle on the people's part, and no consolation is afforded to their oppressors by the tendency of cruelty and injustice to mar the work they stain!

The frame of the "Declaration" is well known. The King is singled out and loaded with the responsibility of all the wrongs of his favourite policy. "The history of the King of Great Britain," says the manifesto, "is a history of injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove these, let facts be submitted to a candid world." A concise and powerful enumeration of the charges follows, and from these premises the conclusion is thus drawn: "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." To justify this vehemence of language it must be remarked, that among the preceding charges were those of employing foreign mercenaries, exciting insurrections of the slaves, and hiring the Indians to inflict the atrocities of savage warfare upon his Majesty's subjects. "He is transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the work of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation. He has excited domestic insurrection amongst us, and endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguishing destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions." The memorable passage which closes the Declaration is as follows:—"We therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledged to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

But we think it will be generally admitted, that there is no part of this celebrated Instrument, as it was finally settled and executed, more pregnant, more appropriate to the great occasion, or more coming "up to the high argument," than the portion of the original version relating to the execrable slave trade. Our author having printed the whole draft as it originally stood when reported by the committee, we are enabled to give this striking passage, well aware

that the very slave-holding states, to appease whom it was left out, have long since come round to the same opinions, from experience of the mischiefs, if not from repentance for the crimes of the traffic in human flesh:—"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the *Christian* King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where *men* should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."

There are some differences in the accounts given of this memorable transaction; particularly, Mr. Adams's letter to Mr. Pickering is said to vary in several respects from our author's statement; but he justly considers Jefferson's authority as the most to be relied on—because he was more closely engaged in the proceeding—because he took notes at the time of what passed—and because, when his attention was called to the discrepancies, he gave satisfactory explanations of the errors in the other statements. An amusing anecdote is related of Dr. Franklin, comforting him during the discussion of his paper in Congress, when the fondness of the author was somewhat outraged by the criticisms of his fellow-members. The apologue into which Franklin threw his topics of consolation is so exceedingly characteristic, that we cannot refrain from giving it:—

"When he was a young man," he said, "a friend of his, who was about to set up in business for himself as a hatter, consulted his acquaintances on the important subject of his sign. The one he had proposed to himself was this: "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," with the sign of a hat. The first friend whose advice he asked suggested that the word "hatter" was entirely superfluous, to which he readily agreeing, it was struck out. The next remarked, that it was unnecessary to mention that he required "ready money" for his hats—few persons wishing credit for an article of no more cost than a hat; or if they did, he might sometimes find it advisable to give it. These words were accordingly struck out, and the sign then stood, "John Thomson makes and sells hats." A third friend who was consulted, observed, that when a man looked to buy a hat, he did not care who *made* it; on which two more words were stricken out. On showing to another the sign thus abridged to "John Thomson sells hats," he exclaimed, "Why, who the devil will expect you to give them away?" On which cogent criticism two more words were expunged, and nothing of the original sign was left, but "John Thomson," with the sign of the hat."

Jefferson was again elected to Congress for the next year; but he declined, partly, from the necessity of at length paying some attention to his private



affairs, and, chiefly, because he was anxious to assist in framing the Municipal Code for Virginia, under the new Constitution, which had just been adopted upon the separation. He was appointed joint envoy to France with Franklin and Silas Deane, but the state of his wife's health, whom he had married some years before, and who eventually brought him a considerable accession of fortune, made it impossible for him to leave her, or for her to accompany him. In Virginia, therefore, he settled himself; and soon introduced some of the most important legal and political reforms which could well be conceived. Ever since 1705 the English law against perpetuities had been repealed in Virginia; and entails could not be cut off by fine, or recovery, or by any other means than private bills. Steady to his constant purpose of curtailing the power of the aristocracy, he proposed not merely the repeal of this colonial law, and the restoring to tenants in tail the power of converting their estates into fee-simple, but the converting at once, by a general law, all estates tail into fee-simple estates; and this he succeeded in carrying, by a narrow majority, and after a severe struggle, in which the lawyers who could not resist the measure generally, endeavoured to confine it, and leave the law as it had stood before the act of 1705. He afterwards obtained the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the preference of males to females in succession to real estates. The effect of this important change in the law has been, our author says, to introduce a corresponding change in the conduct of proprietors, who hardly ever think of making a much more unequal distribution of their estates than the law would make for them. The consequences are apparent, as might be expected, in the aspect of society. There is no longer a class living in luxurious indulgence and idleness, with unacquired fortunes, greatly exceeding the ordinary means of their fellow-citizens. Where considerable wealth is to be seen, it has been gained in trade, or by professional success, or agricultural improvements; and even in these branches of industry, a moderate income being the prevailing lot of the community, men become satisfied with such a competence, and seek not exorbitant wealth. There were probably, says our author, twice or three times as many four-horse carriages before the Revolution as there are at present; but there may now be ten or even twenty times as many two-horse carriages; and while some families had more plate than can now be seen in any house, the whole quantity of plate in the country is increased twenty if not fifty-fold. That the more equal distribution of property has had the least influence in obstructing the intellectual improvement of society, is denied of course by our author; though we rather think less peremptorily than he might have done, even as regards accomplishments. In truth, it must have been all the other way. A little less of fastidious refinement, the concomitant of excessive riches, and, it may be added, the worthless concomitant, may possibly be expected to result from such a change; but the sound, manly, useful qualities of the educated mind, must necessarily have been more universally diffused. "There never passes a session" (he says) "without calling forth reports and speeches which exhibit a degree of ability and political information that would, forty years ago, have made the author's name reverberate from one end of British America to the other."

The other great object of Jefferson's exertions was the placing all religious sects upon the same footing; in other words, abolishing the preference given by law to one church—what is called, supporting a church establishment. The clergy of the Church of England had, ever since the settlement of Virginia, been maintained, not only by tithe, but by an assessment of the inhabitants of each parish. The number of Dissenters had, however, greatly increased, and were supposed by some to be the majority of the community, though this is denied by our author. It was only by slow degrees, and after many years had elapsed, that Jefferson at length succeeded in accomplishing the equalisation which he had so strenuously laboured to effect. The last vestige of preference was only obliterated in the year 1799. Into the merits of this much debated question, as regards a Republican Constitution, we shall not here enter. Our author states very positively, that the abolition of the establishment has had the effect of extinguishing all religious intolerance, and at the same time, furthering the progress of religious instruction, as far as multiplying the teachers, and increasing their activity and real good. But he judiciously observes, that time alone can show what the effects will be upon the cause of religion generally.

A still longer delay was experienced by Jefferson's Education Bills, which embraced the threefold object of planting elementary schools for the whole people, establishing colleges for the middle classes, and forming a university for the superior branches of learning. All these plans lay dormant till 1796, and then only the first was adopted by the legislature. But it remained twenty years wholly unexecuted, in consequence of the counties which had to defray the expense of the schools having the option of carrying the provisions of the bill into effect. At length another bill was passed in 1816, and under its powers both the elementary schools and university have been established.

The only other measure of law reform to which we shall here advert, was his attempt to obtain the extinction of slavery, that foulest blot upon the American name. A provision was introduced chiefly by his exertions, into the Digest of the Slave Laws made in 1779, by which all children born after a certain day were to be declared free; and to be carried out of the state, and settled on unoccupied territory, upon attaining a certain age, according to a plan which he had digested. Here, however, as in other instances, he found that he was in advance of the age. "The public mind," he says many years after, "would not yet bear the proposition, nor will it bear it even at this day. Yet the day is not far distant, when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate, than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain, that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation, peaceably, and in such slow degree, as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place be, *pari passu*, filled up by free white labourers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on human nature must shudder at the prospect held up. We should in vain look for an example in the Spanish deportation or deletion of the Moors. This precedent would fall far short of our case."

In 1779 he was chosen governor of the state of Virginia, and held that high and difficult office for two years, when he declined being re-elected. While he filled it, the country was twice the scene of military operations; having been invaded, first, by the forces under Phillips and Arnold, and again, by Lord Cornwallis. The straits to which the Republicans were at different times reduced, and the difficulty of providing the requisite supplies, made his executive duties extremely embarrassing; and in factious times, he was unavoidably exposed to censure. An impeachment was even threatened; but after his retirement from office, when he was again elected as a member of the Assembly, he called upon his accusers to come forward, and averred himself ready to meet their charges, which related chiefly to his neglecting the means of defence, and refusing the Government at a moment of difficulty. No one, however, appeared to attack him, and the Assembly, in December 1781, unanimously passed a resolution, thanking him for his "important, upright, and attentive administration;" and expressing their intention, "in the strongest manner, to declare their high opinion of his ability, rectitude, and integrity, as chief magistrate, and to obviate and remove all unmerited censure." This, how satisfactory soever in other respects, was understood to leave undetermined the question of his military measures, respecting which there might exist a diversity of opinion. He never pretended, says our author, to military skill; and his want of it was the avowed motive of declining to be re-elected Governor. As this topic of abuse was not broad and coarse enough for the violence of party in after times, it was, especially while he held the chief magistracy of the United States, transmuted into an imputation of personal cowardice, in order to give it the more currency among the multitude. This, if it meant any thing, referred to his having, upon one occasion, left his country-house when he had not a single soldier near him, and when an attempt was made to surprise him by Colonel Tarlton, at the head of his Legion. Had he remained and been made prisoner, which was a matter of course in such circumstances, much satisfaction would no doubt have been experienced by the gallant Colonel and the British troops; but how the State of Virginia could have benefited by such an overt act of mental alienation on the part of its Governor, does not so clearly appear. Accordingly, it is notorious, that this imputation never made any part of the charges with which he was threatened at the time; the notice formally given of impeachment, while party ran the highest against him in Virginia, having been perfectly silent upon the subject.

It may be farther observed, that he was chosen, the year after, to represent Virginia in Congress. He repaired to Philadelphia,—took the share in public business to which his weight, in the estimation of the country, entitled him,—and asserted fearlessly and uniformly the principles of a sturdy republican. But the peace being now concluded, and the independence of the United States secured, there was no longer the same general interest felt in the deliberations of that illustrious body, which had, with a rare mixture of energy and discretion, guided the country through all its difficulties and perils to a triumph without any exception or alloy. There was even a reluctance in representatives to give their attendance, and begin a session; and the debates, when business had commenced,

were contentious, prolix, and unsatisfactory; insomuch that Jefferson, who had known Congress in its better days, thus forcibly describes its altered state: "I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress," he adds, "errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour!"

Having some time before lost his wife, to whom he is admitted, on all hands, to have been a most affectionate husband, as indeed he was altogether unexceptionable in every relation of private life, he no longer refused the appointment of joint envoy to France, and in 1784 repaired to Paris, where he found his colleague, Dr. Franklin, and was soon after joined by Mr. Adams from the Hague. The negotiation of commercial treaties with different nations was the object of the mission; but after sounding various powers, they found it impossible to succeed with any but Prussia. Mr. Adams went as Minister to London, and Dr. Franklin returned to America; leaving Mr. Jefferson as resident Minister at Paris. He was well aware of the disadvantage under which any person must labour who came into the society of France, and mixed with her politicians, after a man who had been the peculiar favourite of the one and the admiration of the other. When the Minister Vergennes said to him—"Vous remplacer, Monsieur Franklin, je crois"—his answer was excellent; and in a country where such "*successes*" in conversation pass current at so much above their real value, was sure to gain a considerable stock of favour in the circles both of politics and of fashion:—"I succeed Dr. Franklin; no one can replace him." His love of science, and the reputation which he brought with him from his own country, recommended him to the French; he enjoyed great popularity during his residence of six years, and he retained through life the warmest feelings of attachment towards that great people, whose services in the cause of America he never could forget; and whose first struggles for liberty he was destined to witness before he returned home. The two following extracts from letters, written, the one in March, the other on the 11th of July, 1789—the former to Colonel Humphreys, the latter to T. Paine—show what his impressions then were of the great events in progress:—

"The change in this country since you left it, is such as you can form no idea of. The frivolities of conversation have given way entirely to politics. Men, women, and children talk nothing else: and all, you know, talk a great deal. The press groans with daily productions, which, in point of boldness, make an Englishman stare, who hitherto has thought himself the boldest of men. A complete revolution in this government has, within the space of two years (for it began with the *Notables* of 1787,) been effected merely by the force of public opinion, aided indeed by the want of money, which the dissipation of the court had brought on. And this revolution has not cost a single life, unless we charge to it a little riot lately in Bre-

tagne, which began about the price of bread, became afterwards political, and ended in the loss of four or five lives.

"You see that there are the materials of a superb edifice, and the hands which have prepared them are perfectly capable of putting them together, and of filling up the work of which these are only the outlines. While there are some men among them of very superior abilities, the mass possess such a degree of good sense as enables them to decide well. I have always been afraid their numbers might lead to confusion. Twelve hundred men in one room are too many. I have still that fear. Another apprehension is, that a majority cannot be induced to adopt the trial by jury; and I consider that as the only anchor ever yet imagined by man, by which a government can be held to the principles of its constitution."

The latter of these dates was only three days before the taking of the Bastille; and he wrote to Mr. Jay after that event, correcting the exaggerated accounts which had been circulated of it, and stating the number of the assailants who fell to have been not more than thirty. His apprehensions appear always to have been that the people would be defeated. He considers the Court as likely to recover its ascendancy; and even as late as the end of August, dreads the "civil and ecclesiastical aristocracy" regaining ground, more than the popular party being led into greater excesses. The constant appeals made to the example and authority of America afford him matter of great exultation. "Our proceedings," he says, "have been viewed as a model for them on every occasion; and though in the heat of debate men are disposed to contradict every authority urged by their opponents, ours has been treated like that of the Bible, open to explanation, but not to question."

During his stay in France he made an excursion for two months to England; and unfortunately the marked coldness of his reception by the Ministers, his still less friendly reception at Court, and above all, the reluctance of the Government, which could not be overcome, to enter upon the discussion of measures having a tendency to bring about an amicable intercourse between the two nations, confirmed all the prejudices against England which the war had implanted in his mind.

"'With this country' (he says in a letter to the American Secretary of State) 'nothing is done; and that nothing is intended to be done on their part, admits not the smallest doubt. The nation is against any change of measures; the ministers are against it; some from principle, others from subserviency: and the King, more than all men, is against it. If we take a retrospect to the beginning of the present reign, we observe, that amidst all the changes of ministry, no change of measures with respect to America ever took place, excepting only at the moment of the peace, and the minister of that movement was immediately removed. Judging of the future by the past, I do not expect a change of disposition during the present reign, which bids fair to be a long one, as the King is healthy and temperate. That he is persevering we know. If he ever changes his plan, it will be in consequence of events which, at present, neither himself nor his ministers place among those which are probable. Even the Opposition dare not open their lips in favour of a connexion with us, so unpopular would be the topic. It is not that they think our commerce unimportant to

them. I find that the merchants have set sufficient value on it. But they are sure of keeping it on their own terms. No better proof can be shown of the security in which the Ministers think themselves on this head, than that they have not thought it worth while to give us a conference on the subject, though, on my arrival, we exhibited to them our commission, observed to them that it would expire on the 12th of next month, and that I had come over on purpose to see if any arrangements could be made before that time. Of two months which then remained, six weeks have elapsed without one scrip of a pen, or one word from a minister, except a vague proposition at an accidental meeting. We availed ourselves even of that to make another essay, to extort some sort of declaration from the Court, but their silence is invincible."

Upon his return to America he yielded to Washington's desire that he should accept the office of Secretary of State, after refusing for some time, with what has every appearance of a real and hearty dislike, to continue in public life. His wish was to return for a short time to France, where he felt a strong interest in the success of the Republican party, and entertained the expectation, afterwards so grievously disappointed, that the Revolution would be "certainly and happily terminated in less than a year." After witnessing this consummation, he was anxious to retire into the bosom of his family, and there, on his farm, and amongst his books, to pass the rest of his days.

The Cabinet of Washington was now equally divided into two parties; Jefferson and Randolph the Attorney-General, on the one side; and Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, with Knox, Secretary at War, on the other. The main and avowed point of difference, and from which their names of *Federalist* and *Anti-Federalist* were derived, regarded the degree in which the Central Authority should be strengthened, so as to hold the Union together, and to exercise the powers of Government over the individual States. But those who most dreaded separation had always been the persons least friendly to democratic principles, and most attached to England; while their adversaries were deeply impressed with the sense of popular rights,—saw no danger in the amplest powers that could be exercised by the whole body of the people while the Government was representative,—and were peculiarly jealous of English influence. This party, then, were often called the Democratic as well as the Anti-Federalist; and it certainly is a mere descriptive appellation; for no man of any mark was friendly to a separation,—the only question being what sacrifices of local independence should be made to consolidate the Union. The leaning of the Federalists, on the other hand, towards a Monarchy and Aristocracy, has probably at all times been a good deal exaggerated by their antagonists. That there is at the present time hardly any such feeling may be easily admitted; and it has probably been wearing out by degrees ever since the Revolution; in proportion as men saw that realized without a struggle which many in America, and still more in England, had deemed impossible,—the firm establishment of a Republican Government over many millions of people, with sufficient power to preserve order at home, and sufficient energy to maintain the relations of peace and war. But, at the first, no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the fondness for monarchical institutions which prevailed among the leading Federalists.



The difficulty with which the scheme of the *Cincinnati*,—an order of merit and of military merit,—was first modified and then abandoned, are well known. Hamilton, to whose virtues and capacity all parties bear willing testimony, never disguised his inclinations on this head; and Adams, though he fell far short of Hamilton in his predilection for the British Constitution, yet thought that a reform of its abuses would make it perfect. There is an account preserved by Jefferson of a discussion upon this subject, which is understood to represent accurately the opinions of these two eminent men. "Purge the British Constitution," said Adams, "of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect Constitution ever devised by the wit of man." Hamilton paused upon this, and then said, "Purge it of its corruption, and it would become an impracticable Government: as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government that ever existed."

The denial of such being Hamilton's sentiments, which has sometimes, for party purposes, been attempted, is quite preposterous, when he himself never disguised his opinions. Nay, Gouverneur Morris, a party as well as a personal friend of his, has stated, in an elaborate account of his character, "that he hated Republican government, because he confounded it with democratic government, which he detested, as sure to end in despotism, and as in the mean time destructive of morality." And again, "that though history had taught him that monarchy could only be established by the mob, yet he never failed on every occasion, to advocate the excellence of, and avow his attachment to, monarchical government." Mr. Jefferson has, however, candidly taken pains to record Hamilton's decided reprobation of those who would endeavour to disturb the experiment which he considered was making in America, of a Republican government. He said that he was "for giving it a fair course, whatever his expectations might be." He fairly admitted that as its success had surpassed those expectations, so its failure seemed less likely than it had been. He added, that if the Constitution should fail in its present form, there were others which might be tried, and which ought to be tried before the "Republican form was abandoned;" for "that mind," said he, "must be really depraved which would not prefer the equality of political rights, the foundation of pure Republicanism, if it were to be obtained consistently with order." It is therefore manifest, *first*, that the Federal party never were seriously disposed to make any efforts for the restoration of monarchical government, although they had less expectation of being able to go on without it than their adversaries, and were friendly to the introduction of measures which were avowedly intended to impair the purity of the Republican scheme, and were expected by the other party to pave the way for a change not in the contemplation of their supporters; *secondly*, that had Hamilton, and those who agreed with him, lived to our times, the success of the experiment would long since have dispelled all their apprehensions, and prevented them from once thinking of a departure from the pure Republican model.

As for Washington, although his habitual moderation gave some colour for the pretence of the Federalists that he belonged to their party, there is not a doubt that this illustrious man kept himself absolute-

ly free from any such bias. Nothing can be more distinct than the testimony which Jefferson's correspondence bears to this fact. Even in the heat of controversy, while the Anti-Federal Secretary was often opposing measures patronised by the President, and often complaining of his slowness to support what he and his party deemed necessary for the maintenance of the national independence, he always separates Washington from his adversaries, and allows that he belonged not to either party, but held the balance even between both.

The picture which is presented by this impartiality in the various struggles between the two sides of his equally divided cabinet, is truly striking; and must command the unbounded admiration of all who contemplate the character of the man, of all mankind most renowned for the perfection of sound judgment, and the unsullied purity of public life. To those who have been in the habit of flattering themselves that this illustrious person was not a republican at heart, we recommend the consideration of his speech when endeavouring to keep Jefferson from resigning. He said "he did not believe there were ten men in the United States for a monarchy."

The war which distracted Europe, in less than three years after Jefferson took his seat in the cabinet, furnished, as might be expected, grounds for dividing still more the parties already sufficiently hostile, on American questions. The Federalists, of course, took the alarm at the outrages which marked the progress of democracy in France; and their first impression was against receiving a French Minister at all, though they ended by adopting the line of strict neutrality, but maintained that he should only be received with qualifications, and were thoughtless enough even to contend strenuously that the revolution had made all treaties with France void. Washington, after calling upon all his cabinet to state their opinions in writing, and calmly weighing their vehement and elaborate reasonings, decided in Jefferson's favour, who had, in those remarkable words, expressed himself to his correspondent, James Munroe, before the determination was taken:—"If any thing prevents its being a mere English neutrality, it will be that the *penchant* of the President is not that way, and, above all, the ardent spirit of our constituents." There was, indeed, hardly any difference of opinion among the people out-of-doors. They sided with France almost universally; and were extremely discontented with the proclamation of neutrality issued by the government. On this occasion, Jefferson, with all his partiality for France, and all his disposition to consult the feelings of the people, steadily opposed the current which was setting in so strongly; and incurred the additional odium reserved for those whom the people, having long favoured and followed them, expect to be the last that will thwart their inclinations; without reflecting that the opposition proceeds from the same sense of duty which had dictated the more popular conduct. In the meanwhile, the French government appointed a Minister (Cit. Genet,) whose indecent violence so far outstripped the fondness for his country, great as it was, which pervaded the American people, that Jefferson, upon whom fell the task of carrying on this controversy, by degrees regained the good-will of his countrymen—a Minister whom he truly describes as "hot-headed, all imagination, no judgment; passionate, disrespectful, and even indecent, towards the



President, in his written as well as verbal communications."

Although Jefferson certainly had no right to complain of Washington, whose impartiality he so distinctly admits,—who, on some of the most important questions, took his part, and on one occasion decided for him when he stood alone among his colleagues,—yet he found his situation so irksome, and the prospect of being able to serve his country effectually, according to his own principles, so slender, that he resolved upon retiring from public life. The president entreated him, with great earnestness and much personal kindness, to change this resolution, and intimated his own determination to refuse a second election to the chief magistracy. Jefferson used his utmost endeavours to prevent this, which he justly regarded as a great public misfortune, and postponed his own resignation. At length, Washington having consented to resume his office, he retired at the end of 1793, and remained in private life, until he was proposed, against his inclination, as the successor of that great man in 1797, when the federalists set up Adams, who carried the election by a majority of three votes—leaving Jefferson, however, considerably above Pickens, whom they had intended to bring in as vice-president. The consequence was, that Jefferson was vice-president—a position which, while the contest was proceeding, he had declared to several friends, but more particularly to Madison, confidentially, that he should very greatly prefer to the first place; adding, that in the event of an equality of votes, he authorized a declaration of his unwillingness to supersede Adams, who "was his senior both in years and public services."

His conduct in the vice-presidency was marked by the same steadfast adherence to republican principles which had distinguished him through life. By degrees, however, he became sensible of the errors into which party violence had led himself and others; and the conduct of Buonaparte soon withdrew from him whatever confidence his talents and successes had, in the first instance, begotten. "I fear" (said he, in a letter written as early as February, 1800) "our friends on the other side of the water, labouring in the same cause, have yet a great deal of crime and misery to wade through. My confidence had been placed in the head, not in the heart of Buonaparte. I hoped he would calculate truly the difference between the fame of a Washington and a Cromwell. Whatever his views may be, he has at least transferred the destinies of the republic from the civil to the military arm. Some will use this as a lesson against the practicability of a republican government. I read it as a lesson against the danger of standing armies."

The support which had been given to Jefferson, on Washington's retirement, in the circumstances so favourable to his antagonists, of the alarm and disgust excited by the excesses of the republican party in France, was a sure proof, that when those feelings should subside, his countrymen must call him to the head of affairs. Accordingly, instead of re-electing Adams, they returned him and Burr, both of the republican party, by an equal number of votes; and it is worthy of remark, that whilst the proceedings were pending which this equality rendered necessary, various attempts were made to obtain from him a pledge, or some intimation of the course he meant to pursue, if he were elected, both as to measures and as to

appointments; but to all such applications he returned one answer—that "he was resolved to go into office untrammelled, or not at all."

When Jefferson took upon him the government of a people whom he justly described as "spread over a wide and fruitful land; traversing all the seas with the rich produce of their industry; engaged in commerce with nations who felt power, and forgot right;" he also had serious difficulties to contend with from the violence of the parties which divided them. In his inaugural address to the legislature he used those remarkable expressions in which his subsequent policy may be said to have been announced; but though they well satisfied the reflecting portion of the community, they created no little discontent among the zealots of his own party,—a class of men whom nothing can ever appease on such occasions but the entire crushing of their adversaries, and who always forget, that when these are numerous, it would be as easy to exterminate them as to destroy their power:—"We have called by different names brethren of the same principles. We are all republicans—all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it." Although he did not gratify the more violent and rapacious of his party, by instantly removing from all the offices in the State every person of opposite sentiments, he yet, with his accustomed firm resolution, proceeded to annul all the appointments which had, with an indecorous precipitancy, been made after his election; and during the three or four months that his predecessor continued in office, all those were also removed who had in any way misconducted themselves, as well as the attorneys and other officers of the Federal courts, whose removal was considered a matter of course. But that he was determined steadily to pursue the line of conduct which he had never departed from in any situation, was soon perceived by unerring indications. His hearty welcome to Dr. Priestley, the respected object of persecution from political and religious bigotry, gave general satisfaction. His Letter to Thomas Paine was not so much approved; and although it certainly proceeded from his sense of the gratitude due to the eminent services formerly rendered, Paine's recent publications on religious subjects, and his attacks upon Washington, made it highly imprudent for one in Jefferson's situation to give the offence which must eventually accrue from such a step. The courtesy which he showed that celebrated writer was only allowing him a passage in a sloop of war; but his letter concluded with these expressions:—"I am in hopes you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily laboured, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may long live to continue your useful labours, and to reap their reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment." Although Paine's services to the cause of American independence were invaluable, and were acknowledged by all parties, yet it was the unavoidable consequence of his having subsequently engaged in attacks, full of ribaldry, upon the religion of the country, that they who would have been most tolerant towards any mere difference of opinion, and even

patiently borne with any calm and argumentative discussion inoffensively conducted, though leading to a denial of truths deemed the most sacred, should so far forget the writer's former merits as to deem the honours paid him an outrage upon the feelings of the people. But while the President's Letter to Paine is condemned, justice requires that we draw from it an inference in favour of his motives, in refusing to dismiss those Federalists from their places who had been appointed before his election. No man who observes how fearlessly he could expose himself to the indignation of his adversaries, and brave the censures of his own friends, upon a subject so sure to unite them against him, can ascribe his retaining the persons whom he found employed either to a fear of the Federal party, or a wish to gain it over. That act (of retaining his adversaries in office) we can have no hesitation in ascribing to his strong sense of public duty, and the rigour of his republican principles. He held it to be a breach of trust towards the country to deprive it of the skill and experience of men who had served it long and faithfully; and he deemed it inconsistent with the liberty which all men should equally enjoy, to remove any one from the public service merely because he held a different opinion from part of his fellow-citizens. Accordingly, he pursued his course steadily, unawed by the clamour on either side,—retaining those whose conduct had been unexceptionable, and displacing those who had given just cause of offence, or been appointed in improper circumstances; and making no farther changes than such as were necessary for securing a vigorous and united government. "I am satisfied," he says, "that the heaping abuse on me personally has been with the design and the hope of provoking me to make a general sweep of all Federalists out of office. But as I have carried no passion into this disagreeable duty, I shall suffer none to be excited. The clamour which has been raised will not provoke me to remove one more, nor deter me from removing one less, than if not a word had been said on the subject." We recommend this as a maxim and a motto for all governments placed in circumstances of difficulty; and its application to measures is fully as obvious as its application to men—and far more important. No one is fit to rule, and indeed no one can be said to rule, who can act upon any other principle.

Our limits do not permit us to follow Jefferson through the brilliant career of his Presidency, which conferred upon the United States the benefit of many most important improvements in domestic policy;—the vast extension of territory by the peaceful acquisition of Louisiana; and the enjoyment of peace with the complete maintenance of the national honour, at a season when it seemed hardly within the power of the most conciliating and circumspect conduct, joined to the greatest watchfulness and most determined resolution, to secure that blessing, amidst the fierce contests which distracted and ravaged the rest of the world. Professor Tucker observes, that after the calumnies of those whose power it overthrew had been forgotten, Jefferson's administration is admitted by all impartial men to be the one in which the country was the most prosperous, and the government throughout was administered the most constantly according to the Republican principles of the Constitution; and we shall close our remarks upon it by quoting the luminous statement of its merits, given in the address of the

Virginia legislature, upon the retirement of their illustrious fellow citizen.

"We have to thank you for the model of an administration conducted on the purest principles of republicanism; for pomp and state laid aside; patronage discarded; internal taxes abolished; a host of superfluous officers disbanded; the monarchic maxim that 'a national debt is a national blessing,' renounced, and more than thirty-three millions of our debt discharged; the native right to near one hundred millions of acres of our national domain extinguished; and without the guilt or calamities of conquest, a vast and fertile region added to our country, far more extensive than her original possessions, bringing along with it the Mississippi and the port of Orleans, the trade of the West to the Pacific Ocean, and in the intrinsic value of the land itself, a source of permanent and almost inexhaustible revenue. There are points in your administration which the historian will not fail to seize, to expand, and to teach posterity to dwell upon with delight. Nor will he forget our peace with the civilized world, preserved through a season of uncommon difficulty and trial; the good-will cultivated with the unfortunate aborigines of our country, and civilization humanely extended among them; the lesson taught the inhabitants of the coast of Barbary, that we have the means of chastising their piratical encroachments, and awing them into justice; and that theme, which, above all others, the historic genius will hang upon with rapture, the liberty of speech and the press preserved inviolate, without which genius and science are given to man in vain."

He retired to Virginia in 1809, and lived in the bosom of his family, by whom he was tenderly loved: in the affections of his countrymen, by whom he was ever looked up to as the great chief of the national party; in the cultivation of literary and scientific pursuits, for which his predilection was always strong; and in the constant endeavour, oftentimes successful, to serve the people for whom his care only ended with his days. He gradually declined in health in the spring of 1826; and in June he was evidently approaching his latter end. During that month he grew worse; but he conversed freely and calmly on his approaching dissolution; and continued to evince his anxiety for the University of Virginia, which he had founded, and to which he had for many years devoted the greater part of his time. On the 3d of July he appeared exhausted, and lay in a stupor, occasionally speaking a few words. In the course of the night he asked what o'clock it was; and on being told it was one, he expressed his satisfaction at living to see the day, in his mind the most memorable of the calendar. He expired in the eighty-fourth year of his age, on the fiftieth anniversary of that glorious event which we have been contemplating, and with which his name was inseparably connected,—the *Declaration of Independence*. On the same day, by a singular coincidence, Adams, the only other survivor of those who had prepared that famous instrument, also finished his course, in the northern part of the United States. Let it be added, that he who had been for eight years chief magistrate of America, died and left barely enough to pay his debts.

We cannot more fitly, or to the reader, more satisfactorily, close this article than by extracting from the volumes before us Jefferson's sketch of the characters of his great predecessor, and of his friend and successor. He thus has described Washington, and the account is full of interest:

"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example."

Of Madison he thus speaks—

"Mr. Madison came into the House in 1776, a new member and young; which circumstances, concurring with his extreme modesty, prevented his venturing himself in debate, before his removal to the Council of State, in November, 1777. From thence he went to Congress, then consisting of few members. Trained in those successive schools, he acquired a habit of self-possession, which placed at ready command the rich resources of his luminous and discriminating mind, of his extensive information, and rendered him first of every assembly afterwards, of which he became a member. Never wandering from his subject into vain declamation, but pursuing it closely in language pure, classical, and copious; soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities and softness of expression, he rose to the eminent station which he held in the great National Convention of 1787; and in that of Virginia, which followed, he sustained the new Constitution in all its parts, bearing off the palm against the logic of George Mason, and the fervid declamation of Mr. Henry. With these consummate powers were united a pure and spotless virtue, which no calumny has ever attempted to sully. Of the powers and polish of his pen, and of the wisdom of his administration in the highest office of the nation, I need say nothing—they have spoken, and will for ever speak for themselves."

In closing our view of these great men, and the great events in which they bore a share, we may perhaps be expected to say something of the Republican Government which they established, and under which America has so eminently prospered. But the subject is too extensive for incidental discussion; and we shall have a fitter opportunity for handling it when M. de Tocqueville shall have completed his valuable work on America.

We have said nothing of the style of Professor Tucker's work. It is, generally speaking, plain, unaffected, and sufficiently pure, with the exception of one or two Gallicisms, a very few Americanisms, and here and there a word from that modern dialect which is of no country, and ought to be of no age, and which is making such a progress amongst us as threatens to overlay, if it does not extirpate, our good old mother tongue.

From *Tait's Magazine* for November.

#### CANADA.—STANDING ARMIES.

THE accounts from Lower Canada inform us that the "atrocious resolutions" have been received with the utmost indignation. Public meetings had been called in many different places, to take the state of affairs into consideration. It was anticipated that, at these meetings, resolutions would be passed against the consumption of all articles imported from Britain; for petitioning the Congress of the United States for a free trade between the States and the Colony. (in default of obtaining which, smuggling on their extensive frontier with the States was to be encouraged;) and for the assembly of a convention of delegates during the summer. Supplies are entirely out of the question. No member, in the present temper of the colony, dares to vote them. The first act of the tragedy has, no doubt, now been consummated; and both parties, laying aside farther discussion, are preparing



to arm. Considering that a meeting of delegates is also to be held in Upper Canada, to counteract Head's Legislative Assembly, appointed fictitious voters, created by himself; that religious animosity has, in that province, been superadded to civil discord, by the contemptuous manner in which the Presbyterians have been talked of by the Solicitor-General and other colonial functionaries, who have in undisguised terms, asserted the supremacy of Episcopacy in the colony, and the exclusive right of the clergy of that persuasion to the clergy reserves; that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are remonstrating against their own grievances; and that the West Indian colonies are in a mood far from satisfactory—the gentlemen in Downing Street, are likely to have work enough on hand for some years to come.

We, from the first, were convinced that the tyrannical resolutions of the British Parliament—unless the Canadians are totally destitute of the courage and spirit which have always distinguished their neighbours in the United States—would lead to our speedily being engaged in a war, of which, whatever may be the issue in a military point of view, and however beneficial it may be to the aristocracy, by enabling them to batten on the plunder of the public, one consequence is certain—the involving of the people of Britain in additional debt and taxation. The War of Independence with the United States of America, which commenced in 1775 and ended in 1783, cost one hundred and thirty-five millions, and completely tarnished the glories of the British army; the last war, which commenced by the declaration of war—by America, on June 18, 1812, and terminated by the disastrous repulse of the British at New Orleans, on January 8, 1815—thirty months of feeble warfare, in as far as the British were concerned—cost seventy millions; whence we may judge how much we are likely to suffer in our approaching attempt to keep up bad government in the Canadas, supported as they will be, openly or secretly, by the other North American colonies, the West Indies, and the United States.

An increase of our army will be required to carry on the war for a single campaign; for the experience of our two wars with the United States, has taught us that the assumed superiority of a standing army over freemen having their rights and liberties to defend, is a mere chimera. Indeed, all history teaches that bands of mercenary soldiers, having nothing to fight for but their pay, animated by no feeling but the love of plunder, and consisting, in all countries, of the most stupid, worthless, and profligate, are totally unable to overcome the honest, high-principled, and industrious part of the population, when once roused to resistance by the oppression and exactions of tyrants, whether foreign or domestic.

In the American War of Independence, so little was known in Britain of the courage of freemen, or of the character of the people of the United States, that they were believed to be so cowardly and timid that 1000 men would be sufficient to put down the insurrection in the New England States. The battle of Bunker's Hill, by which, in some regiments, the youngest ensign in the morning found himself the oldest captain at night; the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, with 4000 British troops, 3000 Germans, thirty-five pieces of cannon, 7000 stand of arms, clothing for 7000 men, tents, and military chest; and of Lord Cornwallis with a like force at Yorktown—soon

taught our army that, although they had not regular troops to deal with, they had men as brave as themselves, and who had a much greater stake to fight for than a shilling a-day. The battles, indeed, which have been fought with the Americans in both the wars in which we have been opposed to them, have been the most severely contested, and, in proportion to the number of men in the field, attended with the greatest loss, of any in which our troops have ever been engaged. During the first war, many of our regiments were all but annihilated. For example, of the entire regiment, the Fifth Foot, only two men, Captain Webster and a private, returned to Europe.

The glorious manner in which the French repelled the combined armies of all Europe, as long as they had the prospect of obtaining free institutions, need not be pointed out. Although unequal to the British on the sea, many bright instances of self-devotion and heroism in the cause of liberty on the part of their sailors occurred. Take, for example, the conduct of the *Vengeur*, as mentioned in Mr. Carlyle's work on the French Revolution. He is speaking of Howe's victory:—"What sound is this we hear on 1st June 1794: sounds as of war—thunder borne from the ocean, too; of tone most piercing! War-thunder from off the Brest waters; Villaret Joyeuse and English Howe, after long manœuvring, have ranked themselves there, and are belching fire. Twelve hours of raging cannonade; sun now sinking westward through the battle smoke; six French ships taken, the battle lost; what ship soever can still sail making off! But how is it then with that *Vengeur* ship! she neither strikes nor makes off! She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire takes her fore and aft, from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are we tyrants of the sea; yet also are we weak. Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolour that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft; the whole crew crowd to the upper deck; and, with universal, soul-maddening yell, *Vive la Republique!*—Sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; ocean yawns abyssmal; down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la Republique* along with her—unconquerable, into eternity! *Let foreign despots think of that. There is an unconquerability in man when he stands on the rights of man; let despots and slaves, and all people know this, and only them that stand on the wrongs of man tremble to know it.*"

There never was a truer remark than that with which Mr. Carlyle concludes. It is the cause of liberty which inspirits and emboldens man, and renders him unconquerable; despotism sinks his energies, renders him pusillanimous and apathetical. The republicans of France repelled the arms of the combined tyrants; and in repelling the aggression, became the conquerors of Europe. They made peace in the capitols of their enemies—in Vienna, in Berlin, in Rome. But all spirit left the body of the people when they became the subjects of an Emperor; and the armies of the Allies marched in 1814, and again in 1815, to Paris, there to dictate the terms of peace—opposed by the Imperial troops, no doubt, but unmolested by the people of France. Their spirit and courage, however, were not extinct. They were merely dormant, because they had no worthy object for their exertion. As soon as the hopes of a republic were again excited, the people were again roused; the best disciplined troops were, during three glorious days, constantly defeated;



and the old Bourbons driven ignominiously from their throne.

The victories gained by the Highlanders over veteran troops, in 1745, and ultimately conquered at Culloden, only by an indiscriminate massacre of friends and foes—the Duke of Cumberland having caused the second line of the British to fire at the distance of a few yards on the Highlanders, when completely intermingled with the first line, not one man of whom was left standing, by the impetuosity of the Highland charge; the destruction of 40,000 of Buonaparte's best troops in the Tyrol; the victories of the blacks over the French and Spaniards in St. Domingo; their destruction of one of the finest and most powerful armies that ever left the coasts of France, in 1803—22,000 men out of 30,000 having been cut to pieces by the blacks in a single year; the ancient and modern sieges of Saragossa—all show what native valour, fighting in a cause in which the feelings are aroused and the heart is interested, can effect, against disciplined troops, and the most fearful odds in point of arms, preparation and skill. In ancient times, and during the middle ages, many examples of the same kind occur; and in particular we may point out almost the whole series of battles during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in which the Swiss were engaged against the French, Burgundians, and Austrians, for the purpose of vindicating their independence. The decisive battle of Morat, gained by 18,000 Swiss peasantry, over the Duke of Burgundy with 60,000 men, exhibits a greater loss on the part of the vanquished, compared to that of the conquerors, than, perhaps, any battle on record, except that of New Orleans. In the battle of Morat, the loss of the Burgundians was 18,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry—there having been 12,000 men drowned in the lake; while the Swiss patriots lost, by Ebel's account, 400 killed, and 600 wounded, and by the Neuchâtel Chronicle, 130 killed, and 201 wounded.\*

These proofs of the superiority of freemen to the mercenary bands of cut-throats, called standing armies—whose profession, instead of being considered honourable, ought to be regarded with loathing and detestation, for, even where their services are useful, they must be viewed in the same light as the common executioner—are amply borne out by the events of the last American war, as every one must know who has read any account of it; for even all the powers of Tory lying have been unable to conceal the whole truth, or to hide the fact, that, on the whole, the Americans defeated the heroes of the Peninsula and Trafalgar most shamefully, both on land and sea. The war was carried on by the British in the most disgraceful manner—by the plunder of defenceless towns and villages on the coast, and the massacre and violation of their inhabitants. The atrocities committed at Frenchtown and Hampton, and the firing on the American sailors at Dartmoor prison in Devonshire, many of whom were men not taken in war, but imprisoned at its outbreak, because, being in the British service, they re-

fused to become traitors and fight against their countrymen, will not soon be forgotten in America. The treaty of peace between Britain and the United States, was signed at Ghent, on the 24th of December, 1814; yet, on the 6th April, 1815, Captain Thomas George Shortland, the keeper of the prison, on the pretence that the sailors had made an attempt to force the guard, ordered them to be fired on, when five men were killed on the spot, two more died next day, and thirty-one were wounded more or less severely. One of the stipulations of the treaty was, that "the prisoners of war taken on either side should be restored, as soon as practicable, after the ratification of the treaty," and, in face of this stipulation, these men were massacred. In numerous houses in America, the names of these unfortunate men are pasted on the walls; and in the American Almanacs is recorded the anniversary of the Massacre of Dartmoor.

But to come to the defeats sustained by our armies. An attack upon Baltimore was made on the 12th September, 1814, by Admiral Cochrane, with a fleet of forty sail, sixteen frigates and bombketches, and a land force of 8000 soldiers and marines, under the command of General Ross. The country people having, however, flocked into the town, some from a distance of 150 miles, the assaults were defeated with great slaughter, and General Ross killed. At Sandusky, Major Croghan, an American of twenty-one years of age, with 160 Kentucky volunteers, and one six-pounder—his only defence being a ditch hastily thrown up—defeated General Proctor, at the head of 500 regulars, 700 Indians, many pieces of cannon, and several gun-boats, driving the British and Indians into the woods. But the defence of New Orleans, by Andrew Jackson, is, probably, the most decisive proof on record of the inferiority of mercenaries, however well disciplined, and however much service they may have seen in the field, to freemen. The assaults, on that occasion, were the *élite* of the British—the veterans of the wars of the French Revolution; their antagonists were Backwoodsmen, merchants, their clerks and servants, who had never been opposed to an enemy. The only defence of the city consisted of a parapet made of bales of cotton, barrels of sugar, flour, and other merchandise, and a ditch hastily thrown up. The British were provided with numerous gun-boats, cannon, congreve rockets, and bombshells. The Americans had little to aid them but their stout hearts and trusty rifles. The number of the British soldiers was little inferior to that of the armed Americans. The result of the engagement was, that, although the British troops behaved with the utmost gallantry, returning, with the most undaunted step, repeatedly to the charge, they were driven back with the loss of 2000 men, nearly one-half of whom were left dead on the field of battle, while General Jackson's loss was "seven killed and six wounded." There is one atrocity connected with the attack on New Orleans that cannot be passed over. It has again and again been repeated in the American accounts of this affair, that the watchword of the day of the British army, was "Booby and Beauty;" that this information was obtained from prisoners, and confirmed by the books of two of the orderly sergeants taken in battle, which contained recorded proof of the fact." Now, this is a matter which can very easily be disproved, if not true; for the watchword—that is, the parole and countersign—are given out every day

\* Four years after the battle, the Swiss collected the bones of the slain into an immense pile, and built a chapel over it, with this energetic inscription:—"Carolus Burgundix Dux ab Helvetiis cæsus, hoc sui monumentum reliquit. A. Mccclxxvi." The French, provoked at this taunt, destroyed the chapel and dispersed the bones, in 1798.

by every officer commanding a corps; the sergeants then write the words down in their orderly-books; so that the production of the orderly-books of any of the corps which were employed at the attack on New Orleans, would prove what the watchword really was. But, although it has been repeatedly contradicted that it was "Booty and Beauty," the orderly-books have never yet been publicly produced.

The laurels of our navy suffered no less severely than those of our army in that contest. At the outbreak of the war, nobody in Britain doubted that the British navy, then consisting of a thousand ships of war, would send "the half-a-dozen fir frigates, with bits of striped bunting flying at their mast-heads," as Canning contemptuously styled the American navy, in the course of the summer, into the English ports. Great was the astonishment and dismay, when the accounts of the capture of the *Guerriere* by the American frigate *Constitution*, reached Europe. This was the first fair trial with the "bits of bunting." Within thirty minutes after the vessels came alongside of each other, the *Guerriere* surrendered—the Americans having, in that short space of time, shot away her mizen, main, and fore-mast, and every spar, except the bowsprit; shot and drowned thirty-nine men, and wounded sixty-two; with a loss, on their part, of only seven killed and seven wounded. The next "fir" frigate which tried its strength with the British navy, was the United States, of forty-four guns, and 478 men, commanded by Captain Decatur. On the 25th October, 1812, he fell in with the Macedonian frigate of 38 guns and 300 men—a new frigate, only four months from the dock; and in half an hour she was taken, with the loss of 104 men killed and wounded, and of her mizen-mast, fore, and maintop-masts, main-yard, and so much damaged in the hull, that the Americans had much difficulty in towing their prize into port. Another proceeding on the part of one of the "bits of striped bunting," was the knocking to pieces of the British frigate *Java*, by the *Constitution*, on the coast of Brazil. The English Captain, Lambert, with sixty of his crew, were killed, and 170 wounded; and the ship was so completely destroyed, that the Americans, after setting the crew on shore, set fire to her.

Another gallant action of the *Constitution*, was the capture of two ships of war, one mounting 34, the other 26 guns, off Madeira. The Americans lost three killed and twelve wounded. The British thirty-five killed, forty-two wounded, and 313 taken prisoners. The *Constitution* brought both her prizes from Madeira to Boston, across the whole Atlantic, without molestation from any of the British cruisers which covered the seas.

While such disasters were experienced at sea, it fared no better with the British on the North American lakes. On 10th September, 1813, the American Commodore Perry, with two twenty-gun ships and a few small vessels, carrying in all fifty-four guns, captured the whole of Commodore Barclay's squadron, on Lake Erie, consisting of five vessels carrying sixty-three guns, and a more numerous crew than the American vessels. But perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of what can be effected by determined courage and coolness, overwhelming number and strength, was shown by the commander, Samuel C. Reid, and crew, of the brig General Armstrong, an American privateer carrying only one gun, which was attacked by the boats of the British brig *Carnation*, in

the harbour of Fayal. The Americans repulsed four different attacks, and took several of the boats of their assailants. The commander and crew did not abandon the vessel until they received a message from the commander of the British vessel, that he would destroy the town rather than lose the privateer—and not until several houses had been destroyed by cannon shot from the *Carnation*, and many of the inhabitants wounded. The loss on the part of the Americans, was two killed, and seven wounded; of the British, 120 killed, and 130 wounded.

These defeats, so unexpected by the people of Britain, and so humiliating to the navy, rendered it absolutely necessary to endeavour to gain at least one victory. The *Shannon*, therefore, being selected from the whole British navy, and manned with a crew of picked men, challenged the *Chesapeake*, commanded by Captain Lawrence, then lying at Boston. The American commander was killed at the outset of the engagement, and the *Chesapeake* was taken, with a loss of 145 killed and wounded; the British, however, losing no fewer than ninety-four—a singular contrast, in as far as regards the loss of men, compared with the loss of the American ships when victorious. But, such as the victory was, it created nearly as much exultation and joy in Britain, as the victories of Camperdown, Trafalgar, or the Nile; and Broke, the Captain of the *Shannon*, had the formal thanks of the Board of Admiralty tendered to him, and was created a baronet by the King, for taking one ship equal in strength to his own. Alas, for the shades of Howe and Nelson!

The summary of the whole of this thirty months' war, so inglorious and disastrous to the British navy, for it was the first time their conquerors had seen an enemy, was as follows:—The number of British ships and vessels of war in commission was 534, of which seventy-two were of the line, and manned by 75,000 sailors. The Americans had thirty ships and vessels of war, not one of them of the line; and 8000 seamen. The British took from the Americans seventeen vessels of war, with 304 guns, and 2555 men; the Americans took from the British twenty-nine vessels of war, with 506 guns, and 3721 men. This is pretty good work for half a dozen fir frigates, with bits of striped bunting at their topmasts, in two years and a half, and manned by merchant sailors.

We think, therefore, that, if force is resorted to against the Canadians, it is an exceedingly doubtful matter, whether, with their rivers, lakes, and impenetrable forests, the assistance they are likely to receive from numerous quarters, and with that courage and resolution which the feeling of being the victims of oppression and injustice gives—their conquest is likely to be either speedy, easy, or obtained without the sacrifice of much blood and treasure. The Whigs and Tories, who agree so well when any measures for the coercion of the people are in progress, should consider what effect is likely to be produced on the masses of Great Britain and Ireland, by the spectacle of a struggle carried on by their brethren and relations in North America, against the despotism of the aristocracy, the supporters and abettors of the pension list, the corn-laws, and the numerous other abuses with which all but the highest classes in every part of the British dominions, abroad and at home, are oppressed.

But the details we have given are more important in another point of view. The chief avowed pretence

set up for maintaining our enormous army and navy in time of peace, is the pretended necessity of being at all times ready to defend the country from foreign invasion. Of our total revenue of forty-five millions, two-thirds are expended in paying the interest of the debt; that debt, and the loss of hundreds of millions besides, drawn from the people by a grinding taxation, being the bitter fruits we have to show of the unjust wars in which we have almost constantly—since our form of government became an Oligarchy in 1688—been engaged. Of the fifteen millions remaining, five millions and a half are expended on the army, a million and a half upon the Ordnance, and four millions and a half on the navy; in all, ELEVEN MILLIONS AND A HALF: so that, out of the enormous revenue of this kingdom, raised by a taxation which requires every man to work at least one-third of the day for government, only two millions and a half are laid out upon the civil government, of which the King alone receives half a million, the rest of the Royal Family another half, and the great proportion of the remainder is wasted on the holders of those gewgaw offices, the natural and constant appendages, or more properly essentials, of monarchical government, in all ages and in every part of the globe. Protection against robbers, thieves, injury from mobs, pestilential diseases, justice from our courts of law, roads, harbours, light-houses, the government *does not afford us* out of its ample resources: all these, and numerous other things which are essential, not merely to the enjoyment of human life, but essential to the very existence of man in a state of civilization, are paid for by additional local taxation, in the form of rogue-money, jail assessments, road-money, bridge-money, cholera-tax, mob-money, police-assessments, fees to officers of courts of justice, harbour-dues, light-house dues, and the infinite contrivances by which the masses are swindled out of their money for the benefit of the Oligarchy. The Tories say truly that Britain is the wonder of the world.

Now, from the facts we have given, and the numerous other instances that will occur to any one in the slightest degree acquainted with the history of this or other countries, we think it is established, that standing armies are *never* required for the defence of any country against foreign invasion. We do not dispute that small armies have succeeded in conquering and keeping possession of populous nations; but such cases are to be found only where the nations were under a bad and despotic system of government, and where, whatever might be its external form—whether an empire, a monarchy, or a republic—the great body of the people were oppressed and trodden under foot by the few. Wherever this is the case, the people have nothing to fight for; and any feeling of disgrace or apprehension of injury from a conquest by foreigners, is overborne by the hope that a change of masters will bring better things, and by the gratification of the feeling of revenge in seeing those who have so long acted the part of oppressors, oppressed in their turn.

But, whatever may be thought of these speculations, it is high time that the people of this country should consider whether they are to continue for ever to pay eight millions a year for the support, in idleness and in a time of peace, of an army of 100,000 men, kept for no other purpose than to maintain the corruptions of the State, to enforce the exactions of the tax-

gatherer, and to preserve the unjust privileges of the Aristocracy.

To return to Canada: it is now plain that Lord John Russell's coercive resolutions were not only a crime, but, what governments regard as still worse, a blunder. The Melbourne Ministry must retrace its steps, otherwise the Canadas are lost to this country. It is true, that it is scarcely possible that Britain could long retain these colonies; nor is it desirable that she should, for they are a source of loss, instead of gain. But it is very desirable that the mother country and the colonies should part good friends, instead of bitter enemies; and that the people of Britain should be saved the shame of being shown to have a government capable of repeating the tyrannical and foolish conduct which, sixty years ago, was followed by results so disgraceful to the British name.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### ALISON'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

*The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.* By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E., Advocate. Vol. VI.

ALL memoirs of the French revolution have, to us, an inexpressible interest. The rapidity, force, and vastness of its machinery fill the mind with a sense of power unexampled in the tardy and simple contrivances of earlier overthrow. Evil as it was, it had a daring grasp, a remorseless violence, and an untameable fury, that transport us at once out of the ancient courses of human guilt, and bring the mind within view of shapes and thoughts that seem the denizens of a darker world. If the imagination of some great master of the pencil or the pen were to be tasked to bring the spirits that "minister to human mischief" before the eye, and if that master were Raphael, or Shakspeare himself, we scarcely know where he could find more living resemblances of the demon than in the Robespierres and Dantons, the Barreres and the Napoleons; in the chill countenances and fiery hearts, the calm and calculating malignity and the rabid thirst of blood; the haughty contempt of human agonies, and the godless and defying arrogance with which they went forth on their way to delusive and unsubstantial power, trampling on altars and thrones.

The high approbation with which the public have received the preceding volumes of Mr. Alison's History of the French Revolution, relieves us at once from all appearance of partiality, and from all necessity for panegyric. No work could have made such progress in national opinion without substantial qualities. Its vigour of research and its manliness of principle, its accurate knowledge and its animation of style, have been the grounds of its remarkable public favour, as they are the guarantees for its permanent popularity. The present volume, the sixth of the series, advances in interest. The importance of its transactions may be estimated from the fact, that the



two years which this volume comprehends, actually formed the pivot on which all the mighty events since their date have turned; that they exhibited at once the midnight and the dawn of European liberty, the most boundless triumph of the universal oppressor, and the commencement of assured deliverance; the laying of the heaviest fetter on the neck of mankind, and the striking of that first great blow by which the civilized world was to be redeemed. The battles of Austerlitz in 1805, and of Jena in 1806, had destroyed the resistance of central Europe. The military reputation of Austria had been broken on the field, but a more condign calamity had fallen on Prussia. Her military existence had been extinguished. In the history of national overthrow, there never had been until that day so disastrous, desperate, and crushing a result of a single battle. It was yet to have but one rival, that illustrious encounter in which the author of the ruin of Prussia was to be buried in the ruins of his tyrannical and infidel empire by the genius of Wellington and the hand of England. Prussia was destroyed in all the attributes that form a civilized power. Her brilliant army was scattered in a day like a mist before a whirlwind. All her great fortresses fell at a summons, all her provinces were overrun, all her revenues confiscated, all her laws abolished;—yesterday she was an independent kingdom, to-day she was a vassal province; yesterday she was a great European power, taking on herself the restoration of Europe, and anticipating the triumphant struggle of its enemy—to-day she was prostrate, a prisoner, and a slave, with her armour hewn from her, her strength dismembered, and her hopes in the grave of her gallant soldiery; yesterday she was Prussia, to-day she was France.

It is difficult to account for the distinction of the calamities in Austria and Prussia, without looking to some higher source than the fortunes of war. Among the many merits of Mr. Alison's history, we regard it as the most original and the most important, that he writes with the feelings of a Christian. No historian has ever been more free from the mawkishness of sentiment or the sanctimony of phrase, which have been so unfortunately affected by writers calling themselves Christian, taking a learned yet unlaboured view of the mere human motives. He investigates with pious yet manly dignity the sources of events in those loftier councils from which all things come, to which the Christian alone can look, and to which the Christian alone can pay the reverence due. Those feelings predominate throughout the entire of these volumes. The French Revolution itself was but a great development of Providential design, and no historian could do justice to it except the man who acknowledged a Providence as the supreme arbiter of human things. Going at least to the full extent of Mr. Alison's impressions on those subjects, we cannot look back upon the French triumphs in Austria, Prussia, and Russia but in the sense of unconscious agencies of a vast plan of retributive justice, and we think that we can discover even in the more minute features of the vengeance, something proportionate to the peculiar offences of the sufferers. In the history of the Continent, no act of kingly treachery, fraud, and blood had ever rivalled the partition of Poland. It combined at once the characters of all that we hate and despise; it had the meanness of political swindling, the fury of national rapine, and the atrocity of military massa-

cre. The great offender was Prussia—Austria and Russia were only the accomplices. The perfidy, subtlety, and merciless appetite for possession which characterized the conduct of Frederic II., made him the tempter, and would have been not unworthy of the original tempter of mankind. The conspirator kingdoms entered with fatal readiness into the temptation, and were deeply punished, but it was upon the serpent that the curse fell. Prussia had long owed a desperate compensation to Europe. Frederic, infidel himself, had been the great patron of European infidelity. His encouragement of the French sciolists had made infidelity fashionable amongst the higher ranks of the Continent. Philosophy and religion were declared to be one, and the Atheism of the French Revolution was the poisoned cup prepared by the hands of the Prussian king. In due season justice was done, and France, maddened into preternatural strength by the draught, revenged her frenzy upon his kingdom.

Thus, while Austria was humbled by the defeat of her armies and the capture of Vienna, and Russia was assailed on her own frontier, and compelled to purchase victory by the sacrifice of her ancient capital, neither power was utterly prostrated. Both bled from countless wounds; but their blood was that of gallant warriors, shed in desperate encounter, and, even in the moment of defeat, retaining vigour for future victory. But the wounds of Prussia were all but mortal; the sword was exchanged only for the lash, and she was compelled not so much to follow the conqueror as a captive, as to drag his chariot in the harness of a slave. Her restoration after so total a fall was one of the most remarkable events in the annals of fallen nations. This was the punishment for the guilty partition of Poland.

It is equally remarkable that treachery to Poland seems to have been among the immediate sources of the fall of Napoleon. He unquestionably excited them into a resistance which left them at the mercy of their masters, wasted a vast quantity of the national blood, and finally abandoned them to utter hopelessness of national independence. What renders all this still more extraordinary is, that this vast machinery of retribution was set in motion to avenge the ruin of a people who had long been the most fallen of Europe—powerless at home, ineffectual abroad, wasting away by intestine feud, and apparently preserved from the grave only by the contemptuous negligence of Europe.

Was it for the purpose of showing that Providence will not suffer its high laws to be insulted in the instance of the most insignificant nation; and that, while it leaves the chief punishment or rewards of individuals to another state of existence, it enforces its high moral on kingdoms by the promptitude of its visitations in this world?

It is now known to us, that the fate of Poland long exercised Napoleon's most anxious deliberation; that she offered him her perpetual alliance as the price of her independence—her army, her whole military population, all the resources of a nation of sixteen millions of men, against Russia, with whom he was on the verge of war—against Austria, whom he was determined to keep down at the risk of war—and against Prussia, whose crown he had cast under his feet, and had determined to keep there. It is equally known that Napoleon wavered; that he was anxious to se-



cure the force of Poland, but equally anxious to escape the jealousy of Austria. In other words, that he was determined to gain what advantages he could from both, and to cheat both in return.

Mr. Alison thinks that his reasons for refusing independence to Poland were solid. With all deference to his judgment, the general European opinion seems to have been on the contrary side. It was unquestionably the impression, at the period of the Moscow retreat, that if Napoleon had spent the year 1812 in reorganizing Poland, and shaping her into the form of a great European kingdom, he would have been enabled to fall on Russia with a force altogether irresistible. In 1812, what could he fear from Austria, along whose frontier he was moving with an army thrice the strength of that which had conquered her but six years before? From Prussia, what could he fear? She was his magazine, his treasury, his barracks, and his high-road. The whole force of Poland was ready to take arms at his bidding, and to take arms with a more ardent enthusiasm, and a more resolute sincerity, than any other allies that the world could offer. He might have thus marched with a hundred thousand additional cavalry, the most fitting for Russian warfare of any in Europe, uniting the wild impetuosity of the Tartar with the disciplined steadiness of the European, and exerting both against the enemy with a fiery recollection of ancient hostility and immediate wrongs. If there were difficulties connected with the habitual insubordination of Poland, what man on earth was fitter to deal with those difficulties than Napoleon—the man who had reduced the turbulence of the German sovereignties into implicit submission,—the man who, by a still more singular effort of his genius, had reduced the republicanism of France into obedience,—combined the explosive materials of the great rebellion at home into the manageable yet resistless material of power abroad, and seizing the fiery spirits of anarchy in their full vigour, forced them to labour at the erection of a throne, which, with all the power, had all the splendour of necromancy! Even the delay of six months in Poland would have brought him into a period of the year which alone was fit for warlike operations in the north—would have given him time to seize both the two capitals of North and South Russia—and, with Moscow and St. Petersburg, whether in his hands or in ashes, would have forced Alexander to sign a ruinous peace, or have driven him into his deserts, never to reascend the Russian throne, or have a Russian throne to reascend.

And these opinions are not now stated for the first time; they were the universal language of the period; they were the language of his own camp, of his council of officers, and even of himself. But his time was come. If ever a spirit of delusion was commissioned for the undoing of a mighty criminal, it took possession in that hour of the heart of the French Emperor. A precipitation, of which he afterwards could not speak without astonishment, became the principle of all his actions. All prudence was cast behind; all remonstrance was unavailing; he plunged into the Russian campaign on the verge of winter; rushed just deep enough into the country to be incapable of resource if fortune failed, threw his last stake, and from that instant was undone.

Napoleon's middle course, with respect to Poland, was the more remarkable from its being a direct con-

tradiction to his supreme maxim of policy, never to do things by halves. He determined to inflame to the utmost point of indignation the Polish provinces which belonged to Prussia, to be cautious in his addresses to those which belonged to Russia, and to pass by the Austrian share of the partition in silence. The result was, that he finally disgusted the whole nation; and the people, sinking at once from enthusiasm, through the whole scale, to suspicion, began to ask whether the restoration of Poland could rationally be expected from the hand which had paralyzed the liberties of France!

The war with Russia was begun. Alexander, till now an auxiliary, was become a principal; and for the first time in the history of modern Europe, the grand trial was to be made between the strength of the West and the North. The conflict had almost the interest of a great dramatic representation; the dash- ing intrepidity, fierce enterprise, and splendid discipline of the armies of France, was on one side; on the other, the stern fortitude, iron perseverance, and desperate determination of the army of Russia. The leaders on both sides, exhibited an equal and an extraordinary contrast. Napoleon, the very genius of war, subtle, profound, rapid, with an instinctive love of battle; magnificent in his conceptions, merciless in their execution, seeing nothing too lofty or too deep to deter him, consumed with a passion for universal empire, and already crowned with the laurels of unrivalled victories. Alexander, brave, calm, and patriotic, compensating for his inexperience in war by the sincerity of his intentions; for the narrowness of his military resources, by the vastness of his territory; and possessing against all the casualties of fortune that noblest of all courage which is to be found in the righteous cause. Yet it is a remarkable instance of the neglect which often enfeebls the highest councils of man, that this great empire, on the very point of the most desperate of all struggles, could muster but seventy-five thousand men to meet Napoleon, who, at the distance of six hundred miles from France, with all Germany to keep at bay, and with a multitude of corps employed in guarding the communications of this immense line, was yet able to bring a hundred thousand veterans to the Vistula.

The first great action by which the contending forces were tried, was the battle of Pultusk. Among Mr. Alison's qualities for an historian, one of the most admirable is the spirit of his military descriptions. Of this we now give a slight example.

"The position of Pultusk is the only one in that country where the ground is so far cleared of wood as to permit of any considerable armies combating each other in a proper field of battle. An open and cultivated plain on this side of the river Narew, there stretches out to the south and east of that town, which lies on the banks of its meandering stream—a succession of thickets surround this open space in all directions, excepting that on which the town lies; and on the inside of them the ground rises to a semicircular ridge, from whence it gradually slopes down towards the town on one side, and the forest on the other; so that it is impossible, till this barrier is surmounted, to get a glimpse even of the buildings. There, the Russians were drawn up in admirable order in two lines; their left resting on the town of Pultusk, their right on the wood of Mozyn, which skirted the little plain, the artillery in advance; but a cloud of Cossacks swarmed

in front of the array, and prevented either the force or composition of the enemy from being seen by the French as they advanced to the attack. Sacken had the command of the left; Count Osterman Tolstoy of the right; Barclay de Tolly, with twelve battalions and ten squadrons, occupied a copsewood in front of the right; Benningsen was stationed in the centre—names destined to immortal celebrity in future wars, and which, even at this distant period, the historian can hardly enumerate without a feeling of exultation and the thrilling interest of former days."

In this campaign, we are not to forget that it was fought in the depth of winter—December, 1806—that too of a northern winter; and, if any conceivable addition could be made to the severity of the elements, that it was a winter in Poland, a vast northern table-land swept by the wind direct from the pole, almost wholly a wilderness, naked of human habitation, and divided between marsh, impracticable forest, and plains as barren as the wilds of Scythia;—that it was to these hideous solitudes that Napoleon brought the gay and glittering battalions of the south, to struggle against the inclement sky, the frozen ground, and the Russian steel. Dearly did France pay for her triumphs, but such are the prices which ambition must pay for supremacy.

On the 26th of December, Marshal Lannes, at the head of five-and-thirty thousand men, advanced to the attack. "The woods which skirted the little plain occupied by the Russian light troops in front of their position, were forced by the French voltigeurs, after an obstinate resistance, and a battery which galled their advance, and which could not be withdrawn, carried by assault; but no sooner had Lannes, encouraged by this success, surmounted the crest of the ridge, and advanced into the open plain, than the cloud of Cossacks dispersed to the right and left, and exposed to view the Russian army in two lines in admirable order, with a hundred and twenty guns disposed along its front. Astonished, but not panic-struck, by so formidable an opposition, Lannes still continued to press forward; and as his divisions successively cleared the thickets and advanced to the crest of the hill, they deployed into line. This operation, performed under the fire of all the Russian cannon, to which the French had as yet none of equal number to oppose, was executed with admirable discipline, but attended with a very heavy loss, and the ground was already strewn with dead bodies, when the line was so far formed as to enable a general charge to take place. It was attended, however, with very little success; the soil, cut up by the passage of so many horses and carriages, was in many places knee-deep of mud; heavy snow-showers at intervals obscured the heavens and deprived the French gunners of the sight of the enemy, while the Russian batteries, in position, and served with admirable skill, alike in light and darkness, sent their fatal storm of grape and round shot through the ranks of the assailants. Notwithstanding these obstacles, however, the French advanced with their wonted intrepidity to the attack, and gradually the arrival of their successive batteries rendered the fire of cannon on the opposite sides more equal. Suchet, who commanded the first line, insensibly gained ground, especially on the right, where the division of Barclay was stationed; but Benningsen, seeing the danger, reinforced that gallant officer with fresh troops. A battalion of the French

infantry was broken and cut to pieces by the Russian horse, and the rout in that quarter became so serious that Lannes was compelled to advance in person with his reserve to repair the disorder. By these efforts the forward movement of the Russians in that direction was arrested, and their victorious columns, charged in flank while disordered by the rapidity of their advance, were forced to give ground, and resume their former position in front of Pultusk."

The great battle of the campaign was now approaching, the battle of Prussich-Eylau.

"By daybreak the French army, headed by Murat, with his numerous and terrible dragoons, were in motion to pursue the enemy; and as the Russians had been much retarded during the night by the passage of so many pieces of cannon and wagons through the narrow streets of Junkowo, they soon came up with their rear-guard. By overwhelming numbers, the Russians were forced from the bridge of Bergfried; but they rallied in the village, and forming barricades with tumbrils, wagons, and chariots, effectually checked the advance of the enemy, until the carriages in the rear had got clear through, when they retired, obstinately contesting every inch of ground, which they did with such effect that the French lost fifteen hundred men in the pursuit, without inflicting a greater loss on their adversaries. Nor were any cannon or chariots taken—a striking proof of the orderly nature of the retreat, and the heroism with which the rear guard performed its duty, when it is recollected that Napoleon, with eighty thousand men, thundered in close pursuit; and that, from the state of the roads, the march which had been ordered upon three lines, could take place on two only. Soult and Davoust continued to manœuvre, in order to turn the Russian left, while Murat and Ney passed their rear-guard. On the night of the 4th, the Russians retired to Frauendorf, where they stood firm next day. But this continued retreat in presence of the enemy was now beginning to be attended with bad effects, both upon the health and spirits of the soldiers. The Russian commissariat was then wretched; magazines there were none in the country which was now the theatre of war; and the soldiers, when worn out with a night-march over frozen snow, had no means of obtaining subsistence but by prowling about to discover and dig up the little stores which the peasants had buried for the use of their families. The men everywhere lay on the bare ground in intense frost, with no other bed but the snow, and no covering but their great-coats, which were now little better than rags. They were not as yet injured to retire before the enemy; and the murmur against any farther retreat was so loud, that Benningsen resolved to fall back only to a chosen field of battle; and, upon examining the map, that of Prussich-Eylau was selected for this purpose. No sooner was this announced to the troops than their discontents were appeased, the hardships of the night-marches were forgotten, and from the joyful looks of the men it would rather have been supposed they were marching to tranquil winter-quarters, than the most desperate struggle which had occurred in modern times."

The partial encounters which preceded this great battle showed that Napoleon was contending with a new enemy. His course through the Italian campaigns had been one of unrivalled superiority. His encounters with the troops of Austria had only augmented the number of his victories. The Prussian army, with the highest military reputation of Europe, had fallen at a blow. It would perhaps be unfair to

charge the men of those countries with deficiency of nerve, but nothing can be clearer than that the Russians encountered Napoleon with a different spirit, as with a different success. In the Russian war we see no battle lost by mere manœuvre, no disgraceful flight at the first sight of an enemy on the flank, no columns of prisoners carried off, no capitulations of armies, no scandalous surrender of towns, even no cannon captured, but where they were sunk in morasses in the dreadful winter marches of the troops, and no banners taken but where their defenders had fallen on the field.

"Never," says Mr. Alison, "in the history of war did two armies pass a night under more awful and impressive circumstances than the rival hosts who now lay, without tent or covering, on the snowy expanse of the field of Eylau. The close vicinity of the two armies, the vast multitude assembled in so narrow a space, intent only on mutual destruction; the vital interests to the lives and fortunes of all which were at stake, the wintry wildness of the scene, cheered only by the watch-fires, which threw a partial glow on the snow-clad heights around; the shivering groups who in either army lay round the blazing fires, chilled by girdles of impenetrable ice; the stern resolution of the soldiers in the one array, and the enthusiastic ardour of those in the other; the liberty of Europe now brought to the issue of one dread combat; the glory of Russia and France dependent on the efforts of the mightiest armament that either had yet sent forth, all contributed to impress a feeling of extraordinary solemnity, which reached the most inconsiderate breast, oppressed the mind with a feeling of anxious thought, and kept unclosed many a weary eyelid in both camps, notwithstanding the extraordinary fatigues of the preceding days. But no sooner did the dawn break, and the quick rattle of musketry from the outposts commence, than these gloomy presentiments were dispelled, and all arose from their icy beds with no other feelings but those of joyous confidence and military ardour."

The battle began at daylight on the 8th of February, in the midst of a snow-storm. At an early hour of the day Augereau's column of 16,000 men was enveloped by the Russian masses, and, with the exception of 1500, totally destroyed. Napoleon himself was in the most imminent hazard of being taken prisoner. He had slept at Eylau on the night before, and was now in the church-yard, where the crash of the enemy's balls on the steeple showed how nearly danger was approaching. "Presently one of the Russian divisions, following rapidly after the fugitives, entered Eylau by the western street, and charged, with loud hurrahs, to the foot of the mount where the Emperor was placed with a battery of the Imperial Guard and his personal escort of a hundred men. Had a regiment of horse been at hand to support the attack, Napoleon must have been made prisoner; for though the last reserve, consisting of six battalions of the old guard, were at a short distance, he might have been enveloped before they could get up to his rescue. The fate of Europe then hung by a thread, but in that terrible moment the Emperor's presence of mind did not forsake him; he instantly ordered his little body-guard, hardly more than a company, to form line, in order to check the enemy's advance, and despatched orders to the old guard to attack the column on one flank, while a brigade of Murat's horse charged it on the other. The Russians, disordered by success, and

ignorant of the inestimable prize which was almost within their grasp, were arrested by the firm countenance of the little band of heroes who formed Napoleon's last resource; and before they could reform their ranks for a regular conflict, the enemy were upon them on either flank, and almost the whole division was cut to pieces on the spot."

This dreadful slaughter continued throughout the day, the Russians and the French alternately repulsing each other, both sides fighting with the most desperate intrepidity, and every charge leaving the ground covered with carnage. Towards evening the Prussians under Lestocq advanced against the division of Friant. The French were driven before them. Marshal Davoust in vain attempted to withstand the torrent. "Here," he cried, "is the place where the brave should find a glorious death; the cowards will perish in the deserts of Siberia." Still the French were driven on, with the loss of 3000 men, and the whole Russian line were pressing on to victory, when the rapid night of the north fell, and the battle was at an end.

This was the first heavy blow which Napoleon had yet received in European war. He had once before been on the point of ruin, but it was in Syria, and a British officer had the honour of making the conqueror of Italy recoil. It is now unquestionable that at Eylau he was defeated. At ten at night he gave orders for his artillery and baggage to defile to the rear, and the advanced post to retreat. He was on the point of being disgraced in the eyes of Europe, when he was saved from that disgrace by the indecision of the Russian general. A council of war was held by the Russian leaders on horseback, to decide on their future course. Count Osterman Tolstoy, the second in command, with Generals Knorring and Lestocq, urged strongly that retreat was not to be thought of; that Napoleon was beaten in a pitched battle; that whichever army gained ground, would be reputed the victor, and that the true policy was to throw their whole force upon him without delay. But Benningsen, unluckily, satisfied with his triumph, past the vigour of youth, unacquainted with the enormous losses of the French army, and exhausted by thirty-six hours on horseback, directed the march on Königsberg.

We have already spoken of Mr. Alison as exhibiting admirable ability in description; that ability which, instinctively seizing on all the master features of a great scene, throws life into all its details, and, without wasting a word, brings the whole picture, vast, terrible, and tragic as it is, before the eye. This was the merit of Tacitus and Thucydides, and we know few passages in either more impressive than the brief sketch of the catastrophe of Eylau.

"Such was the terrible battle of Eylau, fought in the depth of winter, amidst ice and snow, under circumstances of unexampled horror; the most bloody and obstinately-contested that had yet occurred during the war; and in which, if Napoleon did not sustain a positive defeat, he underwent a disaster which had well-nigh proved his ruin. The loss on both sides was immense, and never, in modern times, had a field of battle been strewn with such a multitude of slain. On the side of the Russians twenty-five thousand had fallen, of whom above seven thousand were already no more: on that of the French, upwards of thirty thousand were killed or wounded, and nearly ten thousand had left their colours, under pretence of attending to



the wounded, and did not make their appearance for several days afterwards. The other trophies of victory were nearly equally balanced: the Russians had to boast of the unusual spectacle of twelve eagles taken from their antagonists; while they had made spoil of sixteen of the Russian guns, and fourteen standards. Hardly any prisoners were made on either side during the action; but six thousand of the wounded, most of them in a hopeless state, were left on the field of battle, and fell into the hands of the French.

"Never was spectacle so dreadful as the field of battle presented on the following morning. Above fifty thousand men lay in the space of two leagues, weltering in blood. The wounds were, for the most part, of the severest kind, from the extraordinary quantity of cannon-balls which had been discharged during the action, and the close proximity of the contending masses to the deadly batteries which spread grape at half-musket shot through their ranks. Though stretched on the cold snow, and exposed to the severity of an arctic winter, they were burning with thirst, and piteous cries were heard on all sides for water, or assistance to extricate the wounded men from beneath the heaps of slain, or load of horses by which they were crushed. Six thousand of these noble animals encumbered the field, or, maddened with pain, were shrieking aloud amidst the stifled groans of the wounded. Subdued by loss of blood, tamed by cold, exhausted by hunger, the foemen lay side by side amidst the general wreck. The Cossack was to be seen beside the Italian; the gay vinedresser, from the smiling banks of the Garonne, lay athwart the stern peasant from the plains of the Ukraine. The extremity of suffering had extinguished alike the fiercest and the most generous passions. After his usual custom, Napoleon, in the afternoon, rode through this dreadful field, accompanied by his generals and staff, while the still burning piles of Serpallen and Saussgarten sent volumes of black smoke over the scene of death: but the men exhibited none of their wonted enthusiasm; no cries of *Vive l'Empereur* were heard; the bloody surface echoed only with the cries of suffering, or the groans of woe. It is this moment which the genius of Le Gros has selected for the finest and most inspired painting that exists of the Emperor, in that immortal work, which, amidst the false taste and artificial sentiment of Parisian society, has revived the severe simplicity and chastened feeling of ancient art."

This was the time for England to have thrown her strength into the scale. She was strongly importuned by Russia and Prussia. They pointed out the spot where a British expedition might strike the mortal blow. "Send a force to the mouth of the Elbe. Join the Swedes in Pomerania. Napoleon must fall back through fear of having his retreat cut off in Germany. Austria only waits for England. She has forty thousand men in observation in Bohemia. She could have a hundred thousand in motion on the Elbe. The Prussians are ready to rise. The balance is now equi-poisé. Throw in the British alliance, and the fates of Europe are decided."

Nothing could be more rational, effective, and true; but the ban of Whiggism was upon England. Her evil genius, in the person of Lord Grey, a man whose presence in public life has always been signalized by some great public calamity, froze her councils. The dastardly and short-sighted minister replied to all the eager outcries of Europe in these words, which ought to extinguish him as a patriot and a politician for ever:—"Doubtless the spring is the most favourable

period for military operations, but at the *present juncture*, the allies must not look for any considerable land-force from Great Britain." And this with the despatch of the battle of Eylau actually in his hands! Let this be his epitaph. It is ignominy.

Napoleon's consciousness of his defeat was discoverable by stronger signs than the charlatanism of military movements, adopted for the express purpose of disguise. He made proposals of peace to Russia and Prussia. They were refused with impunity. He ordered up his principal corps from the rear, but dared not again attack the Russians. And finally, he demanded of France, in March, 1807, the anticipated conscription of September, 1808.

Even at this distance of time, it is difficult to restrain the solemn gratification that follows from the sense of retributive justice. France till now had seen without a pang the miseries which the world suffered from her armies. All was victory, and no man counted the agonies which every victory cost the unfortunate people of the seat of war. France saw cannon and colours sent back to her capital from the unhappy countries blasted by the presence of her soldiery. Still all was national exultation. "We are the first soldiers, the first politicians, the first philosophers, the first people of the globe," was the national outcry; and every voice was raised to hail the progress of European massacre. But the slaughter had now begun to be retorted on herself; the sudden demand of a new conscription excited universal astonishment, remonstrance, and alarm. "What!" was the public exclamation, "three conscriptions within less than seven months; two hundred and forty thousand of the rising generation sent to be slaughtered in the Polish deserts within half a year! What nation could stand so horrible a drain! France must inevitably be ruined." "No words," says Mr. Alison, "can do justice to the consternation which this *third* requisition excited amongst all classes, especially those whose children were likely to be reached by the destructive scourge. In vain the bulletins announced, that victories were gained with hardly any loss. The terrific demand of the different conscriptions, amounting to no less than 240,000 men in seven months, too clearly demonstrated the fearful chasms which sickness and the sword of the enemy had made in their ranks. The number of young men who annually attained the age of eighteen in France, which was the period selected for the conscription, was about two hundred thousand. Thus in half a year, more than a whole annual generation had been required for a service which experience had now proved to be almost certain destruction."

The usual chicanery of Napoleon was employed to enfeeble the force of the public feeling; the journals were put on a new course of fiction; the theatrical spirit of the Government was brought to act upon the theatrical spirit of the people, and Renaud St. Angely, a revolutionary ruffian, who would have seen the blood of half mankind flowing down the steps of his guillotine without a shudder, was exhibited shedding tears in the Senate when he made his communication of the imperial necessity of homicide! The Senate, of course, played its corresponding part—was melted into sympathy, and voted the conscription. To qualify the vote, it was declared that the conscripts were to be organized merely as an army of reserve for the defence of the frontier. This promise was, of course, a falsehood. The conscripts, though saved

from the Russian bayonet by the peace of Tilsit, were speedily drafted into the regular army, and destined to glut the wolves and vultures of the Peninsula.

The eloquent animation of this history often hurries us on as if we were reading a fine romance. We forget the grave realities, the desperate miseries, the startling horrors of the catastrophe in the brilliancy of the description, as if in the battles themselves nothing had been visible but the blaze of the cannon and the glitter of the steel, as if the whole were a magnificent fire-work, and the splendours of the vision were unpurchased by the hideous agonies of dying men, and the terrors of falling nations.

Napoleon, on renewing hostilities, had attempted to force the intrenched camp of Heilsberg; and after a day's fighting, had been repulsed at seven in the evening with heavy loss. "I had on this occasion," says Savary, "an exceedingly warm altercation with the Grand Duke de Berg (Murat,) who sent to me in the very thickest of the action orders to move forward and attack; I bade the officer who brought the order go to the devil, asking at the same time if he did not see how we were engaged. That Prince, who would have commanded every where, wished that I should cease firing, at the hottest period of the fight, to march forward; he would not see that if I had done so I should infallibly have been destroyed before reaching the enemy. For a quarter of an hour I exchanged grape with the enemy—nothing enabled me to keep my ground but the rapidity of my fire. The coming on of night was most fortunate—while every one slumbered, the Emperor sent for me. He was content with my charge, but scolded me for having failed in the support of Murat. When defending myself, I had the boldness to say he was a fool, who would some day cause us to lose a great battle—and that it would be better for us if he was less brave and had more common-sense. The Emperor bade me be silent, saying I was in a passion, but did not think the less of what I had said. Next day he was in very bad humour; our wounded were as numerous as in a pitched battle."

We find ourselves unable to resist the pleasure of quoting the masterly description of the field of battle.

"The vehement cannonade which had so long illuminated the heavens now ceased, and the cries of the wounded, in the plain at the foot of the intrenchments, began to be heard above the declining roar of the musketry. At eleven at night, however, a deserter came into the Russian lines, and announced that a fresh attack was preparing. Suitable arrangements were accordingly made; and hardly were they completed, when dark masses of the enemy were seen, by the uncertain twilight of a midsummer night, to issue from the woods, and advance with a swift pace across the bloody plain which separated them from the redoubts. Instantly the batteries opened on the moving masses; they staggered under the discharge, but still pressed on, without returning a shot; but when they arrived within reach of the musketry, the fire became so vehement that the heads of the columns were entirely swept away, and the remainder driven back in great disorder, after sustaining a frightful loss. At length, at midnight, after twelve hours' incessant fighting, the firing entirely ceased, and nothing was heard in the narrow space which separated the two armies, but the groans of the wounded, who anticipating a renewal of the combat in the morning, and tortured by pain, implored removal,

relief, or even death itself, to put a period to their sufferings.

"Heavy rain fell in the early part of the night, which, though it severely distressed the soldiers who were unhurt in their bivouacs, assuaged the thirst and diminished the sufferings of the host of wounded of both armies who lay mingled together on the plain. With the first dawn of the day the Russians again stood to their arms, expecting every moment to be attacked; but the morning passed over without any movement on the part of the enemy. As the light broke, the French were descried on the skirts of the wood in order of battle, but, more even than by their well-appointed battalions and squadrons, the eyes of all were riveted on a spectacle inconceivably frightful between their lines and the redoubts. This space, about a quarter of a mile broad and above a mile in length, presented a sheet of naked human bodies, the greater part dead, but some showing by their motions that they preserved consciousness or implored relief. Six thousand corpses were here lying together as close as they had stood in their ranks, stript during the night of every rag of garment by the cupidity of the camp-followers of either army, ghastly pale, or purple with the blood which was still oozing from their wounds. How inured soever to the horrors of a campaign, the soldiers of both armies, even while they loathed it, felt their eyes fascinated by this harrowing spectacle, which exhibited war, stript of all its pomp, in its native barbarity; and, by common consent, the interval of hostilities was employed in burying the dead, and removing the shivering wounded to the rear of the armies."

But even this history of the most furious of all wars, is not wholly warlike. The historian casts a sagacious glance from time to time over those more tranquil movements in which the public feeling of nations and the ability of their statesmen is developed. And his principles are of an order which renders his views safe, honourable, and British. If there be any thing in his conduct of those highly important portions of his work, with which we cannot wholly sympathize, it is his reluctance to give those principles their full announcement. He is a Tory, as must every man be who has the sense to value English freedom. But he allows too much to the hypocrisy of Whiggism. The delicacy with which he speaks of their intentions, the good-natured apologies which his ingenuity stoops to find for their blunders, and the general placability which his eloquent and graceful language conveys with reference to men remarkable only for their distorted ambition, malignant absurdity, and perfidious selfishness, are sacrifices to the etiquettes of living society, which none are called on to make who write for the instruction of future mankind. The truth is, that every evil of the country, political or martial, domestic or foreign, during the last half century, has found its root of bitterness in Whiggism. To whom was the virulence of the American revolt due? "To the Whigs," who looked to that criminal rebellion as a means of bringing their own restless incapacity into power. Who fanned the flame of French revolt, and attempted to excite it in England? The Whigs, and merely with the object of bringing themselves into power. Who continued to paralyze the resistance of England to France, while France was regicide, Atheist, anarchical, and had sworn the utter ruin of England? Who paralyzed the national ardour in the war for the redemption of Spain? The Whigs—still for the purpose of grasping at power of which the pos-

session had always showed their incapability. Who have been the reckless enemies of the Church, urging the Legislature until they forced that most fatal of all innovations, the entrance of Popery! The Whigs—still for their personal aggrandizement. Who stung the people into the frenzied cry of Parliamentary Reform? Still, for the lust of office—the Whigs. And who, at this hour, have prostrated the empire before the feet of a malignant ruffian, whom they at once dread and flatter, obey and hate, denounce and bargain with; and still for the contemptible possession of a precarious power! The Whigs. The history of faction has no page on which posterity will look with deeper scorn than the record of this most paltry, base, and hypocritical of all conspiracies against the whole morality of public life. Who can believe that they have ever been sincere; for who can believe in the sincerity of patricians worshipping the rabble, men of old estate lauding the doctrines of confiscation; men who would be stripped to the skin by the first revolutionary movement abetting revolution! When we see bloated pensioners on the public to the amount of £30,000 a-year! haranguing at tavern dinners, as clients of that democracy which would instantly turn them, with all their stars and garters about their necks, in beggary through the world, how can we believe that such harangues are not utterly inspired by falsehood! Or when we see the possessors of vast properties one day spouting to the rabble, the next combining in the Legislature, and both to bring on those furious changes which must inevitably overthrow all property, how is it possible to think them honest, or to think them any other than fraudulent intriguers for lawless gain, gross pretenders to the popular favour, which they despise, solicitors of popular vice, that they may turn it to uses which must be despised by every man of honour; degraded sycophants, that they may only be slaves, and slaves only that they may plunder the nation with impunity! Whiggism has been fastened on England for a curse, and no infliction has ever more thoroughly accomplished its original design.

In its history there is but one bright spot, the "Abolition of the Slave-Trade." We are willing to give Whiggism such credit as it can conscientiously take to itself for this compendious act of national justice. But we must remember that this abolition was *not* an original Whig measure, but the work of a few obscure men of humanity, who had no concern with the Legislature; that even Wilberforce disavowed and deprecated all party in the matter; that the Whigs had never before made use of office to annul this national offence: and that, finally, they adopted it merely as a new passport to popularity, and as among the general clamours for that cheap humanity which was a regular commodity of the trade of Whiggism. That their performance was reckless, crude, and imperfect, was only to say that it was the work of Fox and his followers. They dashed through the difficulties of the subject without regard to the interests of the country. By this crudeness the condition of the negro was but slightly improved for a long series of years, while the planter was instantly brought to the verge of ruin. And, finally, nothing but the enormous sacrifice of twenty millions of money has been capable of saving the West Indies from total bankruptcy. Still we rejoice that the measure was effected. But it could not have been effected in a more precipitate, ineffectual, or

injurious manner. Still we grieve, that the act was not done by the Tories, and that any tardiness on the part of men of honour should have given the fame of so honourable an achievement to a troop of political profligates. The whole is only an example of the maxim, that men should do quickly that which they have virtue to wish and power to perform; that it is good "to be zealously affected in a good matter;" and that the man of religion should resolve to outstrip the infidel in the activity, as much as in the excellence, of his intentions. Yet the slave-trade at this moment is more cruel, rapacious, and deadly than ever.

"From the returns laid before Parliament," says Mr. Alison, "it appears that the slave-trade is now *four times* as extensive as it was in 1789, when European philanthropy first interfered in St. Domingo in favour of the African race, and twice as great as it was when the efforts of Mr. Wilberforce procured its abolition in the British dominions. Great and deplorable as were the sufferings of the captives in crossing the Atlantic, in the large and capacious Liverpool slave-ships, they are as nothing compared to those which have since been, and are still endured by the negroes in the hands of the Spanish and Portuguese traders, where several hundred wretches are stowed between decks in a space not three feet high; and in addition to the anguish inseparable from a state of captivity, are made to endure, for weeks together, the horrors of the black-hole of Calcutta. Nearly two hundred thousand captives, chained together in this frightful manner, now annually cross the Atlantic; and they are brought, not to the comparatively easy life of the British West India Islands, but to the desperate servitude of Cuba or Brazil; in the latter of which several hundred negroes are worked, like animals, in droves together; without a single female among them, and without any attempt to perpetuate their race, they are worn down by their cruel task-masters to the grave by a lingering process which, on an average, terminates their existence in seven years."

Mr. Alison thinks that this dreadful increase of human misery is chiefly due to two causes—the heavy duties on British West India produce, and the decline of production by the progressive emancipation of the British negroes. Without doubting the importance of those causes, might we not add to them the vast quantities of uncleared yet fertile land in Cuba and Spanish America; the difficulty of making the natives work, from the indolence of the Creole population, and the apathy of the Indians; and, in general, the extreme deficiency of population? Whatever may be the decay of the produce in our islands, it unquestionably seems to be still overabundant for our home supply; the chief complaint of the planters being, that they have more to sell than we are inclined to buy. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that the taxes on the produce must throw the supply of the Continent into other hands. Still we say, once more, that we regard the abolition of the slave-trade as a load of sin removed from the neck of England. We may regret that this act of integrity on our part has not been followed by other nations; that France, Spain, and Portugal have turned from our example, and have even availed themselves of our humanity to aggravate the wretchedness of their African fellow-men. But have they followed our fortunes more than our humanity? Would we exchange conditions with any one of the three at this moment? Whatever may be the anxie-



ties of England for the coming time, what is her condition now, her internal peace, her opulence, her improving arts, her active industry, her unmolested empire, her incalculable colonization, to the deep perplexities of any one of the three European slave-traders! There is a Providence above us; and can it be extravagant to believe that its high dispensations for good and ill here, have direct reference to the fulfilment or breach of its laws? Is it possible to conceive that the groans of two hundred thousand human beings, torn from their country for the mere purposes of the basest and most heartless of all the passions of man—the love of money—are not heard; that the worship of Mammon, that worship which, of all others, seems declared to be most hostile to the worship of the Divine Being, will not be marked by the hand of Supreme justice; and that those nations, like those men who commit acts of persevering guilt, with the example of returning and repentant virtue before their eyes, are surest to undergo the heavy visitation of the greatest of all tribunals? France at this hour is sitting on the embers of one revolution, and the pile of another; infidelity, vanity, and ambition are preparing her tomb. A vigorous Government alone keeps down insurrection for the moment; but let the head of that Government be laid in the grave, whether by the hand of the assassin or the course of nature, and the evil day of France will come like a thundercloud. Spain and Portugal are scenes of universal terror. In Spain a civil war, which appears to be interminable; hostility, amounting to the point of tearing her entrails, without vigour to arrive at the victory which might bring peace. Portugal in the hands of a faction, and that faction but the delegates of the mob; her nobles exiled, her Queen a prisoner, her people racked by confiscation, her province on the edge of revolt. Is it not remarkable that those three kingdoms should be the only dominions of Europe in which conspiracy, faction, and war stalk before the general eye, and shake the state to the verge of dissolution? Is it not remarkable that the three are the only dominions in which the dynasties of the former slave-trading kings have been superseded, and their places filled by sovereigns of contested title? Is it not remarkable that the existence of the three actual possessors of their thrones should be in hourly and notorious hazard from their own subjects? and that while the guards of Madrid and the rabble of Lisbon are masters of their Queens, Louis Philippe should require 50,000 troops to keep the crown from being trampled under foot by the rabble of Paris? And yet all those frowning shapes of ruin may but fill up the first scene of the high drama of retribution.

The treaty of Tilsit, July 7 and 9, closed the first Russian war. This treaty was memorable as the confirmation of all those new royalties by which Napoleon established his family on thrones. The Russian Emperor recognized them all. Prussia was deprived of her Polish territory, which was erected into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw; and for the purpose of depriving her of all subsequent means of resistance, a fine of six hundred millions of francs, £24,000,000 sterling, perhaps equal to a hundred millions in England, was peremptorily demanded from her ruined exchequer—the whole revenue of that unfortunate country scarcely exceeding six millions a year.

But the more memorable part of this treaty was couched in a portion which was to be kept profoundly

secret. By this Napoleon and Alexander agreed on dividing the world between them; Russia was to sweep the east, France the west; both were to crush Great Britain. Turkey was to be abandoned to the Russian arms. But Napoleon made a determined stand against the surrender of Roumelia and Constantinople; they were too important to his intended empire of the Mediterranean. A joint offer of peace on iniquitous conditions was to be made to England, and on its refusal a joint attack was to follow. Then the *three Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Lisbon*, were to be jointly summoned to close their ports against English vessels, to recall their ambassadors from London, and to declare war against Great Britain.

But even this atrocious compact was not atrocious enough for the craft of Napoleon. A portion *doubly secret* was added; the detail of the universal robbery. By this the mouths of the Cattaro and the Ionian Islands "were to be ceded by Russia to France. Sicily was to be added to Joseph Buonaparte's kingdom of Naples. The Sicilian King was to receive Candia, or some part of Turkey, as an indemnity. The Papal territory, Malta, and Egypt, were to be given to France. The Turkish dominions were to be partitioned; and Wallachia, Moldavia, Servia, and Bulgaria, were to be given to Russia; while Greece, Macedonia, Dalmatia, and all the sea-coasts of the Adriatic, were to be in the possession of France. Finland was to be Russian; while the *sovereigns of the Houses of Bourbon and Braganza*, in the Spanish Peninsula, were to be replaced by princes of the family of Napoleon.

If we ever required an evidence of the innate evil of the human heart, we might find it in this terrible conspiracy against humankind. We may make all allowance for the ferocity of disgrace and despair; for the raging hostility of savage life, or the furious revenge of the disordered mind; but here two individuals, at the very summit of all that earth has to offer, in possession of every object that the imagination can feign of happiness, the two chief sovereigns of the globe, at the first moment when they had ceased to cover their frontiers with human blood, think only of spreading the slaughter over the globe. It was impossible to doubt that the simplest attempt to realize this plan of unlimited robbery must have roused all Europe into instant resistance; that all which mad ambition had cost before would have been a grain of sand to the avalanche of rapine and ruin which must have rushed down upon the civilized world. And for what? To give one man a hundred times more territory than he would ever have been able to keep, and another a thousand times more than he would ever have been able to govern; to spread authority by massacre, and civilization by turning the land into a wilderness; to extinguish all law by the sword, and make rebellion the first duty of human nature.

The conception was so thoroughly Satanic, that we cannot believe Alexander ever to have been sincere in its participation. He was neither a dishonest, an ungenerous, nor a cruel enemy. He was neither a timid, wavering, nor perfidious ally. He has now passed away from the scene. His subsequent career was too manly for us to suspect him of this complicated treachery. His subsequent triumphs were too splendid to allow the belief that the hand of Providence would

ever have laid so illustrious a wreath of victories on the brow of a king stained with such malignity to the peace of its creation. The work was Napoleon's. His mind, his heart, and his actions were its genuine parentage. The earth has never displayed a man whose whole nature approached nearer to the demon. Astonishingly sagacious, remorselessly fierce, of irrepressible ambition, and of implacable cruelty, what other qualities are wanting to complete the substance of that embodied hostility to God and man? He too could "believe and tremble," and, as if to complete the picture of evil, he could descend to the abject supplication for life when that life was shame, and solicit to exist when that existence was to be in darkness and chains.

If Alexander yielded to the proposal of the French Emperor, we are strongly inclined to think that he yielded through surprise and fear; that if the temptation had touched him, he speedily threw it off, and that the light which this transaction threw on the mind of his terrible compeer, was the source of that exhaustless determination to overthrow the French Empire, and war against Napoleon as its head, which so suddenly and so perseveringly characterized the whole future policy of the Czar. We should go further still, and say, that the knowledge of the "Secret Articles" of the treaty of Tilsit, which was so unaccountably, yet so instantaneously transmitted to the British Cabinet, may have been transmitted by the hand of the repentant Czar. The means were so mysterious, and still are so slightly explicable, that we can, on other grounds, scarcely avoid the conjecture. Alexander's apparent indignation at the subsequent attack on the Danish fleet, and his actual approval of that vigorous stroke of policy, show how far his necessities and his wishes were at variance; how gladly he saw resistance rise against his confederate, and how instinctively he rejoiced to find that there was manliness enough remaining in the world to subvert the Imperial scheme, which was to have given half its circumference to the Russian sceptre.

The conduct of Austria during the war in Poland is justly charged with extraordinary weakness. She unquestionably had in her hands the peace of Europe; and fifty thousand of her troops falling on the flank or rear of the French Grand Army, while Benningsen was thundering in its front, must have laid the French ambition in the snows of the north six years before the day of Moscow. But then could the day of Moscow have come? could the long agonies which were yet to torture France have been undergone? could Russia herself have obtained a triumph at once so solitary and so magnificent? or, above all, with this admixture of human means, could the will of an avenging Providence have been so sublimely declared, and the Divine justice on the head of the oppressor have fallen with such exclusive and awful vindication to mankind?

On this subject Mr. Alison's remarks are solid and philosophical.

"Though the timidity of Austria, when her forces were capable of interfering with decisive effect on the theatre of European contest, and the supineness of England, when she had only to appear in adequate force to conquer, were the causes to which alone we are to ascribe the long subsequent continuance, multiplied disasters, and unbounded ultimate bloodshed

of the war; yet for the development of the great moral lesson to France and mankind, and the illustration of the glories of patriotic resistance, it was fortunate that, by protracting it, opportunity was afforded for the memorable occurrences of its later years. But for that circumstance the annals of the world would have lost the strife in the Tyrol, the patriotism of Aspern, the siege of Saragossa, the fields of Spain! Peace would have been concluded with France as an ordinary power; she would have retained the Rhine for her boundary, and Paris would have remained the depository of revolutionary plunder; the Moscow campaign would not have avenged the blood of the innocent, nor the capture of their capital entered like iron into the soul of the vanquished. The last act of the mighty drama had not yet arrived; it was the design of Providence that it should terminate in yet deeper tragedy, and present a more awful spectacle of the Divine judgments to mankind. England would have saved three hundred millions of her debt, but she would have lost Vittoria and Waterloo; her standards would not have waved in the Pass of Roncesvalles, nor her soldiers entered in triumph the gates of Paris; she would have shared with Russia, in a very unequal proportion, the lustre of the contest, and to barbaric force, not freeborn bravery, future ages would have awarded the glory of having struck down the Conqueror of the World."

The first result of the treaty which was to lay the world at the feet of Napoleon, should have taught him the uncertainty of human fortune, or the punishment of imperial crime. It was, to strike a blow which deprived him of an essential portion of his strength, tarnished his reputation in the eyes of the world, broke up his plan of overwhelming England by invasion, and finally precipitated him into those hazardous hostilities with the Peninsula, which engulfed his throne and name. The ink had been scarcely dried on the "Secret Articles" of Tilsit, when they were on the table of the British Cabinet. Count D'Autraignes, a French emigrant noble attached to the household of Louis XVIII., was the nominal instrument of the discovery. But how a document of such incalculable importance came into the Count's hands is still the question, unless it came from the hands of Alexander himself. The capture of the Danish fleet was the instant and bold enterprise of England.

This portion of the history is capitably told. Succinct without obscurity, and logical without dryness, Mr. Alison brings the acknowledged facts of the case before us, with a force completely unanswerable. Opposition, of course, wrung its hands over this check to Napoleon. The whole host of Jacobin pamphleteers, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, were loud in their indignation at the attempt to anticipate the rapine by adopting the activity of their idol. The Whigs, who had now been, fortunately for the country, driven back to their old benches in Parliament, were "appalled at the inhumanity" of attacking the Danes. They, who had availed themselves of their single year of power to invade Egypt, South America, and Turkey, territories from which England had no more to fear than from the Antipodes, and who had failed in even those miserable and unjustifiable enterprises, could find no language too pathetic for an expedition whose necessity was clear, whose intelligence put their folly to shame, whose success

was consummate triumph, and whose promptitude at once awoke, astonished, and cheered Europe with a new hope of restoration. The treaty of Tilsit was signed on the 9th of July. Such was the noble vigour of the Tory Cabinet, that before the close of that month, a fleet of twenty-seven ships of the line, with 20,000 troops on board, was in full sail from the British shores. By the 16th of August the troops were disembarked in Zealand; by the 5th of September Copenhagen had capitulated; and by the beginning of October, the expedition had returned, bringing with it the whole Danish navy, eighteen ships of the line, and fifteen frigates, with other armed vessels; the most ample and superb trophy that had ever been won by naval war.

We have intentionally restricted our remarks to the earlier portions of this volume. They were in their nature the more disheartening to the reader, and the more difficult to the historian. But if the success has been complete even in these, with what ardent and glowing facility may he not be expected to speed along the brilliant and animating career that thenceforth lies before the British historian. He has hitherto been toiling through tempest and darkness; but Spain and its victories, the morning star of Europe, is now in the horizon, and the voyager sees a new aspect of the regenerated world, lighted up by new splendours of deliverance. In that sudden outburst of patriotic valour which turned the serfs and slaves of France into her boldest antagonists; in those astonishing developments of national feeling which transformed the very dust of Prussia into heroism, shot a new life into the slow strength of Austria, and impelled the gigantic might of Russia across the breadth of the Continent, to avenge the blood that stained the Moskwa, with the blood that stained the snows from the Moskwa to the Seine; and more than all, in the unrivalled valour and resistless determination of England, the protector of all, and conqueror for all, the historian possesses a task, than which the most illustrious vicissitudes of man and empire have never offered one worthier of all the eloquence of genius, the enforcement of manly principles, or the ambition of a generous and honourable fame.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## PALGRAVE'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

*Documents and Records, illustrating the History of Scotland, and the Transactions between the Crowns of Scotland and England.* Preserved in the Treasury of her Majesty's Exchequer. Collected and edited by Sir Francis Palgrave. 8vo. London: 1837. Volume First.

It is not our intention to justify the proceedings of Edward I. towards the Scotch. The miseries he entailed for centuries on our countrymen were such that no Scotsman can speak of him with calmness, or draw his character with impartiality. But the bitterest foe is entitled to justice; and, we must confess, the documents before us afford an excuse for much of what has

been deemed most culpable in his conduct. The greatest, though not the most accurate or careful of our historians, represents him as having, with the deepest dissimulation and most egregious breach of trust, deceived the confidence of the Scotch, who allured by the excellence of his reputation, had made him arbiter of their differences, and unwarily placed themselves in his power. Mr. Hume tells us, that Edward, having been invited by the Scottish Parliament to decide between the competitors for the throne of Scotland, assembled the Scotch nobility at Norham on that pretence; and having first collected a powerful army to overawe the refractory, that he there unexpectedly advanced his pretensions to the Superiority of Scotland, and required them to acknowledge him as Lord Paramount of the kingdom. Part of this story has been already refuted by a Scottish historian. Lord Hailes has shown, and the fact is undeniable, that when Edward met the Scotch nobility at Norham he had no troops with him, and could not therefore intend to terrify them into a recognition of his title by apprehensions of immediate violence. But, though this aggravation of his supposed treachery has been rejected by the historian, Lord Hailes continues to represent the claim of Edward as having been wholly unexpected by the Scots. "The whole assembly," he tells us, "stood motionless and silent," and craved delay (which was granted reluctantly,) that they might consult together. "This unexpected demand," says another historian, "struck dismay and embarrassment into the hearts of the Scottish Assembly." That the demand was not unexpected by a large portion of the assembly—that their silence and dismay arose from no surprise at a claim, which some of themselves had suggested, and which all, or the greater part of them, had most probably foreseen—is proved beyond the possibility of doubt by the documents before us. It is singular, that after so many ages of unmerited abuse, the fame of one of the greatest English kings should at length be vindicated by documents, which have been all the while quietly reposing in the Chapter-House at Westminster, where they had nearly mouldered into dust, when, in the last stage of decay, they were rescued from destruction by the zeal and diligence of Sir Francis Palgrave. What stronger proof can be given of the urgency of a careful examination of our ancient records, in order to supply the defects and correct the errors of chroniclers and historians? What better answer to the vulgar spirit of economy, that would suffer all the memorials of bygone times to perish, rather than expend the merest trifle for their preservation!

The first of these documents\* is an appeal preferred to the guardians of Scotland, in name of the seven Earls and Community of that kingdom. After stating that the throne of Scotland has been vacant since the death of Alexander, and alleging that, by the immemorial laws and usages of the kingdom, it is the right of the seven Earls and Community of Scotland, when the throne is *de jure* and *de facto* vacant, to appoint a king, and place him in his royal seat, and invest him with the honours of royalty, the instrument goes on to declare, that lest William, Bishop of St. Andrews, and John Comyn, who hold themselves to be Guardians of Scotland, and act as such, with that portion of the community which adheres to them, should of their own authority appoint a king, without regard to

\* No. IV. 1.



the rights of the seven Earls and Community of Scotland, the said Earls—of whom the son of Duncan, late Earl of Fife, is one—in their own names and in the names of the bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons, freeholders, and community of Scotland, appeal by their procurator, regularly constituted for that purpose, to the authority and protection of Edward, and of the royal crown of England, against any interference in the government of Scotland, to the prejudice of their rights, by William, Bishop of St. Andrews, John Comyn, or John Baliol; and place themselves, their adherents, kindred and effects, moveable and immoveable, under the special guard and protection of Edward and of the English crown. They further pray for reparation of sundry wrongs and damages done to them by the said Guardians since the death of Alexander.

A second document\* contains a similar protest and appeal, in name of Donald, Earl of Mar, one of the seven Earls, and in name of the freemen of Moray, against a military execution perpetrated in the district of Moray, under authority of the said Guardians, by subguardians of their appointment; and concludes, like the other paper, by placing the Earl of Mar and the men of Moray under the protection of Edward and of the English crown.

The third document† is an appeal to the same authority in the name of Robert Bruce, Lord of Anandale, styling himself the lawful, true, and acknowledged heir of the Scottish crown; and complaining, that though he has propounded and offered to prosecute his claim to that dignity, the said Guardians and their abettors, without regard to his rights, or to those of the seven Earls, intend and propose to raise John Baliol to the throne; for which reason he appeals to Edward, and to the English crown for judgment thereon, which, from the said Guardians, he will not accept; submitting himself and his adherents, and the seven Earls in particular, to the protection and defence of Edward and of his royal crown. To this last appeal is annexed a memorandum, setting forth the pretensions of Bruce to the throne of Scotland.

There is still a fourth paper,‡ written in French, the others being in Latin, with no name annexed to it, in which it is argued that King Richard had no right to release the King of Scotland from the homage he had rendered for his kingdom to the crown of England; concluding with an intimation, through a private and confidential agent, that if the King of England will demand his right according to law, the author of the note will aid and obey him, with all his friends and kindred. The author of this note, Sir Francis Palgrave conjectures to have been one of the competitors for the Scottish crown, most probably Bruce. It is in perfect accordance with his appeal.

With these documents before us, it is idle declamation to lament the situation to which the Scottish nobles were reduced at Norham; or to represent them as totally unprepared for the demand of Edward that they should acknowledge his claim as superior and Paramount Lord of Scotland. Bruce, at least, and his accomplices, had no reason for surprise, dismay, or embarrassment. They had suggested the claim, and appealed in private to the authority they were there called upon to acknowledge in public. To some of the partisans of Baliol the appeals of Bruce and

his adherents might have been unknown. But, if the statements in the instruments of appeal be correct, they must have been communicated to the Bishop of St. Andrews and to Comyn; and if known to them, most probably they were imparted to their friends. All ought to have been prepared for the claim of superiority; and if the spirit of Wallace had breathed in this assembly of nobles, the demand of Edward would have been instantly and indignantly rejected. But it required experience of foreign bondage to rouse that flame which finally triumphed over Edward and his successors.\* Had our forefathers yielded, as the Irish did, to the yoke of England, or contented themselves, like them, with a rude and savage independence in the recesses of their mountains and morasses, we might at this day have been petitioning for an equality of rights with the more fortunate inhabitants of the south; or with indignation heard ourselves stigmatized as aliens, unworthy of the same privileges.

It is not difficult to discern the motive for these appeals. It is clear that two of the Regents and their adherents, constituting probably a majority of the nation, were inclined to prefer Baliol as the lawful heir, or fittest successor of the Scottish crown; and that Bruce and his partisans, forming a minority of the kingdom, appealed to Edward from a consciousness of their own weakness, and, to conciliate his favour, were ready to sacrifice the independence of their country. Edward listened to their appeal so far as suited his own interest. He asserted, and so far as the recognition of a recreant nobility could effect it, he established the superiority of the English over the Scottish crown. Having attained that object, he seems to have proceeded with fairness in his adjudication of the kingdom. He appointed a numerous and impartial tribunal to examine the claims of the different competitors, and acquiesced in its decision. The traitor who had first tempted him to assert a right to which he had no just pretension was deprived of the expected fruits of his treason; and but for the spirit and military talents of his grandson, he would have left a name as odious in Scotland as that of the weak and unfortunate Baliol.

How far the party of Baliol had dipped in similar intrigues with Edward does not appear. No evidence against them has come to light. Fraser, Bishop of St. Andrews, has been vilified as a traitor and crea-

\* Barbour has expressed with equal spirit and feeling the misery and oppression of Scotland under Edward; and concludes with a passionate exclamation which for centuries found an echo in every Scotsman's bosom.

"A! fredome is a noble thing!  
Fredome mayss man to haiff liking;  
Fredome all solace to man giffis:  
He levys at ess that frely levys!  
A noble hart may haiff nane ess,  
Na ellis nocht that may him pless,  
Gyff fredome faillyhe: for fre liking  
Is yharrit our all othir thing.  
Na he, that ay has levyt fre,  
May nocht knaw weill the propyrté,  
The angry, na the wrechyt dome,  
That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.  
Bot gyff he had assayit it,  
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;  
And suld think fredome mar to prys,  
Than all the gold in world that is."

\* No. IV. 2.

† No. IV. 3.

‡ No. V.

ture of Edward, because he wrote a letter to that prince on the first rumour of the Queen's death, advising him to confer with John Baliol, if that nobleman presented himself before him, so that in all events his own honour and interest might be attended to; and urging him strongly, if these sinister reports should be confirmed, to repair instantly to the Borders in order to give confidence to the people of Scotland, and enable them, without effusion of blood, to fulfil their oath by placing the rightful heir on the throne, "provided always, that he is a person willing to abide by your counsel."\* When it is considered that Fraser was one of the commissioners preparing to set out for Orkney to meet the young Queen, and convey her to her bridal, that he was friendly to the English alliance and highly satisfied with Edward's professions and past conduct towards Scotland; the concluding sentence, which is the only ambiguous part of his letter, will admit of an interpretation in no respects injurious to his character. Whatever misfortune might disturb the projected matrimonial alliance between the two kingdoms, he was desirous they should remain, as they had done for many years, in friendship and peace; and justly thought that a disposition to preserve amicable relations with England, ought, in the vagueness and uncertainty of the Scotch law of succession, to be one, and not the least important, consideration in the choice of his future sovereign. Had not the selfish ambition of Bruce interposed, it is probable that the pacific views of the bishop might have been realized; and the tranquil Baliol, raised to the throne without the sacrifice of national independence, might have maintained the same friendly intercourse with Edward, which for the last fifty years had so happily subsisted between the two countries. The rivalry of Bruce defeated this scheme, which, in the relative position of Scotland and England, was the best that could have been devised. Finding a majority of the Scottish nation, and more especially of the clergy, who were the most enlightened part of it, on the side of his competitor, Bruce, who seems to have been engaged in measures of violence during Margaret's life, adopted a new line of policy; and, to gain Edward, whom he must formerly have offended, he made a voluntary oblation of that national independence, which Fraser, from his subsequent conduct, appears to have been most ardent to defend.

No man of that period has been more unjustly treated by the historians of Scotland than Fraser, Bishop of St. Andrews. He has been described as a man of "dark, intriguing spirit"—"watching over the inter-

ests of Edward with dark and dangerous policy"—"making a base proposal to him, and by his influence with the nobility inducing them to solicit the interference of the English King." So much the reverse of these imputations was the truth, that in the really base and treasonable appeal of Bruce and his accomplices, Fraser, Bishop of St. Andrews, is designated with John Comyn as the two Guardians, who, without reference to Edward and his pretensions, intended to raise Baliol to the throne of Scotland. But it was enough for historians, partial to the line of Bruce, to stigmatize Fraser without a colour of justice, that he was a partisan of Baliol. What we know of his subsequent life redounds to his credit. So far from profiting by his supposed treachery to Scotland, the favours he received from Edward during the first interregnum were few and inconsiderable; while his rival, the Brucean Wisheart, the "spirited Bishop" of Glasgow,—a lord, says the gossiping Wyntown, of *gret wertyu*, had gifts of money and other grants to a large amount. When the general indignation of his subjects compelled the feeble Baliol to renounce the submission he had sworn to Edward, the formerly pacific Bishop of St. Andrews,—"the man entirely devoted to England," was selected as one of the Scottish ambassadors to negotiate an alliance, offensive and defensive, with France, which he effected. He is said to have returned to Scotland after the subjugation of Baliol, and instead of hastening with the rest of his countrymen to propitiate the conqueror by timely submission, to have gone back to France and died in exile. Such is the account of Spotswood;\* but it is doubtful whether Fraser ever came back to Scotland after his embassy. In April, 1296, he had not returned; and on the 28th of August, the temporalities of his see were still in the hands of Edward; nor does his name once occur in the "Ragman Roll" of that year. Wyntown places his death at Paris, in 1297. His successor, William Lamberton, was elected while Wallace was Guardian of Scotland, and his election was confirmed by Pope Boniface in June, 1298.

The admiration and gratitude of the Scots for the name of Bruce—their contempt and aversion for the name of Baliol—are natural and easy to be accounted for. The name of Baliol is associated with national degradation and misfortune—that of Bruce with national glory and success. Under Baliol they were the humble vassals of the English crown, and when they attempted to vindicate their independence, they were reduced to ignominious submission, and subjected to all the outrages and injuries which conquerors are apt to inflict on the vanquished. Under Bruce they recovered their courage, their spirit, and their honour; and, for the first and only period of their history, they carried their victorious arms with success into the heart of England, and struck terror into every English bosom. This contrast has led them as much to overrate the family of Bruce as to do injustice to the party of Baliol. No document has yet appeared which shows that Baliol took a prominent part in betraying the independence of Scotland. The appeal discovered by Sir Francis Palgrave, proves to a demonstration, that Bruce and his partisans invited Edward to bring forward those pretensions, which

\* Fœdera, i. 741. Hailes does not understand "what is meant by the oath here mentioned." It evidently refers to the marriage articles between young Edward and Margaret, which had been ratified by oath on both sides.

We cannot adopt Sir Francis Palgrave's strained interpretation of the expression—*dum tamen ille vestro consilio voluerit adherere*—nor yet accept the vague translation of Hailes, "provided always that he is willing to follow your counsel." The words seem to us to convey more than is allowed by the one, and less than is assumed by the other. We should be inclined to render the clause in question,—provided he will abide by your counsel, that is to say, adhere to the policy you have hitherto pursued.

\* History of the Church of Scotland, 49, 50.

cost both nations so dear, and involved them in rancorous hostility for more than two hundred years.

So far were the Scots from doing justice between the two competitors, that the few national histories they possess represent the elder Bruce as a stern, high-minded, uncompromising assertor of national independence, who might have had the crown assigned to him, if he had consented to hold it as the vassal of the English King. Fordun, Barbour, and Wytowna, all of whom flourished under the dynasty of Bruce, agree in the same story. They all represent Bruce as having had the first offer of the Scottish crown, and that it was only on his refusal to hold it in vassalage of England that Baliol was preferred. The documents brought to light by Sir Francis Palgrave show how completely these statements are devoid of truth. They exhibit Bruce and his partisans as the prompters and instigators of Edward in his attack on Scottish independence. It was by their suggestion he was induced to prosecute a claim, which, as far as Scotland proper was concerned, had no pretext or foundation whatever, except the submission of William the Lion, which was afterwards cancelled by Richard I. The wars, to which it gave rise, ended, not in the subjugation of the Scots, but in their acquisition of Lothian and Galloway, to which the Kings of England had ancient and not unlaudable pretensions.

The hostility engendered by the unjustifiable pretensions of Edward was not of short duration. It was aggravated rather than appeased by the union of the two crowns; and though Scotland derived incalculable advantages from her connexion with a more free and civilized people, it continued unabated for many years after the union of the two kingdoms. It was reserved for our times to see the two nations united by a community of feeling as well as by a community of interest. It was not till the Scottish oligarchies had been extinguished by the Reform Bill that the people of Scotland were able to manifest to their brethren of the South their real character. By a singular dispensation of Providence, Scotland, over which the English kings so long attempted in vain to domineer, and Ireland, where for ages they exercised a narrow and oppressive tyranny, are now become the efficient auxiliaries of England in support of that free and generous policy, which it has ever been her pride and glory to maintain.

Sir Francis Palgrave, who considers Bruce to have acted honestly in his appeal to Edward, and to have frankly admitted the superiority of the English crown, endeavours\* to reconcile this acknowledgment with the speech attributed to him by the Continuator of Fordun, when Edward is supposed to have made him an offer of the Scottish crown. But the gloss he affixes to Fordun's forensic expressions will not bear examination, when tried by the test of Barbour, from whom the Continuator of Fordun has manifestly borrowed the whole story.† Edward's offer and Bruce's refusal, according to Barbour, were as follows—

\* Introduction, xlix.

† Barbour appears to have composed "The Bruce" in the reign of Robert II. The Continuator of Fordun flourished in the following century, and was well acquainted with the poem. Wytowna makes frequent extracts from it.

"And to Robert the Brwyss said he;  
Gyff thou will hold in chayff of me  
For evyrmore, and thine ofspryng,  
I sall do swa thou sall be king.  
Schyrr, said he, swa God me save,  
The kynryk yhern I nocht to have,  
But gyff it fall of ryght to me,  
And gyff God will that it sa be,  
I sall als freely in all thing  
Hold it, as it afferis to king;  
Or, as my Eldris forouch me  
Held it in freyast rewaté."

The whole story is probably a popular fiction, invented while the descendants of Bruce were kings of Scotland. But, unless Sir Francis Palgrave can make out that the *freyast rewaté* is consistent with the rank of *lansman* or feudatory, he will find it difficult to reconcile the words of Barbour with his own hypothesis. Barbour's general expression—*gyff it fall of ryght*—has been converted by Bower into language that sounds technical and forensic—*per viam juris et fidelem assisam*—but without any warrant from his original; and, most probably, without the remotest idea that the last words would be tortured to mean the *verdict of a jury*.

It may be necessary to inform some of our readers that Sir Francis Palgrave holds Scotland to have been "a member of the Anglo-Saxon empire," governed by "underkings," and subjected to its "overlord, the Basileus or Emperor of Britain." We shall not enter further into the question than to remark, that we find nothing in the documents he has published to corroborate this opinion; and that some things we meet with rather tend to a contrary conclusion. In commenting, for instance, on the declaration\* made to Alexander III., that the prorogation of his homage from Tewkesbury, where it had been originally proffered, to a later day in London, should not turn to his prejudice, Sir Francis Palgrave observes, with great probability, that "the delay in the acceptance of the homage was in order that the Council might consider the terms upon which it was to be performed." The terms of homage and fealty due from the King of Scots were, therefore, well considered on this occasion before they were accepted; but so far were they from containing any thing favourable to the English claim of superiority, that the keepers of the records in England, by direction, no doubt, of their superiors, had recourse to the fraudulent expedient of erasing the original words of homage, and substituting others in their place. The record is still extant,† and the

\* No. 9.

† Rot. Claus. 6 Edw. I. m. 5. d.—There is a discrepancy in the dates between the memorandum on the clause rolls and the declaration published by Sir Francis Palgrave, which we cannot satisfactorily explain. The memorandum states that in the Parliament at Westminster on Michaelmas-day, Alexander, King of Scotland, appeared before King Edward, became his liegeman, and did him homage. The declaration informs us, that Alexander having proffered homage at Tewkesbury on the Sunday before the festival of St. Luke the Evangelist, that is, on the 16th of October, the homage was postponed to a later day in London, the King not having his Council with him. The only conjecture we can form is, that the Parliament had been summoned to meet, and that it had actually met



fraud visible. What were the words erased cannot be known; but the nature of the erasure may be conjectured from the oath of fealty immediately following, which binds the King of Scots to no further obligations to the English monarchy than for the lands and tenements he holds of the King of England. Of what these lands and tenements consisted, or were held to consist, we have no full or exact information; but from documents published by Sir Francis Palgrave himself, we know that in the two northern counties alone they were of considerable value. He has published the rental and services due to Alexander from his estates in Cumberland and Northumberland, and has promised to give us, in his next volume, the rolls of the justices-itinerant employed by the Scottish monarch in Tynedale.\*

We shall now proceed to a constitutional question, of antiquarian curiosity at least, if not of present importance, to which the discoveries of Sir Francis Palgrave have given rise.

The first instrument of appeal professes to be delivered in the names of persons styling themselves, "the Seven Earls of Scotland," and claiming a right, which they have enjoyed from time immemorial, of supplying, in conjunction with the community of Scotland, any vacancy that occurred in the Scottish throne, that throne being *de jure* and *de facto* vacant. Sir Francis Palgrave is disposed to admit the truth and justness of this claim. He considers the seven Earls to have been "a constitutional body," distinct and "severed from the rest of the estates of the kingdom,"—"not possessing an 'electoral right' in the sense of Buchanan and other republican writers,—but forming a judicial body, which had authority, when the throne was vacant, to award it to the persons, who, by the usages and institutions of the monarchy, had the best right to it. On that point, we are at issue with him. We believe that no such constitutional body existed in Scotland; that in that kingdom, as in other Teutonic states, when the throne was vacant, it was filled up, either peaceably by the ordinary course of succession, with consent of the states; or irregularly by force and violence, with more or less semblances of a legal confirmation from the same authority.

We are far from denying the general position of

on Michaelmas-day—that it had been subsequently adjourned till after the middle of October—and that the business transacted after it met again was dated, as used to be the case with Acts of Parliament, on the day on which it was first assembled. It appears from a letter to the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Fœdera, i. 554) in the preceding March, that the place originally fixed for performance of the homage was London, and the day the quindene of Michaelmas (13th October.) It is stated in the same letter, that Alexander had signified, by a solemn embassy to Edward, that he was ready to do homage, *absque conditione aliqua*. It appears, however, from the erasure and falsification of the record, that the terms in which it was expressed had not been satisfactory to the English monarch.

\* No. 3, and Introd. viii.—The jurisdiction exercised by the King of Scots in Tynedale was not founded, as Sir Francis Palgrave seems to insinuate, on the same grounds as the jurisdiction he exercised in Lothian, but on the special conditions of the agreement between Alexander II. and Henry III. in 1237 (Fœdera, i. 233.)

Sir Francis Palgrave, that in the middle ages, as at present, elections were frequently made, and judicial determinations given by persons, variously chosen and appointed, acting in the name, and invested with the authority of larger and more numerous bodies of men. We admit also, to the fullest extent he can desire, that the succession to the Scottish monarchy was "exceedingly vague and undetermined;" and that on every demise, the throne might almost be considered as, *de jure*, as well as *de facto*, vacant. But we see no reason to believe that, in the absence of all other fixed rules, our barbarous ancestors had the foresight to establish a select body of seven Earls, and confer upon them the right to sit in judgment on competitors for the throne, and award it to the person who had the best right to it. When the crown was contested, as from the differences between the Celtic and Teutonic laws of succession, was frequently the case in Scotland, the decision, if not effected entirely by force, was probably left, as in the neighbouring countries to the states of the kingdom; and by them determined according to the predominant interests and partialities of the moment.

We object to the theory of the seven Earls, because,

1. There is no other mention of such a constitutional body in any Scotch or English document of the eleventh or twelfth century, though the succession to the Scottish monarchy during a great part of that period was exceedingly irregular, and the deviations from the direct course of descent very numerous. When Donald succeeded Malcolm Canmore—when Duncan dispossessed Donald—when Donald resumed the sceptre on the slaughter of Duncan—and when Donald was finally deprived of his crown and liberty by Edgar—we hear of foreign and domestic violence effectuating these revolutions, but no mention is made of the constitutional confirmation of any of them by the seven Earls. In the reigns of David, Malcolm, William, and Alexander II., we are told of insurrections in various parts of Scotland by pretenders, on one ground or other, to the throne; but we hear nothing of this college of Earls, who are supposed to have had judicial authority conferred upon them, by the immemorial law and custom of the monarchy, to put an end to these unhappy disturbances. It is in vain to say that we have no Scottish historians of that period, while there are so many English chroniclers, who treat minutely of the affairs of Scotland, and from none of whom, nor indeed from any document in existence, except those mutilated fragments of Sir Francis Palgrave, is an atom of information to be derived concerning this supreme and paramount body, the superintendents and conservators of the Scottish monarchy.

2. "According to the earlier laws of succession," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "throughout Europe, the heir, whether lineal or collateral, possessed only an inchoate right to the throne, and which required recognition or confirmation by some competent authority to perfect its validity." To this doctrine we readily subscribe; and applying it to Scotland, we find in various occasions, on the demise of a King, the formal recognition of his successor, not by the seven Earls, but by the prelates and nobles, who, as in other Teutonic nations, were called upon to exercise that privilege. On the death of Malcolm IV., the prelates and procures of the kingdom met at Seone, and ap-

pointed (*assumpserunt*) his brother William to be their King.\* After William, his son Alexander II. was assumed or recognised as King by the Bishop of St. Andrews, the Earls of Strathern, Athol, Angus, Menteith, Buchan, and many others of the three estates;† and on the demise of Alexander II., an assembly was held of Prelates, Earls, Barons and Knights, for the coronation of his son Alexander III., a boy not eight years old; and though a question arose, whether he ought to be crowned before he was knighted, it was not objected to the proceeding that there were seven Earls in the kingdom whose consent was previously necessary for his recognition.‡

3. If we are to believe Hoveden,§ a contemporary author of the highest credit, an attempt was made by William of Scotland to alter the succession to the Scottish throne. Despairing of issue male, he proposed to settle the crown on his daughter Margaret, to the exclusion of David Earl of Huntingdon, his brother. If ever there was an occasion, on which it might have been expected that the seven Earls of Scotland would have come forward and taken the prominent part that belonged to their station and privileges, it was in a case like this, when the law of succession was about to be changed. But of them and of their supposed prerogative we hear not a word. We are told that several persons were ready to acquiesce in the King's wishes; but that Earl Patrick and many others opposed them,—saying it was not the custom of Scotland to admit a female to the throne, while there was a brother or a nephew of the reigning King that had a right to it. Was Earl Patrick, it may be asked, one of the privileged peers, who, by immemorial custom, had the adjudication of the Scottish crown when it became vacant? Most certainly not. Earl Patrick was Earl of Dunbar—of recent establishment—a Saxon by descent—and totally unconnected with ancient Albania and its institutions.

4. The transaction that bears the nearest resemblance to a legal adjudication of the Scottish sceptre, is the recognition of the Maid of Norway as presumptive heiress of the throne in the lifetime of her grandfather Alexander III. The record is still in existence, and contains the authority by which it was made. There is no mention in it of any select body, without whose concurrence, according to the theory we are now discussing, it could not have been valid. It is attested by all the Earls of Scotland, thirteen in number, and by twenty-five Barons; and the obligation it contains is placed, not under the safeguard of seven Earls, but of eleven Bishops.||

5. On the sudden and unexpected death of Alexander III. the custody of Scotland, which had been unprovided for, was not assumed by this supposed electoral body, but was committed by the states of the kingdom to two Bishops, two Earls, and two Barons; and on the death of the two Earls, it continued, till the decease of Margaret, in the hands of the two Bishops and two Barons, without a single Earl having been added to their number.

6. The community of Scotland having been informed that Edward had procured a dispensation from the Pope for the marriage of his son Edward with their young Queen the Maid of Norway, expressed their approbation of the alliance by a letter addressed to

him, not in the name of the seven dominant Earls, but in the names of the four Guardians of Scotland, and of ten Bishops, twelve Earls (the Earl of Fife being a minor,) twenty-three Abbots, eleven Priors, and forty-eight Barons.\*

7. We are told in one of the mutilated scraps saved by Sir Francis Palgrave from destruction, that when William of Scotland became the liegeman of the English crown for his kingdom of Scotland, the seven Earls became bound by oath to the King and to the crown of England, that if their King "should ever in any wise refuse obedience to the King of England," they should "redress the same."† Fortunately we have still preserved the original act of submission made by William the Lion to Henry II. of England. We find in it no mention of the seven Earls. We find in it, indeed, the obligation alluded to in the fragment; but it was an obligation contracted, not by any particular body in Scotland, but by *all* the Bishops, Earls, and Barons of the kingdom.‡ Yet, such is the blindness of system, in minds even the most acute and intelligent, that this very false allegation is quoted by Sir Francis Palgrave§ as one of the proofs of his theory, that there were seven Earls in Scotland, forming a distinct body, and severed from the rest of the estates of the kingdom.

8. That Bruce himself affixed a different meaning from Sir Francis Palgrave to the appeal, and to the other instruments where the seven Earls are mentioned, is apparent from the statement he has given of his recognition as presumptive heir of the crown in the lifetime of Alexander II. Supposing the seven Earls to have been a constitutional body, invested with the privileges attributed to them by Sir Francis Palgrave, a stronger case cannot be imagined for their interposition than the adjudication of a doubtful right to the crown. But who were the persons assembled by Alexander II. to determine that question? Not the seven Earls alone, but the *nobiles et magnates regni Scotia*, with the Bishops, and as many clerks and laymen as he could bring together.|| By whose assent was Bruce on that occasion declared presumptive heir of the crown? Not by judgment of the seven Earls, but *per comun assent des Evesques, Contes, et de son Barnege*.¶

From these petitions of Bruce, it seems to us clear that he did not, like Sir Francis Palgrave, understand, by the seven Earls of Scotland, a separate body, distinct from the rest of the community, and invested with privileges in which the other Earls did not participate; but that the seven Earls of the appeal, whose rights he proclaims, were the Earls of his own party, or the Earls assumed to be of his own party, who formed a majority of the Scottish Earls, and against whose wishes and inclinations two of the Guardians and their adherents were disposed to raise John Baliol to the throne. Looking to the subsequent proceedings in this competition for the Scottish crown, we find among the nominees, and consequently partisans of Bruce, five Earls, viz.—the Earls of March, Mar, Menteith, Athol, and Lennox; and, adding to them his own son, the Earl of Carrick, and the Earl of Fife (a child only five years old,) who is expressly mentioned as one of the seven appellants—we have

\* Scotichronicon, viii. 12.

§ Savile, f. 430. b.

† Ib. ix. 1.

‡ Ib. x. 1.

|| Fœdera, i. 638.

\* Fœdera, i. 730.

† Fœdera, i. 31.

‡ No. IV. 4.

† No. V. and Intro. xix.

§ Intro. xxxv.

¶ No. VII. 7.

the mystic number completed, and the illusion of our modern theorists dispelled. Among the nominees of Baliol, we have four Earls, viz.—the Earls of Angus, Buchan, Ross, and Strathern; none of whom can be supposed to have joined in the appeal against their own candidate. The Earls of Caithness and Sutherland appear to have taken no part in the competition. The seven Earls who appealed must therefore have been those we have enumerated as adherents of Bruce, with the addition of the Earl of Fife, whose infancy ought to have precluded him from taking part in any public proceeding, but whom they nevertheless assumed as one of their number, to give them the semblance of a majority of Earls. But did the six Earls who really espoused the interests of Bruce possess the most ancient earldoms, to which, if to any, this immemorial right must have been attached? Were the partisans of Baliol, and the neutrals, mushroom Earls who had sprung up since this great constitutional privilege had been attached to the others? By no means. Among the partisans of Bruce were the Earls of March and Carrick, neither of whom derived his title from Scotland proper. Among the friends of Baliol was the Earl of Strathern; and among the neutrals, the Earl of Caithness, who held two of the most ancient earldoms in Scotland. In no point of view will the system of Sir Francis Palgrave bear the test of examination. Of the seven most ancient Earls who derived their titles from ancient Scotland, one was neutral, two were partisans of Baliol, one an infant, though his name be improperly inserted in the appeal, and only three adherents of Bruce.

An attempt has been made to bolster the theory of the seven Earls by the help of Cruithne, or Cruithen, father of the Picts, and his seven sons, who ruled over and gave their names to the seven provinces into which Scotland proper was anciently divided;—a division still existing, it is pretended, in the twelfth century. Of Cruithen, or Cruithne, and his seven sons, we shall say nothing; but, on the supposed division of Scotland into seven provinces in the twelfth century, we may be permitted to remark, that the venerable Andrew, Bishop of Caithness, from whom this intelligence is supposed to come, did not inform the anonymous reporter of the story, that Scotland was divided in his time into seven provinces, but that it was so divided in the days of Cruithne, and his sons, who had flourished more than 1000 years before.\* Sir Francis Palgrave, to do him justice, makes no farther use of this piece of history, than to remark,† in support of his theory, that ancient Albania was divided into seven provinces; and to quote a legendary tale of St. Andrew appearing to Ungust, King of the Picts, as he was a walking, *cum septem comitibus amicissimis*.‡ But, when he adds that “a portion of the earldom, whom it is scarcely possible to consider as being other than the seven Earls, endeavoured to execute judgment of forfaulter against Malcolm IV., and to place another Sovereign on the throne,” we suspect that he has not consulted with his usual care the original authorities for the transaction to which he alludes. On the return of Malcolm IV. from Toulouse, where he had served in the army of Henry II. of England, Earl Feretacht, or Feretach, and five other Earls, offended with him for the sub-

servient part he had acted under the English Monarch, besieged him in Perth, and attempted, but without success, to secure his person. Such is the brief account of this affair given by Hoveden and Melrose, the only contemporary authorities.\* The Earls engaged in it were not seven in number, but six. There was no judgment of forfaulter to be executed, but a conspiracy of discontented nobles, indignant with their King on account of his journey to France in the train of Henry II. of England. The Continuator of Fordun, who wrote 250 years afterwards, has engrafted on this outline the story of a threatening message sent to Malcolm at Toulouse, saying,—“We will not have Henry to rule over us.” But even Bower has not a word about a seventh Earl—of a judgment of forfaulter—or of any competitor with Malcolm for the Scottish throne. On the contrary, he acquits the conspirators of any selfish or traitorous intentions, and, to the scandal of Lord Hailes, he praises them for their zeal, *reipublice tuitione*. The insurgents having failed in their enterprises, the clergy interposed and reconciled them with the King.† Wyntown, in relating the same story, mentions only six Earls, or “mayster-men,” as he calls them, engaged in the insurrection; but with “Feretauche,” who seems to have been the leader of the conspiracy, he conjoins “Gyllandrys Ergemauche”‡—cabalistic names, which have been transmuted into an unknown Earl of Ross, and into a son of William Fitzduncan, Lord of Craven, known in English provincial history as the “Boy of Egremont,” who died in his nonage, and probably never set his foot in Scotland.

From No. VI. to No. XVIII. inclusive, the documents published by Sir Francis Palgrave consist of the petitions, pleas and replications of Bruce and Baliol. These documents are in a very mutilated state, but they are curious and valuable. They supply some chasms in the Great Roll, and show with what care and subtilty the case was argued on both sides; affording, as the editor has justly remarked, an indirect proof of the confidence reposed by both parties in the fairness of the tribunal appointed to decide upon their claims. They give also some account, though from the decay of the MSS. a most imperfect one, of the acts of violence committed by Bruce and his turbulent adherents during the lifetime of Margaret. We have little doubt that a desire to efface the impression left by these outrages was one of the reasons which induced Bruce, with such criminal alacrity, to make his court to Edward, by sacrificing the independence of the Scottish crown; which, as a competitor for that dignity, he ought to have been the last to give up.

From No. XIX. to No. XXI. inclusive, we have mutilated fragments, from the returns to the circular writs, “addressed to the cathedrals and principal monasteries throughout England, commanding them to search their chronicles and archives for all matters relating to Scotland, and to transmit them to the King under their common seals.” Sir Francis Palgrave pronounces a panegyric on Edward for the fairness of this inquiry; and lauds the monks and chapters for their honesty in not fabricating deeds of a more decided character than the extracts they produced. To us, the whole proceeding wears a suspicious character. If the Kings of Scotland had been liegemen of

\* Innes, 134. Append. Nos. I. II.

† Introd. xxix.

‡ Pinkerton, I. 497.

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\* Hoveden, Melrose, in 1160.

† Scotichron. VIII. 4.

‡ Wyntown, VII. 7.



the English crown for their kingdom of Scotland, proofs of the fact could not have been wanting in the public archives of England; where, from the time of Richard and John, all acts of the government and proceedings even of the courts of law had been regularly enrolled. With regard to the evidence furnished by the monasteries and cathedrals, if we are to judge from the specimens we have here printed, which are chiefly extracts from well-known chronicles, it could have been of no historical importance had it been entire; and, reduced as it is at present to mere scraps and disjointed words or phrases, it is utterly worthless, and might have been omitted by the editor without the slightest loss to the public. The only variations we have met from our common histories which appears to us of the smallest value, is in the return from St. Mary's Huntingdon, which makes Duncan, son of Malcolm Canmore, to have been slain by the Earl of Morfith (Moray) instead of the Earl of Mernis, as stated by Fordun and Wyntown. There was no Earl of Mernis in Scotland.

No. XLII. is a petition of Baliol for the remission of debts due by him, in his private capacity, to the English King; and No. XLIII. is a draft of the judgment pronounced against him when he was deprived of his crown.

From No. XLIV. to No. CVIII. are such of the instruments of homage and submission rendered by the Scotch nobility and gentry to Edward as are still extant in the Chapter-House. "Besides correcting in many cases the readings of the Ragman Rolls, they supply some instruments not found upon those documents."

From No. CIX. to No. CLVIII. is a miscellaneous collection of documents relating to the affairs of Scotland during the latter years of Edward I. In the work itself they follow one another in nearly chronological order; and in the introduction they are classified and arranged under different heads by Sir Francis Palgrave and illustrated with remarks. Some of these documents have considerable value, and throw much light on that distracted period of Scottish history.

Among these papers is a French version\* of the letter addressed to the Pope by the Earls and Barons assembled in Parliament at Lincoln, which Sir Francis Palgrave has printed, as he tells us, "on account of the contemporaneous explanation which it affords of the phraseology of the original." In the original letter the kingdom of Scotland is said to have been *feodale ab antiquo* to the Kings of England, by which modern writers have understood that it was "an ancient fief of the Kings of England;" and, arguing on that ground, they have contended against the validity of the English claims, because they did not find the English supremacy connected with a strict feudal tenure." In the French version of the letter preserved in the Chapter-House, the kingdom of Scotland is said to have been *féable d'ancienneté* to the Kings of England; an expression which the learned editor renders by "dependent or tributary." What ground he has for his translation of the word *féable*, and where he found that Scotland had been anciently tributary to the Kings of England, he has not told us. But we suspect that the conclusion he draws, that the English dominion over Scotland was "one of a peculiar nature, a special tenure arising out of the ancient de-

pendence of the Scottish Regulus upon the Anglo-Saxon Bretwalda, Basileus or Emperor, and not to be cramped" (and consequently not be enlarged) "by arguments to be drawn from a later jurisprudence," would have proved as little satisfactory to Edward as to Wallace. It was no such airy sovereignty that Edward claimed. The objects he had in view were of a more substantial nature. His repeated summonses to Baliol to appear in the English Parliament in reply to complaints of the denial of justice from his own subjects—his demand of military succours in his war with France—his mandate to the King of Scotland to lay an embargo on the shipping in the Scottish harbours—his directions to his vassal to fulfil truly the grants he had made to particular persons—show that it was no barren supremacy he coveted, but a real dominion over Scotland, with all the fruits and benefits arising from it.

There seem to us but two modes by which proof can be given that one kingdom is dependent on, or subject to another. There must be adduced either a direct acknowledgment of subjection by homage rendered for the dependent kingdom; or there must be the performance of such services as imply dominion in the superior, and subjection in the inferior state. In this case neither proof can be brought forward. That the Kings of Scotland did homage to the Kings of England, as the Kings of England did homage to the Kings of France, is admitted on all sides. But, for near two hundred years before the death of Alexander III., there had been no instance nor pretended instance (the temporary servitude of William only excepted,) where homage had been rendered for the kingdom of Scotland. If such an instance could have been adduced, why did not Edward bring it forward, instead of ransacking monasteries and cathedrals for the vague tales and anile fables of their recluse and credulous inmates? If such homage had been rendered before the captivity of William, why was it made one of the conditions of his release from prison that he should do homage *de regno Scotie*? If the remission of Richard did not cancel that obligation entirely, why is he said, by a contemporary historian,\* to have by that act declared William and his successors *quietos ab ipso et regibus Angliæ in perpetuum de omni ligantia et subjectione de regno Scotie*? But, if there was no acknowledgment of homage for the kingdom of Scotland, were there no feudal services rendered to the English monarchs by the Kings of Scotland, which might be considered an equivalent for a direct recognition of homage? There were none; and if there had been a vestige of one, it would have been produced by Edward. But, if there was neither homage for the kingdom of Scotland, nor any feudal right exercised by the Kings of England in Scotland, what was the English supremacy over that kingdom? It was, as Sir Francis Palgrave justly terms it, "of a very peculiar nature"—a tenure *in nubibus*—to which nothing but the power of Edward and the baseness of the Scotch nobility could have given, even for the shortest time, an actual and real existence.

That Edward would have rejected with scorn the limitations assigned by Sir Francis Palgrave to his rights over Scotland, we have not a doubt. It was not as Bretwalda, Basileus, or Emperor, that he claimed the obedience of the Scots, but as the feudal

\* No. CXVII.

\* Hoveden, 377, a Savile.

superior and Lord Paramount of Scotland. When Roger le Brabazon, his Justiciary, addressed them at Norham, he told them plainly that his master had convened them, *ut ipse tanquam superior et directus dominus dicti regni, per superioritatem et directum dominium hujusmodi, quod est suum, justiciam faciat universis*;<sup>\*</sup> and demanded from them, in feudal language, their recognition of his superiority and direct dominion over Scotland. The language of Edward himself was not different from that of his Justiciary. When he directs his justices in the court of Common Pleas to receive writs from Scotland, he assigns as his reason, "*Quia regna Anglia et Scotia, ratione superioris domini quod in eodem regno Scotia obtinemus, benedicto altissimo, sunt conjuncta*;"<sup>†</sup> and in all his public acts after the convention at Norham he styles himself, in addition to his former titles, the superior or Sovereign Lord of Scotland. The claim of his Justiciary at Norham, and the addition he afterwards made to his royal title, explain the salvo under which he accepted the homage of Alexander, and ratified the marriage articles between his son Edward and Margaret. His claim was directed to no antiquated or visionary dignity, but to the feudal superiority of Scotland. As such it was made at Norham, and, however unfounded in right, as such it was accepted by the Guardians, competitors, and nobles of Scotland, and resisted by none till the intolerable yoke it imposed roused Wallace and the Scottish people to arms.

It is true that, in one of the petitions presented by Bruce, Edward is called by that Nobleman his Sovereign Lord and Emperor; and that many a one of the Anglo-Saxon kings styled himself Basileus and Imperator. But, where these vain-glorious epithets had any meaning at all, they imported, not dominion over vassal kings, but the denial of subjection to any superior. They were declarations of independence, and nothing more. They proclaimed, not the assertion of authority over others, but exemption from the authority of any higher power. They were not peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon kings, but familiar to the petty princes in Spain and other parts who held themselves independent of the German and Byzantine emperors. As to the dignity of Bretwalda, we doubt whether it ever had a legal or permanent existence. It is a word unknown to Bede and to Alfred, and, as far as we have seen, it is to be found nowhere but in one solitary passage of the Saxon Chronicle, where it is used to designate those kings of the Heptarchy who, according to Bede, obtained for a time a predominant authority over the others. Of these dominant chiefs, Bede enumerates seven; three of whom were so far from possessing or claiming the sovereignty of Britain, that they are expressly said to have had no authority beyond the Humber; and to these seven, after an interruption of one hundred and sixty years, the author of the Saxon Chronicle adds Egbert as the eighth. We suspect the word Bretwalda or Brytenwealda to have been the coinage of the Saxon chronicler; and the dignity itself, as implying the continual existence and acknowledged supremacy of some one of the Anglo-Saxon chiefs who had dominion over all the others, we believe to be a mere imagination of later times. From the death of Oswio to the final success of Egbert, there was nothing like unity

among the Anglo-Saxon states. They were divided by the Humber into two distinct and unconnected political systems, which had few and transient relations, either of war or amity, with each other. At the head of the southern states was either Mercia or Wessex, but generally the former. Northumberland was engaged in frequent wars with Picts, Scots, and Britons of Strathclyde, and sometimes, but rarely, with the Mercians. With the more southern states Northumberland seems to have maintained hardly any relations but those of religion; and, falling at length a prey to intestine dissensions, it finally yielded, without resistance, to Egbert. The superiority acquired by that prince over the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms escaped from the hands of his successors; and it was not till the complete subjugation of the Danish invaders, and coalition of the southern and northern states after the death of Edwy, that the whole of England was united in one monarchy. Nor was the union finally consolidated even then. It was dissolved for a time after the death of Canute, and can hardly be said to have had more than a nominal existence under the Confessor.

These facts are well known to Sir Francis Palgrave; and yet he talks as familiarly of the ancient dependence of the Scottish Regulus on the Anglo-Saxon Bretwalda, as if there had been always a Bretwalda in existence to enforce or receive it. An imaginary being is created to substantiate an imaginary right. It is clear, that while there was no Bretwalda there could be no dependence on a Bretwalda; and from the preceding facts it appears that for 160 years there was no Bretwalda, and that a person might be styled Bretwalda who had no dominion north of the Humber. Elle, who is counted the first Bretwalda, so far from possessing the empire of Britain, seems never to have emerged from the east of Sussex, where he first landed; and his greatest achievement seems to have been the destruction of Andredceaster, a British town in the adjacent weald. The pompous title of Bretwalda, bestowed on so insignificant a personage, seems to indicate, that it meant nothing more than the chief of the Anglo-Saxon chieftains; and that it neither conveyed, nor was supposed to convey, any claim to the general dominion or sovereignty of the island.

Many attempts were made by the Normans and Plantagenets to extend their domination over Scotland, but though occasionally successful for a time, they were ultimately foiled; and, for a hundred years before the death of Alexander, their efforts were reduced to harmless protests in times of amity, and to empty menaces on any appearance of war.

Sir Francis Palgrave is severe in his animadversions on the conduct of the Scottish Bishops. As religious men we do not vindicate these prelates for submitting to oaths which it is manifest they intended to violate on the first opportunity. But as citizens of an independent state, we cannot blame them for acting on the maxim, that to keep an oath of slavery is a greater sin than perjury. They saw their countrymen oppressed by foreigners, and felt it to be their first duty to relieve them from the yoke that galled them. That the oaths these prelates took were voluntary, it would require more than Edward's memorials to the Pope to convince us.

Among the memoranda preserved by Sir Francis Palgrave, there is one which confirms, if further

\* Fædera, i. 752.

† Ibid. i. 757.

proof were necessary, the share taken by Sir John Menteith in the capture of Wallace. To the servant who spied Wallace a recompense is given of forty marks, and sixty marks to be divided among those who assisted in making him prisoner. Immediately following, is a grant of one hundred pounds in land to Sir John Menteith; which there can be little doubt was made to him for his services on that occasion. It is certain that Wallace was betrayed into the hands of the English by persons in whom he had confidence; but we agree with Lord Hailes, there is no evidence that Menteith was, or professed to be *his friend*. Menteith was at that time sheriff of Dunbartonshire and constable of Dunbarton castle, and so high in favour with the English monarch, that in the mock Parliament of Scottish affairs held in London, his name, as one of the Scotch Commissioners, was substituted by the express command of Edward, in the place of Earl Patrick, who could not attend.\* But though guiltless of treachery to Wallace, we must confess our concern that a person, rewarded for the sacrifice of one to whom his country is so greatly beholden, should have been ever admitted into favour by Robert the Bruce.

We cannot take leave of this volume without expressing our approbation of the clear and succinct analysis of its contents given in the introduction. In this, as in the former publications edited by Sir Francis Palgrave, he may be censured by his enemies and detractors for the large and extensive commentary he has annexed to the original papers he has printed. We feel, on the contrary, greatly obliged to him for the facilities he has afforded to his readers of profiting by the documents he has published. We are persuaded that nothing is more conducive to the progress of historical literature than such expositions of the materials of history as will attract, not mere antiquarians, but men of enlarged and cultivated minds to peruse them; and we are glad to see, that in the recent publications of the Record Commission, this practice has been very generally followed.

In his appendix, Sir Francis Palgrave has published, and in his introduction exposed, the forgeries of Harding, some of which seem to have deceived our most recent historians. These spurious documents appear to have been received by the English Government as authentic; and the falsifier was rewarded, though in his opinion inadequately, for his exertions. For what purpose he was countenanced, if not employed in this service, does not appear. James the First of Scotland was prisoner in England when Harding began his forgeries; and Henry V., to whom they were shown at Vincennes, seems to have been deceived into a belief that the deeds produced to him were genuine. Whatever may have been the original object of the English in the encouragement given to this impostor, they judged wisely, on reflection, that it was better to unite the royal families of England and Scotland by marriage, than to revive and prosecute obsolete claims which had been so often tried and defeated.

\* Ryley, 503. Parliamentary Writs, I. 160.

## MEMOIRS OF MADAME LEBRUN.

*Souvenirs de Madame Louise-Elisabeth Vigée Lebrun.*  
(Recollections of Madame Lebrun.) 3 Vols. Paris.  
H. Fournier, Jeune, 1836.

In our last number we had the pleasure of rescuing some French memoirs from the sweeping anathema of our contemporaries, and we now return to the task with considerable satisfaction. Madame Vigée Lebrun, who writes her own history, is still alive, and one of the most delightful old ladies that France produces; she has passed her 80th year, but preserves her faculties in the most surprising manner, gathers her circle around her, and, to use the words of one of our mutual friends, "she is still gifted with all the qualities of her youth; her conversation is rendered still more interesting from having read and seen a great deal, and she is one of the happiest specimens of those good times, when grace, affability, and polished manners were appreciated in society." For our own parts, we hail the appearance of the memoirs before us as likely to afford the most agreeable mixture of truth and vivacity, and we hope to instil the same feelings into our readers as we proceed. They are partly addressed to the Princess Kourakin, having been begun at her request, and, after her death, continued in the form of a narrative. The style is lively and elegant, and impresses us with the idea that it flows from the pen of an animated, amiable, and refined woman; and, did we not ourselves know that she lived in close intimacy with the distinguished persons whom she describes, not only because she painted their portraits, but because she was admitted into their society, her frankness, her ingenuous simplicity, would convince us of her veracity. Moreover, the anecdotes she relates are so well known among the remnants of the circle in which she lived, that any exaggeration or falsehood would be immediately detected. Another great charm in these memoirs lies in their being eminently feminine and wholly without pretension, thereby proving, what we have often had occasion to remark, that *real* talent never pretends. The first of her time as a portrait-painter, bewitchingly beautiful, gifted with a lovely voice and musical powers, well read in all that concerned her art, flattered, admired, and followed, this celebrated woman has preserved an excellent reputation; and, surrounded in all the countries which she visited by every thing that could spoil her, she seems not to have had one spark of coquetry, or for one instant to have laid aside her original nature. Her alarms, her disgusts, her dislikes, are all those of a woman who has preserved all her simplicity of character, and at the same time do not betray a single error on the side of flippancy, vulgarity, or conceit.

Some are of opinion that the minute details of biography partake of egotism, and that the more elevated parts of life alone ought to be recorded. From this we beg leave to differ, for it is in little things that we can assimilate others to ourselves: it is in these that many who are capable of greatness yet want a lesson; they form the human part of us, they form our daily intercourse with our fellow beings, and it is chiefly in them that the affections lie: heroes and heroines may be admired and applauded, but it does



not at all follow that they must be loved; and we are convinced that the perusal of these little workings of the human heart does us more good than that of a splendid action which we may never be called upon to perform. We, therefore, do not quarrel with Madame Lebrun for all her minutiae; and we wish that others would follow her example, and lay their hearts bare before us.

The maiden name of our author was Vigée; at six years of age she was placed in a convent, and did not quit it till she was eleven; during this period she gave proof of her prevailing talent, for she filled the margins of her own and her companions' copy-books with heads, and was often punished for drawing them on the walls of the sleeping-room with a piece of charcoal. At eight years of age she drew the head of an old man with a long beard on paper, which she took home to her father, who, struck with the talent it displayed, exclaimed, "You will be a painter, my child, or there never will be another." M. Vigée himself painted in crayons and in oils, in the style of Watteau, and to him belongs the anecdote which we have seen ascribed to others, namely, that, when he was painting a lady's portrait, and came to her mouth, she screwed it into all sorts of shapes to make it look smaller, on which he said, "Do not trouble yourself, madam; for, if you please, I will not make any mouth at all." From her mother Madame Lebrun received the most pious instruction, which fortified her mind, and produced the most excellent result in after-life; she was never suffered to read romances till after she married, when the first was Clarissa Harlowe, which made a great impression on her: and, while her mother thus formed her character, her father improved her tastes and talents by his own lessons, and the society of all the artists and writers of merit who were then living. His tenderness and affection seem never to have been effaced from his daughter's mind, although he died, from swallowing a fish-bone, when she was only thirteen years old. Her best consolation under this heavy loss was that of assiduously studying the profession for which he and nature had destined her. She, always accompanied by her mother, constantly painted at the Palais Royal, from those pictures which are now in the possession of the Duke of Cleveland; but she very soon began to paint for money, in order to add to her mother's slender income, and to provide for the expenses of her brother's education. At last her mother married again, hoping thereby to improve the circumstances of her children; but she was mistaken, for, although the retired jeweller was a man of substance, he was dreadfully avaricious, and deprived his family of almost every enjoyment; he not only took possession of the money earned by his step-daughter, but wore all the clothes left by his predecessor, and, as Madame Lebrun innocently says, "he did not even get them altered to fit him, and it increased her disgust towards him."

This must have been a season of great temptation for her, for she was not only sought for on account of her talents as an artist, but for the charms of her conversation; and several noblemen sat to her for their portraits for the pleasure of being in her company; but, to use her own expression, she painted "à regards perdus;" her mother was always by her side, and her excellent precepts, and the devotion which she felt for her art, enabled her to resist the seductions which the most brilliant men of the court offered to

her, and the acceptance of which would have placed her out of the reach of one who made her domestic life miserable. Among the *celebrités* who then frequented her *atelier* was Count Orloff, one of the assassins of Peter III. of Russia, whom she describes as a colossal person, who wore an equally colossal diamond upon his finger, and not at all prepossessing; but the great chamberlain Schouvaloff, the favourite of the empress Elizabeth, was remarkably polite and pleasing. She was also noticed by Madame Geoffrin, who was celebrated for gathering round her all the wits of the age, and who, without birth or fortune, contrived to make a living by the charms of her conversation. The favourite promenade in those days was the garden of the Palais Royal, which was then of considerable extent, and the best company in France assembled in its long and wide avenue of beautiful trees. The Opera was close by, and was over at half-past eight, when the garden became full of fashionable ladies, carrying enormous bouquets in their hands, and wearing perfumed powder. Madame Lebrun's description of these walks, and the company present, is so lively, that we could almost fancy we see them parading in their stately dresses. Many of them were soon cut off by the hand of the executioner, among whom were Philippe-Egalité himself, and the Marquis de Genlis, who used to amuse themselves with scandalizing every woman who passed by, and whose remark upon herself Madame Lebrun recalls with pride; the duke exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by every body near, "As to her, there is nothing to be said."

But the attractions of his wife, who was still very handsome, and the singular beauty of the daughter, seemed to disturb the peace of the jeweller, and he, to the great joy of the latter, one day pompously proclaimed that he had taken a country-house for them, where they could walk in peace. It, however, proved to be a miserable dwelling at Chaillot, where the poor young thing would have died from *ennui*, but for the kindness of some friends, who took her with them on their excursions of pleasure; some of which she describes, and especially that to Marly-le-Roi, which was so utterly destroyed during the early fury of the Revolution. A return to Paris was at length hailed with pleasure, where the young artist was enchanted to resume all her labours, and where she became gradually admitted into the first society in Paris, her talents being deemed a sufficient reason for setting aside the strict forms and stiffness which attend the life of a single woman in France, who has any pretension to *bon ton*. At this time she painted two pictures from engravings, the one of Cardinal Fleury, and the other of La Bruyère, both of which she presented to the French Academy, and in return received a free admission to all its public meetings. This also led to a visit from the celebrated D'Alembert, whom she describes as "un petit homme, sec et froid, mais d'une politesse exquise."

The husband of Madame Lebrun was a dealer in pictures, and first paid his court to the young lady by lending her all the most valuable works which passed through his hands, in order to make copies of them, and for which she naturally felt grateful. He was supposed to be very rich, and, although almost every friend she had tried to dissuade her in the strongest terms, her mother urged his suit so earnestly, that, prompted by affection for her, and the hope of escap-

ing from her odious step-father, she at last yielded her hand to him. The marriage was not a happy one, for they had few feelings in common. Madame Lebrun loved her profession for its own sake, but her husband as a matter of gain; and, as he was extravagant, he not only spent all his own profits, but those which arose from the portraits painted by his wife. He was not contented even with these, but he insisted on her taking pupils, almost all of whom proved to be older than herself. He had arranged a garret for their reception, but it was not likely, with her youth and vivacity, that she should have much authority over them; as a proof, she one day entered after they were all assembled, and found them swinging by turns, in a swing which they had fastened to a beam. At first she looked grave, and expostulated on this misuse of time, but in a very few minutes she found herself swinging, and even more amused than the others; it was therefore high time to give up her pupils. The emolument arising from them became less desirable every day, as she could not satisfy all those who desired to have their portraits painted by her; and both her pencil and her conversation were in request by all that was brilliant in the most brilliant court in the world.

Her works of this period convey an idea of the splendid materials which aided the toilette, but she adhered as little as possible to the fashion of the times, which was detestable for artists. She persuaded some ladies to leave off powder, and, having succeeded in tempting the beautiful Duchess de Grammont-Cadrousse to take out hers, and, after sitting, to go to the opera with her hair falling in curls over her shoulders in a picturesque manner, the fashion gradually spread, and the high toupes and bushes of frizzled hair from that moment declined. In drapery also Madame Lebrun tried to effect some improvement, and, taking Raffaëlle and Domenichino for her models, she arranged large scarfs in loose folds about the arms and neck, which were a great contrast to the reigning fashion. The graceful costume worn by the ambassadors from Tippoo Saib having struck her, she tried to get them to sit to her, but did not succeed, till the king had asked them to do so, and she went to their residence to perform her task. This led to an invitation to herself and her friend, on the part of their excellencies, to dinner, and curiosity prompted the ladies to accept it. They were served on the floor, and the ambassadors dipped their hands into every dish in order to convey the contents to the plates of their guests, who were very glad when the entertainment was concluded.

We have heard much of a portrait painted at this time by Madame Lebrun of Marie Antoinette, and whom in fact she painted several times; and as the description of a skilful artist may be relied on, we copy her own words, and they doubtless convey a just idea of this unfortunate queen.

"It was in the year 1779 that I painted for the first time the portrait of the queen, then in the flower of youth and beauty. Marie Antoinette was tall, exquisitely well-made, sufficiently plump without being too much so. Her arms were superb, her hands small, perfect in form, and her feet charming. Her gait was more graceful than that of any woman in France; she held her head very erect, with a majesty which enabled you to distinguish the sovereign amidst all her court, and yet that majesty did not in the least detract from

the extreme kindness and benevolence of her look. In short, it is extremely difficult to convey to any one who has not seen the queen any idea of all the graces and all the dignity that were combined in her. Her features were not regular; she derived from her family that long, narrow oval peculiar to the Austrian nation. Her eyes were not large, their colour was nearly blue, and they had an intellectual and mild expression; her nose was thin and handsome; her mouth not too large, though the lips were rather thick. But the most remarkable thing about her face was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw any so brilliant—yes, brilliant is the word,—for her skin was so transparent that it took no shade. Hence I never could render its effect so as to please myself; I lacked colours to represent that freshness, those delicate tones, which belonged exclusively to that fascinating face, and which I never observed in any other woman. . . . As for her conversation, it would be difficult for me to describe all its grace, all its benevolence. I do not think that queen Marie Antoinette ever missed an occasion to say an agreeable thing to those who had the honour to approach her. . . . During the first sitting that I had of her majesty, on her return from Fontainebleau, I ventured to remark to the queen how much the erectness of her head heightened the dignity of her look. She answered in a tone of pleasantry, 'If I were not a queen, people would say that I have an insolent look—would they not?'"

Several portraits of the queen were followed by others of the royal family, and one of the former, in which were the dauphin and the Duc de Normandie, was afterwards exhibited at the Louvre. This picture was then removed to Versailles, and placed in one of the great rooms through which the queen passed going to and from mass. After the death of the dauphin, her majesty could not see it without weeping, and consequently ordered it to be placed elsewhere, not however without informing Madame Lebrun of the reason for doing so. This probably saved it from the fury of the mob, in their memorable visit to Versailles, where they even cut the queen's bed to pieces, and we believe that it is still preserved.

Madame Lebrun made a journey into Flanders with her husband, where she painted a well-known portrait of herself, in the manner of the "Chapeau de Paille;" and this, and her other works, decided M. Joseph Vernet to propose her as a member of the Royal Academy. It was a very desirable thing for artists in those days to exhibit their works in the great saloon of the Louvre, but in order to do so they must first have been admitted to the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, which was founded by Louis XIV. This academy was not, in the beginning, intended to admit females, but two had already crept in, Mesdames Vien and Valleyer, and, with these two precedents, M. Vernet insisted on procuring this mark of honour for Madame Lebrun. M. Pierre, the president, opposed it, from the feeling that he was bound to observe the statutes of the institution, and it became a matter of difficulty and cabal. Madame Lebrun, however, succeeded, and by so doing added to her celebrity. Her presentation picture was, "Peace bringing back Abundance," and her reputation for allegorical representation placed her nearly on a level with historical painters. In the present day, all are at liberty to exhibit those works which have been approved of

by a jury chosen from the academy, as in this country; and the academy has also undergone a change. It now forms a part of the great national institute, and is thereby increased in importance;—its members are also members of the institute, and it can no longer be assimilated to the simple academies of other nations, which confer diplomas on all distinguished strangers who visit the places in which they exist, and of which Madame Lebrun herself received a great many during her travels.

This was, perhaps, the most brilliant part of our autobiographer's life; at any rate of that portion which she passed in her own country. The high price which was given for her portraits, and the extensive business of her husband in buying and selling pictures, enabled her to throw her house open in the evening, and, to use her own words, "the high nobility of either sex, those who had distinguished themselves in science, art, or literature, foreigners of rank and celebrity, all frequented the saloon where M. Lebrun placed his pictures, and where she held her *soirées*; and this room, although large, was often so crowded, that, for want of seats, the men would sit upon the floor; and it so happened that the Marshal de Noailles, who was fat and unwieldy, having adopted this plan, created much mirth by the difficulty he found in getting up again." A friend of ours writes us that, when he gained the great prize of the academy in 1788, he was present at the supper which she had always given, since her admission, to the students about to start for Rome, and at this entertainment he met M. de Vaudreuil, one of the greatest ornaments of the court of Louis XVI., and most of the society spoken of by Madame Lebrun in her memoirs. The celebrated composers Grétry, Sacchini, and Martini performed parts of their new operas in her saloon before they appeared on the stage; the first singers also, both public and private, joined Madame Lebrun in executing the best music: Viotti with his exquisite violin, Jarnovich, Maestrino, Prince Henry of Prussia, Hulmandel and Cramer, were among the instrumental performers, and nothing could be more *recherché* than these meetings. A select few were detained to supper, where the Abbé de Lille, the Virgil of France, and Lebrun, the Pindar, talked and recited their verses. The simplicity of the repast proved that it was not for the sake of eating and drinking that the party had assembled; poultry, fish, one dish of cooked vegetables, and one of salad, formed the whole, and round these insignificant viands was to be found the most brilliant society in the world. These suppers have been continued, or, perhaps we should rather say, revived, in France, under the name of tea, which is generally served between ten and eleven. With it, wine, cakes, pastry, sweetmeats, and fruit, are set out; a few, chosen from the more numerous *soirée*, sit down and form the most charming *coterie* round the table; occasionally the selection is so numerous as to require a double row of chairs, when the nearest hand the refreshments to those behind them; servants are banished; conversation is animated, unreserved and gay; no one tries to outshine his neighbour; jealousies and rivalries seem to be dormant; and, when such men as ornament the fasti of science mingle without restraint in the passing scene, and only bring their genius to bear upon the enjoyment of the social hour, the recollection of such evenings must last for ever. The mind is refreshed

by them; we feel better, wiser, more charitable, after mingling with the noblest of human kind; and, while we find society a relaxation from the tasks of life, we have enjoyed it to our improvement. But we must return to Madame Lebrun, and describe one of her suppers, which was very celebrated, and afterwards hasten to another part of her life.

"One evening, when I had invited twelve or fifteen persons to come and hear a recitation of the poet Lebrun's, my brother read to me a few pages of the *Travels* of Anacharsis. When he came to the passage where, in describing a Greek dinner, the author explains the manner of making several sauces, 'You ought,' said he, 'to let us taste some of these this evening.' I immediately called up my cook, gave her very precise instructions, and we agreed that she should make a certain sauce for the fowls, and another for the eels. As I expected some very handsome women, I conceived the idea of dressing ourselves all *à la Grecque*, in order to surprise M. de Vaudreuil and M. Boutin, who, I knew, would not arrive before ten o'clock. My painting-room, full of every thing requisite for draping my models, would furnish abundance of garments; and the Count de Barois, who lodged in my house, rue de Cléry, had a superb collection of Etruscan vases. He came home that day at four o'clock precisely. I communicated my scheme to him, and he brought me a quantity of goblets and vases, from which I made a selection. I cleaned all these articles myself, and placed them on a mahogany table, laid without cloth. This done, I placed behind the chairs an immense screen, which I took care to disguise by covering it with a drapery, in the same manner as we see in some of Poussin's pictures. A suspended lamp threw a strong light on the table. At length every thing was prepared, as well as my costumes, when the daughter of Joseph Vernet, the charming Madame Chagrin, was the first who arrived. I immediately dressed her, and arranged her head-dress. Next came Madame de Bonneuil, so remarkable for her beauty; Madame Vigée, my sister-in-law, who, without being so handsome, had the finest eyes in the world, and forthwith all three were metamorphosed into genuine Athenians. Lebrun entered; his powder was taken out, his curls straitened, and I placed upon his head a crown of laurel, with which I had just painted young Prince Henri Lubomirski. Count de Barois happened to have an ample purple mantle, which served me for the drapery of my poet, whom I turned in the twinkling of an eye into a Pindar—an Anacreon. Then came the Marquis de Cubières. While a messenger went to his house to fetch a guitar which he had had fitted up as a gilded lyre, I dressed him, and also M. de Rivière (my sister-in-law's brother,) Guingéné, and Chaudet the celebrated sculptor. The hour approached; I had little time to think of myself, but as I always wore white dresses in the form of a tunic, it was sufficient for me to put on a crown of flowers and to throw a veil over my head. I bestowed my particular care on my daughter, a charming girl, and Mademoiselle de Bonneuil, who was beautiful as an angel. Both were enchanting to behold, holding a very light antique vase, and ready to serve us with drink. At half-past nine the preparations were finished, and when we had all taken our seats, the effect of that table was so novel, so picturesque, that each of us rose in turn to take a look at those who remained seated. At ten o'clock we heard the carriage enter with Count de Vaudreuil and M. Boutin; and when those gentlemen came to the entrance of the dining room, the folding-doors of which I had directed



to be set open, they found us singing Glück's chorus, *Le Dieu de Paphos et de Gnide*, which M. de Cubières accompanied with his lyre. In all my life I never saw such astonishment, such stupefaction, in two faces, as in those of M. de Vaudreuil and his companion. They were surprised and delighted to such a degree that they remained standing a very long time, before they could consent to take the places which we had reserved for them.

"Besides the two dishes which I have already mentioned, we had a cake made with honey and currants in it, and two dishes of vegetables. We drank indeed that evening a bottle of old Cyprus wine, which had been made a present to me—that was all the excess in which we indulged. We, nevertheless, continued a very long time at table, where Lebrun recited to us several odes of Anacreon, which he had translated, and I think I never spent a more amusing evening. Messrs. de Boutin and de Vaudreuil were so delighted that they talked of it next day to all their acquaintance. Some ladies of the court applied to me for a second representation of this pleasantry. I refused for various reasons, and several of them were offended at my refusal. A report was soon circulated that this supper had cost me twenty thousand francs. The king spoke of it with some spleen to the Marquis de Cubières, who had luckily been of the party, and who convinced his majesty of the silliness of such an assertion. Nevertheless, that which was rated at Versailles at the moderate sum of twenty thousand francs, was raised at Rome to forty thousand, and at Vienna, the Baroness de Stroganoff informed me that I had spent sixty thousand francs on my Greek supper. You know that at Petersburg the sum was finally fixed at eighty thousand, and the truth is, that this supper cost me but fifteen francs."

But Madame Lebrun was about to suffer for her celebrity, and, in the first place, she was not exempted from a very common accusation brought against women who do any thing which is remarkable. This remarkable production is sure to be wholly, or partially, ascribed to a husband, a brother, a preceptor, a friend, who has been kind enough to let his labours pass under the name of the lady. Now we may be very good-natured, may very gallant, indeed, we feel a considerable degree of complacency, when we think of our conduct and feeling towards *really* clever women; but we do not give ourselves credit for extending this feeling so far as to supply our female friends or relations with materials for a brilliant fame. For instance, would any one in his senses write such works as emanate from Great Britain's pride, Mrs. Somerville, and let them be ascribed to her? No! we love fame too much ourselves, and labour too hard for it, to part with it when it is justly our due; therefore we fully believe that Madame Lebrun painted all her portraits and pictures herself, without the assistance of man. But a great deal of scandal and calumny immediately preceded the French revolution; there was a feeling of irritation, a spirit of party, that had not yet found vent in public occurrences, and we have heard of many splenetic and spiteful sayings and doings at this period. Affairs, however, soon assumed a more serious appearance, and Madame Lebrun was too great a favourite at court, too much in the intimate friendship of all that was great and noble, to escape suspicion, and she was one of the first who was abused by the mob. Disgusted and alarmed, she seriously thought of travelling, but her friends, who could not be persuaded that any serious crisis was to be appre-

hended, still made her linger. The symptoms, however, increased, and when she saw the celebrated and beautiful Pamela, tearing up and down the streets on horseback, followed by two servants in the Orleans livery, in the midst of the most revolting hordes of vagabonds and ruffians, who loudly cried, "There is our Queen!" she naturally thought that all order was subverted; and, half-dead with alarm and apprehension, in consequence of reiterated threats against her person, she decided on performing her long-intended journey to Rome, and taking her daughter and her daughter's governess along with her. They were disguised as working people, and started in the diligence, as the surest mode of escape. No molestation was offered, and she thought that she was unknown, till she was ascending Mont Cenis on foot. Several strangers were following the same route, and one of their postillions came up to her and said, "You ought to have a mule madam; for this way of travelling must be too fatiguing to a lady like you."—"I am only a working person," said Madame Lebrun, "and am used to walking." The postillion laughed, and replied, "You are no working person; and we very well know who you are."—"Who am I then?" returned Madame Lebrun. "You are Madame Lebrun," concluded the postillion, "who paints to perfection, and we are all very glad to see you so far away from those wicked people." Madame Lebrun never could guess how this man knew her; but it was a proof how far the emissaries of the jacobins extended their influence, and she was thankful at being beyond their reach.

It would be difficult to decide which of Madame Lebrun's travels is the most interesting, for her descriptions of people, scenery, monuments of art, solemnities, public festivals, peculiarities of custom, are all written in the most graphic manner, without pretension, and with that remarkable simplicity which seems to have accompanied her throughout her life. Our friend, to whom we have already alluded, met her in Rome, and was an eye-witness of the honourable reception there bestowed upon her, and we cannot do better than follow the course of her narrative. It may not be amiss, however, to remark that, after she had resided in Italy for some time, her talent acquired increased strength, her touch became bolder and firmer, her colouring more solid, and her drawing more perfect; we have seen a portrait painted by her at the period we speak of, and were much struck with the richness and depth of its tone. She seems to have been very open to impression; for those who know her productions better than we do, have remarked a difference in them, which can only be ascribed to the varied circumstances which assailed her in each of the countries in which she resided. Persons of a very lively imagination and great sensibility, without being aware of it, constantly assume the tone of those among whom they reside for some time, however different it may be from that in which they were born. Madame Lebrun passed through Turin, where she received the greatest kindness from the celebrated engraver Porporati; at Parma she was feted by the Count de Flavigny, the ambassador of Louis XVI. and saw there Correggio's magnificent picture of the Nativity, which was afterwards taken for a time to Paris, and some other pictures of this great master, on which she makes the following just observation:—

"I could not see so many divine pictures without

believing in the inspiration which the Christian artist derives from his religion; fable, it is true, has charming fictions; but to me the poetry of Christianity seems much more beautiful."

Passing through Modena, she arrived at Bologna, where the French were forbidden to stay for more than one night, but where she received an especial permission from the pope to remain as long as she pleased; a favour of which she availed herself in order to feast upon treasures of art, and to be received into the Academy of that place. From Florence she could hardly tear herself, but at length she arrived in Rome, and the following were her first impressions:—

"You know that, while yet at some distance from Rome, you can see the dome of St. Peter's. It is impossible to tell you what delight I felt when I first perceived it. What I had so long wished in vain was on the point of being realized. At length I found myself on the Ponte Mole. I must confess to you in a whisper that it appeared to me very small, and the so celebrated Tiber a very muddy stream."

At Rome Madame Lebrun became acquainted with Angelica Kauffman, whom she found amiable, talented, and learned, but without the enthusiasm which was so abundant in herself. No sooner had she established herself, than sitters crowded to her, among whom were several English; emigrants flocked to Rome from Paris, and at every fresh arrival she had some fresh loss to deplore. She not only visited the environs of the city, but found time to sketch them. When speaking of the temple of Sibyl, she says:—

"There I heard the sound of waterfalls which lulled me deliciously, for this had nothing harsh like so many others which I detest. To say nothing of the awful sound of thunder, there are other sounds which are to me unbearable, and the form of which I could draw from the impression which they make upon me: thus I know round sounds from sharp-pointed sounds; in like manner there are some which have always been agreeable to me; the sound of the waves of the sea, for example, is soothing, and disposes one to pleasing reverie."

After eight months' sojourn in Rome, Madame Lebrun went to Naples, where she, as usual, moved in the best society. We cannot refrain from citing the following passage, which we think will be sure to meet with the sympathy of our readers, who like ourselves, have the same unconquerable desire to speak of personal defects before those afflicted with them, and the involuntary gratification of which has caused us so much pain:—

"This neighbourhood at Naples was extremely agreeable to me, and I spent most of my evenings at the Russian ambassador's. The count and his lady frequently played a game at cards with the Abbé Bertrand, who was then the consul of France at Naples. That abbé was hunch-backed in the full extent of the term, and I know not by what fatality it happened that as soon as I was seated by him at the card-table the air of *Les Bossus* always came into my head. I had the utmost difficulty to divert my thoughts from it. At length, one evening my pre-occupation was such that I began humming that unfortunate air quite loud. I stopped short immediately, and the abbé, turning towards me, said in the kindest tone: 'Go on, go on, that does not offend me in the least.' I cannot conceive how such a

thing could have happened to me; it is one of those movements that are inexplicable."

At Naples Madame Lebrun met with Sir William Hamilton, and Emma Hart, who was afterwards his wife; of her she thus speaks:—

"I had given the first sitting, when Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples, called upon me to ask me as a favour to let my first portrait be that of a superb woman whom he introduced to me; this was Mrs. Hart, his mistress, who very soon became Lady Hamilton, and whose beauty has rendered her celebrated. Agreeably to the promise made to my neighbours, I would not begin this portrait, till that of the Countess Scawronski should be pretty forward. I painted at the same time a fresh portrait of Lord Bristol, whom I found again at Naples, and who might be said to pass his life upon Vesuvius, for he ascended the mountain every day. Sir William Hamilton had this portrait painted for himself, but it should be observed that he very frequently sold his pictures again when he could do so at a profit; hence M. de Talleyrand, the eldest son of our ambassador at Naples, hearing some one say one day that Sir William Hamilton patronized the arts, replied, 'Say rather that the arts patronize him.' The fact is, that, after bargaining a very long time about the portrait of his mistress, he got me to paint it for one hundred louis, and that he sold it in London for three hundred guineas."

Madame Lebrun afterwards made another portrait of Lady Hamilton, as a Sibyl, which she kept in her possession, and which was one of her best pictures. Another of her most celebrated works was the portrait of the great composer Paësiello, who was then the delight of Italy.

After again spending some time at Rome, Madame Lebrun determined to return to France, for accounts had been much more favourable concerning the state of the country, and she felt an earnest desire to see those who were dear to her, and still survived. In her way through Parma we find the following anecdote respecting the Sibyl, the conclusion of which has particularly pleased us:—

"In the same week I experienced in the same city a gratification not less lively. I had with me the picture of the Sibyl which I had painted at Naples, after Lady Hamilton, intending to carry it to France, whither I reckoned upon returning very shortly. As this picture was very recently painted, on my arrival at Parma, that it might not turn yellow, I put it one day in a frame, and hung it up in one of my rooms. One morning, while dressing, I was informed that seven or eight pupils of painters had called to pay me a visit. They were shown into the room in which I had placed my Sibyl, and in a few minutes I went to receive them there. After they had expressed the strong desire they had felt to make my acquaintance, they said that they should be happy to see some of my works. 'Here,' I replied, 'is a picture that I have just finished,' pointing to the Sibyl. All of them testified at first a surprise much more flattering than any words could have been; several then declared that they thought this picture was by one of the masters of their school, and one of them threw himself at my feet with tears in his eyes. I was the more touched, the more pleased, with this test, as my Sibyl has always been one of my favourite works. The reader, in perusing this narrative, may perhaps accuse me of vanity; I beseech him to consider

that an artist labours a whole life to enjoy two or three such moments as that which I am speaking of."

We should be the last to accuse an artist of conceit on such an occasion; he must know in a great measure the value of his own works, if he be a man of real merit, and we have often thought of the noble simplicity with which Sir Thomas Lawrence used to pass his opinion on his own works, and receive praises from others; and there is frequently a great deal of hypocrisy in denying merits which we cannot fail to know that we possess.

At Venice, Madame Lebrun met the Baron Dénon, whose character and talents she seems to have appreciated, and from thence proceeded to Turin; but her progress was there stopped by the fugitives from France; the streets were filled with them, and they were destitute of money, clothes, or bread; life was all they could save; some had been prematurely confined on the way, and others were at the point of death from fatigue and suffering. The King of Sardinia gave orders for their relief, but the city could scarcely hold them. M. de Rivière, the brother of Madame Lebrun's sister-in-law, whom she expected to meet her, at length arrived, but, after witnessing the massacre of the priests at Beauvoisin, he had been so ill as to be obliged to stop upon the road: the news he brought proved that there was no safety in France for Madame Lebrun, and she then changed her route and went to Vienna, to which city she had been frequently invited; that city, of which it is said, that it contains three causes of death, "the wind, the dust, and the waltz." Wherever she went, she met her fugitive countrymen; wherever she appeared, she received the same kindness and distinction; and, after remaining two years and a half in Vienna, painting fifty-five portraits in oils and pastel, and making new friends, reviving old friendships, and lamenting over those that were gone for ever, she in 1795 proceeded to St. Petersburg.

She passed six years in Russia, and was received by the three sovereigns whom she saw upon the throne during that period, with all that enthusiasm which they ever profess for the arts and mental acquirements. She was presented to the Empress Catherine by Prince Esterhazy, and thus describes her interview:—

"I reached the empress's apartment trembling a little, and there I was *tête-à-tête* with the Autocrat of all the Russias. M. d'Esterhazy had told me that I must kiss her hand, and consequently for this purpose she had taken off one of her gloves, which ought to have reminded me of his injunction; but I completely forgot it. It is true that the sight of this so celebrated woman made such an impression upon me, that it was impossible for me to think of any thing else but contemplating her. I was at first extremely surprised to find her so small; I had fancied her to be a prodigiously large woman, as large as her renown. She was very fat, but she had still a fine face, to which her gray hair, turned up, formed an admirable frame. Genius appeared to be seated upon her broad and very high forehead. Her eyes were soft and fine, her nose perfectly Grecian, her complexion very ruddy, and her physiognomy extremely animated. She said to me immediately in a tone of voice full of kindness, but nevertheless somewhat harsh, 'I am delighted, madam, to receive you here; your reputation has outstripped you. I am very fond of the arts, and especially of painting. I am not a connoisseur, but an amateur.' All that she added

during this conversation, which was of considerable length, about the desire she felt that I should like Russia well enough to make a long stay there, bore the character of such great benevolence, that my timidity left me; and by the time I took leave, I had recovered all my assurance. Only I could not forgive myself for not having kissed her hand, which was very beautiful and very white; especially as M. d'Esterhazy did not fail to reproach me for it."

The wife of Alexander seems to have been a perfect model of beauty, elegance, and grace; but we must not trust ourselves to make further extracts from this part of the work, for fear that we should exceed our limits, and we shall therefore content ourselves with saying, that the author places before us all the famous personages of whom we have read or heard, as playing their part in Russia at that time—their outward appearance and manner, their conversation, their histories are all given to us with the same vivacity which marks all hitherto described; and in fact we should be puzzled which to choose. She witnessed the sensations created by the death of Catherine, the accession and murder of Paul, and the accession of Alexander; it was a redeeming feature in Paul to have loved and protected the arts as generously as his mother had done. Her account of Stanislas Augustus Poniatowsky is highly interesting; she describes him as good-tempered, amiable and brave, but perhaps not quite energetic enough to keep the people of Poland in order at that time; he was passionately fond of the arts, extremely graceful and benevolent, and his suppers were delightful, somewhat resembling those of Paris; his eldest nephew, Joseph Poniatowski, was a hero in look and conduct—in short, "le Bayard Polonais;" and it will be recollected that he was afterwards drowned in the Elster, on the destruction of the bridge over that river after the battle of Leipzig.

Honour, wealth, and enjoyment were poured upon Madame Lebrun, but all were embittered by the marriage of that daughter whom she had so much loved and cherished. For some time she tried to prevent this union, but, finding her efforts useless, she at length gave an unwilling consent, and Mademoiselle Lebrun bestowed her hand on one wholly unworthy of her in character, talent, fortune, or rank. The seeds of discord once sown between mother and daughter led to an estrangement which was not thoroughly effaced for some years, and, the health of the former having consequently suffered, she went to Moscow, of which she gives a most comfortable account, and returned to St. Petersburg in time to witness the accession of Alexander, whom she entirely exculpates from being in the least accessory to the death of his father. The kind disposition of this emperor towards her, the friendship of his court, and the high consideration which she enjoyed, seemed to render her prospects more brilliant than ever; but the conduct of her daughter had sunk too deeply into her heart to be easily forgotten, and in 1801 she returned to France by way of Prussia. The queen of this country feted and caressed her, but would not detain her for any length of time; her brother and relations pressed her to return, her name had been erased from the list of emigrants, and, after twelve years' absence, she longed to behold her native city.

On arriving in Paris, Madame Lebrun saw a new world, which she places before us in her usual man-



ner. She found a few relics of former times, mingled with those whose names, connexions, and fortunes, were wholly strange to her; she saw and appreciated M. Gérard, and thought of the fascinating Madame Recamier as every one else did; but she was still restless, and nothing seems at that moment to have been able to satisfy her heart. She therefore again resolved to travel, and, never having been in England, she started in 1802, and arrived in our great city without knowing a word of our language. She had engaged an English maid, who spoke French, but soon discharged her because "she did nothing all day but eat bread and butter." The crowd assembled on the pier at Dover alarmed her exceedingly, and she left that place immediately, when she was assailed by the new fear of robbers; however, putting her diamonds into her stockings, she proceeded in a chaise to Brunet's Hotel, and afterwards took lodgings; she finally settled herself in Maddox Street, where she established her *atelier*. She was shocked at the *boxeurs* in the streets, distressed by the climate, *ennuyée* with our Sundays, and stupified at our routs. On our public walks she makes the following observations:—

"The public walks in London are not more gay; the women walk together on one side all dressed in white; their silence, their perfect calmness, would make you fancy them to be walking ghosts; the men keep themselves apart from them and observe the same serious silence. I have sometimes observed couples, arm in arm; when I happened to be going the same way as the two persons, I amused myself in watching whether they would say a word to one another; and I never found them break the silence."

Of Reynolds she says:—

"I saw in London many pictures by the famous Reynolds; they are of an excellent colour, which reminds one of that of Titian, but in general unfinished, with the exception of the heads. I admired, however, his Child Samuel, which delighted me both in regard to finish and colour. Reynolds was as modest as he was clever. When my portrait of M. Calonne arrived at the Custom House, having been informed of the circumstance, he went to see it, and persons who were present gave me the following particulars of what passed. When the case was opened, he looked a long time at the picture and praised it; on which one of those newsmongers, who take a delight in repeating the silly inventions of calumny, said that this portrait ought to be a good one, for Madame Lebrun was paid eighty thousand francs for it. 'Why,' replied Reynolds, 'if one hundred thousand were to be given to me, I could not do it so well.'"

With Mrs. Siddons she was wholly delighted; she gave several *soirées* at her house in Maddox Street, at one of which Mrs. Billington and Grassini sung together, Viotti played the violin, and the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., said to her, "*Je voltige dans toutes les soirées, ici je reste.*" In a party at the Duchess of Devonshire's she met Sir Francis Burdett, and thus speaks of him:—

"At a moment when I was seated by the duchess, she directed my attention to a man placed at a great distance from, but opposite to us, and said, 'Has he not a remarkably intelligent and distinguished look?' In fact, marked features and a high forehead stripped of hair gave him a very expressive physiognomy. It was

Sir Francis Burdett, in whose election she warmly interested herself, and who was actually returned. I have not forgotten the fright caused me by his triumph, when, chancing to be in the street, I saw a coach pass with a great number of persons of the lower class, some inside and others on the top, and all shouting with all their might, 'Burdett for ever!' Most of these men were quite drunk, and they were throwing stones at the windows. . . . I was terrified, conceiving that nothing less than a revolution had begun in England. I hurried home, trembling all over, and was very glad when Prince Bariatinski, who had long resided in London, came to cheer me. He told me that such scenes were quite common at the time of an important election, and that they would all be over on the following day."

When the peace of Amiens was broken, all the French then residing in England were ordered to quit the kingdom, but the Prince of Wales requested his father to allow Madame Lebrun to remain, and himself carried her the royal permission, couched in these terms: "That she was at liberty to travel throughout the kingdom, to stay where she pleased, and moreover, that she should be protected at all the sea-ports where she should be pleased to sojourn." Of our celebrated prince she observes:—

"The Prince of Wales was then about forty, but he looked older, because he had already grown too corpulent. Tall and well made, he had a handsome face; all his features were noble and regular. He wore a wig arranged with great art, the hair of which was parted in front like that of the Apollo, which became him wonderfully. He was very expert at all bodily exercises, and spoke French extremely well and with the greatest fluency. His was the most refined elegance, and a magnificence which was carried to prodigality. . . . It was not long before my departure that I painted the portrait of the Prince of Wales; it was nearly a whole length, and in uniform."

It would appear that more jealousy was felt against Madame Lebrun in England than any where else, and this portrait of the Prince of Wales heightened it so much, that her rivals attacked not only the *artist*, but the *lady* and all her compatriots of the pencil, which occasioned a spirited letter on the part of Madame Lebrun, but which has too much of the woman in it; and we think it scarcely worth while of one so strong in her own fame and excellence to notice the production to which it alludes. We were glad to read her remarks concerning the general feeling evinced in England at the murder of the Duke d'Enghien; his unhappy father went to see her about a month afterwards, so altered that she scarcely knew him. At first he could not speak, but, seating himself in a chair, covered his face with his hands, burst into tears, and then exclaimed, "*Non, je ne m'en consolerais jamais!*"—and in fact he never recovered his former vivacity.

Madame Lebrun visited many places in England, such as Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, Matlock, Bath, Warwick Castle, of all of which she speaks in raptures; and, after three years passed in this country, she hastened back to Paris by way of Holland, to meet her daughter, who had arrived there from Russia, and where she remained till she died; her husband and she having become so indifferent to each other, as to be perfectly happy apart. Madame Lebrun made one more journey in order to see Switzer-

land, and at her return bought a country-house at Louveciennes, on the banks of the Seine, in sight of the beautiful woods of Marly, and close to the spot to which the famous Madame Dubarry retired on the death of Louis XV. She resumed all her former habits, renewed her musical *soirées*, at which Catalani often sang, and where she introduced the famous tragic actress, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, to public notice. In 1815, she was plundered at Louveciennes by the allied troops; in 1818 her only child and husband quitted this world, and in 1820 she lost her only brother, to whom she was fondly attached. In order to recover her spirits, she went to Bordeaux, and now she passes her time between Louveciennes and Paris; she is cherished by an affectionate niece, she is surrounded by a select circle of friends, among whom are some of about her own standing; the heroes of the empire and the favourites of the Restoration, all are glad to be admitted, and hear her still delightful conversation. She has even painted the portrait of M. Ponjoulat since she passed her eightieth year, and the signs of old age have not sunk deeper than the external wrinkles which years will bring with them.

We trust that we have now interested our readers for Madame Lebrun as much as we could desire, and we cannot do better than recommend them to read the volumes of which we have given but an imperfect sketch. We cannot, however, close it, without mentioning some separate sketches of character, drawn by Madame Lebrun, and placed at the end of the first volume. Some of them are inefficient, and she certainly sees every thing *en beau*, but as she confines herself to what she herself knew of the parties, we may rely on the correctness of the statements. From them we offer one specimen, with which we shall take our farewell of the gifted Madame Lebrun.

"Jacques Delille was a child during his whole life, but one of the best, the most amiable and *spirituel* of all children. He was called '*chose légère*,' and I have been always struck with the aptness of the epithet, for no man ever fluttered through life more lightly, without being strongly attached to any thing in this world. Enjoying the present without thinking of the future, he rarely concentrated his mind into deep thought. Nothing was more easy than to acquire a complete influence over him, to guide him, or to lead him; and his marriage is a strong proof of this. He had complained to every one of the heavy chain which he wore, while it was yet time to break it. At last a friend persuaded him to set himself free, and offered him an asylum in his house. Delille accepted the offer, was delighted, determined, and only asked for an hour in order to get some of his things together. In the evening, his friend, finding that he did not come, went to seek him.—'Well, well,' answered Delille, 'I am going to marry her, my friend, I hope you will be kind enough to serve as a witness.'

"The Count de Choiseul-Gouffier, with whom he was very intimate, and who was going to Greece, repeatedly asked him to go with him. Nothing, however, had been agreed on, nothing was settled for this voyage.—On the day of departure, the Count went to the Abbé and said, 'I start immediately; come along, the carriage is ready.' The Abbé complied, without having made any preparation, and in fact M. de Choiseul had provided every thing.

"When they reached Marseilles, Delille walked upon the shore, and looking at the sea, a deep melancholy came over him. 'I never can,' said he, 'put this

immense element between my friends and myself; no! I will go no further.' He then secretly quitted M. de Choiseul, and hid himself in an obscure inn, where he thought he could not be found; but, after much search, M. de Choiseul discovered him, brought him back, and they embarked together.

"When separated from his friends, he never forgot them, and wrote often to them. He sent me several letters from Athens, where he said he had inscribed my name in the temple of Minerva, and from Naples I, in my turn, wrote to him that I had, with much more reason, inscribed his on the tomb of Virgil.

"The Abbé Delille passed his life in high society, of which he formed one of the most brilliant ornaments. He not only repeated his verses in the most delightful manner, but his refined wit, his natural gaiety, gave an unspeakable charm to his conversation. No one could tell a story like him, and he delighted all circles by a thousand recitals, a thousand anecdotes, without ever mingling scandal or satire with them, therefore it may be said, that every one loved him, and he loved every body. The latter good quality, if it be one, I think proceeded from that weakness of character of which I have already spoken. He knew not how to hate or to resist; if he had promised to dine with you, even at the moment of coming, any one else who came to seek him, might take him in another direction, and you might expect him in vain. I recollect that we one day reproached him for not having kept his word with us, and he had an answer ready, 'I always persuade myself,' said he, 'that he who comes to seek me is more eager to have me than he who expects me.'

"Some instances of his simplicity strongly reminded me of La Fontaine. One evening, when he came to supper at my house, I said to him, 'It is very late; you live so far off, that I am uneasy at seeing you return at such an hour, driving your cabriolet yourself.'—'I always take the precaution of putting a night-cap in my pocket,' said he. I then proposed making up a bed for him in the saloon. 'No! no!' said he; 'I have a friend who lives in your street, and I often sleep there; it is not the least inconvenience to him, and I can go there at any time.' And in fact he slept at his friend's.

"No one ever more enjoyed life. Always ready to laugh, and to be amused, Delille's happiness resembled that of a child. Nevertheless, this man displayed the greatest energy during the revolution. His courageous refusal to compose an Ode to the Goddess of Reason, when Chaumette demanded it of him in 1793, is well known. He was aware that his refusal was a sentence of death, and he then wrote his fine dithyrambic on the Immortality of the Soul. He read it to Chaumette, and when he came to the verse which ends thus,

'Tremble! for you are immortal,'

he stopped, looked round the court, and in a strong and steady voice repeated, 'You also tremble—you are immortal.' Although Chaumette was confused, he murmured some threats. 'I am quite ready,' answered Delille; 'I have just read you my will.' For this once, the courage of the good man was successful; for Chaumette told his friends that it was not yet time to put Delille to death, and protected him from that moment. The poet, however, thought it prudent to emigrate; he went to England, where he was received and sought after by all distinguished persons.

"The powers of his muse were always reserved for his legitimate sovereigns. Under the reign of the usurper, who made the whole world tremble, he published his poem of '*La Pitié*,' and returned to France. He was courageous enough also to resist the deceitful

caresses of absolute power. He did not fear to incur misfortune, provided that he preserved his self-esteem, the esteem of his friends, and the general admiration, all of which he enjoyed to his last hour."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

## RESEARCHES IN HAYTI.

*Naturhistorische Reise nach der West Indischen Insel Hayti, auf Kosten Sr. Majestät des Kaisers von Oesterreich. Von Karl Ritter, Gartendirector in Ungarn und Mitglied mehrerer gelehrten Gesellschaften. Mit lithographirten Abbildungen. (Travels to the West Indian Island of Hayti for the advancement of Natural History, and at the expense of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria. By Carl Ritter, &c. &c.) Stutgard. 1836.*

THOUGH somewhat late in its appearance, as regards the actual time of the journey narrated herein, this volume comes before us at a moment when the affairs of Hayti begin to assume a tone of greater importance to Europe than has for many years been its fate. The curious problem—how far the negro and his descendants are qualified to take their place in civilized society, has now had a reasonable period for solution allowed to it: and the answer to this question, though still in progress, involves a point if not of greater difficulty, at least one more closely connected with our own immediate interests. The doubt whether our West India settlements are to be shortly transferred to the United States of North America has, for the present at any rate, been answered satisfactorily in the negative, by the party most capable perhaps of determining the question in one shape. The probability next arises of an Emancipation more effective than even that recently granted to our slave population in the West Indies, by their possible imitation of the example of St. Domingo, either in the subversion of European rule and establishment of separate and independent legislatures, or else by their union with the government of Hayti. We cannot take upon ourselves to decide so difficult a question, and are the less disposed to hazard any conjectures upon it by the simple fact, that time will solve the riddle, at present involved in obscurity; and that inquiries so vague into the future, have already received one correction by the starting of new states, possibly new claimants, into existence, both in North and South America. Meantime, the past and present condition of Hayti, the great exemplar of negro independence, may assist us in forming a judgment on several points scarcely yet ripe for mature decision.

The interest excited by the acquisitions to natural history, furnished by the kingdom of Brazil during its temporary connexion with Austria, by the ill-fated marriage of the Archduchess Louisa to Don Pedro, appears to have been great in the latter country. Our author, partaking this feeling in no ordinary degree, and burning, as he tells us, with desire to improve his knowledge of nature, and especially in a tropical climate, readily undertook the commission to Hayti, suggested to the Imperial Court by that well-known patriotic and scientific nobleman, Joseph von Die-

trich. A collection of natural curiosities from the Imperial Cabinet, were packed in six chests, to further the views of the expedition by a propitiatory offering to the sable ruler, Christophe; with what success, our author has here explained fully and at length. So little is generally known of the past and present condition of this singularly interesting island, that we shall give ample extracts from the volume before us, as the best means of gratifying curiosity; accompanying, however, our extracts with such remarks, from later and more intimate knowledge of the scene, as to give the reader a clearer insight than the work before us, without such assistance, could furnish, of the free government of the blacks.

M. Ritter, who, it seems, is director of the imperial gardens in Hungary, as well as member of several scientific societies, left Trieste, on his mission, on board of an English vessel; and notices, as a fresh-water sailor, the varieties of weather, which was squally; and which, on one occasion, "with a fearful crash and a loud peal of thunder, brought all upon deck to behold—the two masts, with their sails, lying on the waters." The captain, John Smard, comforted the passengers with the assurance that, had the masts not broken, the ship must have upset; so, making the best use of the mizen till the others could be repaired, they proceeded on their course, noticing whole islands of *fucus natans*, with quantities of small crabs adhering thereto; and amongst them that rare species, the *holothuria*. Paying a tribute off Trafalgar to the memory of that "hero, the great Nelson," M. Ritter proceeds to detail the ceremony of crossing the line, which, already growing obsolete, may still possess an interest at Vienna. After something more than a two months' voyage, they made the land at Cape Nicolet, on the 14th of April.

From Nicolet to the harbour of Cape Hayti, the passage is extremely narrow, and surrounded or edged by rocks and coral reefs; often fatal, as he observes, to navigators that have surmounted "the dangers of the seas." The pilot came on board, and shortly after four negro children, one of them a girl, made fast their miserable canoe to the vessel and calmly went to sleep in it.

They neared Cape Town as the early morning broke into daylight, and the traveller thus describes the scene—

"The sea was calm, the land inviting: a profound stillness reigned over all, and even the dash of the waves upon the coral breakers was no longer audible: a gentle breeze rippled over the waves that reflected the ship in their watery mirror. Surrounded by fish-boats we reached the shore, and cast anchor exactly at twelve.

"The view, before landing, presented so interesting a scene that it is requisite to describe it here. Towards the north, we saw the majestic plain of waters, glancing light from its changeful shades, that varied from clear green to a darker hue; especially at the breakers, where the foaming waves broke up the deeper colour of the sea. To the west lay the picturesque landscape of Cape Town, which stretched, with some fortified points, northwards, to Cape Nicolet. On the south, we saw the whole distance to *Haut du Cap, la plaine du Nord*, and the neighbourhood of *Sans-Souci*, behind which last rose, as in amphitheatre, the mountain-chain, crowned with the citadel of *Henri*. Eastward, the small town of *Petite-Anse*, surrounded



with its sugar plantation, invited the eye; and beyond this the prospect extended to the rocky promontory, covered with a variety of vegetation, and the gigantic palms towering distinctly to sight. Fearful crags, rising here and there, aided greatly the general effect of the picture."

In the harbour they were boarded, at anchor, by the commissioner of health, with the concise salutation, "*Bon jour, Capitaine Blanc.*" He carried them ashore to the bureau of Count Limonade, for a due examination, while a ragged and barefoot negro of the Haytian guard took charge of the ship. A swarm of the curious, composed of both whites and blacks, lined, as elsewhere, the shore. The crowd presented a singular contrast of well-dressed whites mingled with half-naked negroes, and here and there relieved by a sable officer, in his uniform with gold and silver facings.

In the office of Count Limonade, the minister for foreign affairs, the travellers were not a little surprised to find all the functionaries in uniform; the principal, with the minister at their head, in handsome suits of velvet embroidered with gold. Whilst the captain was ushered into another room to give an account of the voyager's objects and the vessel's cargo, chairs were brought in for the travellers. The room was on the ground floor, and furnished in the most simple style, with merely writing tables and stools. From hence, on the captain's return, they were referred to the office of Baron Dupuy, secretary of state, who was to introduce them to the king. The same simplicity was observable here, and a profound silence reigned throughout.

"The baron, a Mestizo, received us in his closet, which was hung with maps and charts, in a friendly manner. He sat there in great state; his powdered head with a small pigtail appended, the imposing green velvet coat, embroidered with gold, and of the most stylish cut, giving him altogether a ludicrous appearance."

Having paid this visit of form to this important personage, their next care was to seek lodgings: but, as no hotel existed, they took apartments in a coffee-house kept by a coloured woman, who received strangers only for a week; at the expiration of which they are expected to furnish themselves with private apartments, and provide their own kitchen.

The presents were landed on the fifth day, under the care of a negro functionary, the director of Christophe's garden at Sans-Souci, and the chests were carried on the heads of black porters to the palace: "the Baron Dupuy, in his gala-dress abovementioned," leading the procession on foot, and the travellers following, attended of course by a *posse comitatus* of rabble. At a glance from the baron, the guards withdrew their crossing weapons from before the doors, and gave them entrance. They ascended to the first floor, where our naturalist was to unpack and arrange the collection in a tolerably large room, but devoid of every thing except tables: he was assisted in his task by "some *laquais* of Christophe, who, in all but their dark complexion, resembled European cooks."

The peculiarities of the negro character, and their passion and respect for finery, when all civilized nations have abandoned it, are sufficiently displayed in

these extracts; but the jealousy which marks their dominion, and which formed a striking feature in the savage and sullen character of Christophe himself, was evinced by a trifling circumstance. The servants had quitted and left the naturalist to himself at the conclusion of his labours, and he saw, at no great distance from the window, a balcony, where two dark females were standing, but who at sight of him immediately retired. Two servants, entering the room where he was, at once closed the window so as to leave him in darkness, except the little light that gleamed through the blinds. "The wonder was explained by the circumstance that the ladies were the two princesses, who had taken his appearance at the window so much amiss." He was consequently subjected to a close examination of his effects; and even his instructions from the director of the Imperial Cabinet of Natural History of Vienna were translated by a black who had lived long in Hamburg, and spoke German well. Nothing suspicious being found therein, for probably the inspection of princesses formed no part of the Austrian views of natural history, they were returned to him. To view the interior of the island was not permitted him, especially after this unfortunate *debut* in exploration, but he was promised whatever he might desire for his collection. He did, in fact, obtain some specimens, but in the worst possible state; the feathers clipt, &c. Some plants also were equally useless when brought to him; nor was he more fortunate in his attempts to penetrate beyond the barriers, where he was greeted with the courteous sentence "*Tournez, blanc.*" He seems, however, to have made some attempts to reach the country; being, as he sates, in the very centre of natural productions, without daring to pass the limits of the town; but his botanical researches amongst the bushes of the Cape-mountain were speedily relinquished, for one day he only saved himself from severe ill-treatment by hard-running.

In truth, the prince, as little as the people, seemed disposed to encourage M. Ritter's labours. The valuable presents he had brought created no interest whatever, even with the former, Christophe being totally occupied with the care of his own kingdom. M. Ritter, therefore, endeavoured to cross over to the Spanish side of the island, in order to prosecute his researches there: but difficulties interposed. There was no travelling without a passport by land, and the Spaniards held no communication with their brethren by sea.

At the end of six weeks from their arrival, they first obtained the key of a stone house from the government. This they hired at a yearly rent of 1000 piastres, and though it swarmed with rats and mice, it was nevertheless more convenient for our author's avocations than the coffee-house, where he had remained "unfurnished with every convenience" till that time. Fortunately for himself, he some time after made the acquaintance of Marshal Stuart, an Englishman, and physician of the body to Christophe, who procured, after some trouble, M. Ritter's removal to the *Habitation Etrangère*, a building tenanted by English only, and at a short distance from the town. Here he was enabled to pursue his labours without interruption through the neighbourhood, remote, as he tells us, from political suspicions.

"In the concerns of life and business, (says M. Rit-

ter,) I found discipline severe, the police well arranged, religion protected, trade and commerce flourishing, though the whites are under strong restrictions. The same regulations exist as in European (military?) towns. Every morning at five, the trumpet sounds at the *Place d'armes*. On Sundays the guard assembles, and plays a salute of Turkish music. The troops go through their exercise, overlooked by Christophe from a balcony or window. About seven, when divine service began, he went to church with his nobility, under a splendid canopy, borne by four negroes clad in silk; by the side of each an individual of high rank walked, holding the end of a silken streamer hanging from the canopy. In the church Christophe sat with the Crown-Prince Victor at hand, and the consort of Christophe had the two princesses by her side. The noblesse surrounded them, and a numerous body of military enclosed the whole.

"The sight was extremely striking: the military music ceased; at the word of command the soldiers stood up, and the service began. The swarthy clergy sung, in accompaniment with a bassoon, two clarionets, and a violin, some strophes, which were then taken up by the congregation generally. The archbishop, standing at the altar, delivered an impressive oration, apparently in good French; and mass was performed with the usual ceremonies. Christophe then returned to the palace in form as he had issued thence, and the troops retired to their barracks."

It will be interesting to compare the condition of the capital at the time our author visited it, with its previous and present states; especially as we perceive that an expedition is preparing in the French ports at this time, to support the claims for pecuniary compensation to that nation from the Haytiens. Amongst these last, the experiment is trying, for the first time, as to the capability of the negroes for self-government; and notwithstanding the doubts that prevail in some quarters, of their intellectual capacity, it must be confessed, that even with all the errors and faults incident to every rising people, seeking for the first principles of social government (upon which topics the light-hearted author before us appears to have touched but slightly,—and in truth there was little inducement for him,)—in spite of these serious moral and social defects, we would observe, that the negroes in the time of Christophe were, comparing their previous relative condition, scarcely inferior in the art of self-government to the Greeks under the protection of Capodistrias. The French, indeed, are proverbially, if not in reality, bad colonizers; but their system of national gaiety in life, and of military rule in politics, appears at least as well calculated to give satisfaction and ensure stability for their native successors in the government, as the crude schemes of republicanism adopted so widely in South America. If a republic is, as asserted, the best of political systems, it should be remembered, that perfection is but slowly approachable; and that the state thus constituted cannot exist, till not only the wills, but the habits and capacities of the citizens are sufficiently formed for its establishment. Despotism, though the worst, is still the most effective of administrations at the commencement: and if it can but avoid (a difficult task, we admit) running into its natural tendency of tyranny, it serves, for a time at least, as the key-stone of the arch; though, like every misapplication of mechanical powers, it only destroys in the end what it was intended to unite. Thus, though never lasting, it strengthens the

first institutions of political society, and keeps in subjection that mental excitement created by the fierce efforts of a nation against its former rulers and oppressors: but yet it is in its own nature destructive, and Hayti is in every sense an illustration of the fact.

"The Cape Town, formerly Cape François, now *Cap Haytien*, was one of the most flourishing settlements in the West Indies previous to the French revolution. Wealth and luxury, theatres, concerts, and fashions, were all, as in Paris, daily changing. This once flourishing commercial town—the mart, as it was called, of the West Indies—now (when the author visited it) lies half in ruins, an image of misery and an instance of earthly instability. In this, erewhile minor Paris, a fearful feeling comes over the mind of the stranger, as he walks through the desolate streets, with only ragged negroes nigh, and each catastrophe unveils its melancholy monuments. How mournful to think, that of the population of 50,000, whereof 30,000 were slaves, the whole number at present scarcely reaches 8000, amongst whom, at the utmost, are 100 whites."

"The town is built on the shores of the sea, and rises in an amphitheatre against Cape Mountain. It is open on all sides, and only at the western extremity possesses a barrier." The battery towards the sea is in utter decay. The town is regularly built, in a quadrangle of 6 by 400 toises. It reckons 14 streets from east to west, and 19 from north to south, and once contained 900 houses, one-third of which were of stone; now of the latter there are not 150, and in some places hovels are erected amidst the standing walls of a once splendid mansion.

The old government-house seems from its ruins to have been a handsome building. The palace of Christophe is tasteful and pretty, but not expensive. "It is surrounded on the first floor by a gallery, shaded from the sun by an awning all round, which gives it a pleasing effect. Below, near the entrance, is a long covered passage, where Christophe and his generals conversed usually during the Sunday parade: no white man durst be seen there; which is a proof of the erroneous tales in the newspapers, that Christophe was in the habit of giving sweetmeats to the children of the whites in that spot. Having had an opportunity of visiting the interior after the revolution, I found all the apartments tastefully ornamented. Besides fine mahogany furniture, there were mirrors, portraits, landscapes, &c."

Christophe, it seems, had no great taste for theatres, and seldom visited either; nor durst any white man venture therein; they were both small.

During his stay in the neighbourhood of the town, M. Ritter was witness to the effects of the yellow fever; two of his fellow-travellers perished by it, and his own life was preserved by the care and attention of his English medical friend, after a sharp attack. He recovered entirely by the use of a *ptisan*, made of tar, lemon-juice, and rum, mixed hot; but drunk, he says, cold, like lemonade: it was a sailor's recipe, on board the vessel that brought him. The archbishop, not having had the experience of a sea voyage, nor the consequent benefit of M. Ritter's cold *ptisan*, "died of the disorder without medical aid" (!)\* for the two English physicians were retained near Sans-

\* In Hayti, at the time, his death was by some attributed, less to the causes assigned by M. Ritter, than to the displeasure of the king.

Souci, the royal country palace, during the illness of the king.

Other terrible scenes followed, threatening the existence of individuals: the tyranny of Christophe creating great discontents, a rebellion broke out in the west part of the province, which extended to the capital, and cost that ruler his life. Christophe's education had been greatly neglected: he was unable to write, but dictated his private letters to Count Limonade, as his secretary, and signed them himself in a character utterly illegible. M. Ritter affirms this from a letter in his possession, which he gives, and which does not seem to predicate much in favour of the noble secretary's own style of writing French; but as the contents are merely about administering a medicine, we need not quote them here. It is signed "C. Henry." The wife of Christophe was better educated, and of a mild temper, as were his two daughters also, who were carefully instructed, and taught music and singing. Victor Henri, the son, was the third child, and, though scarcely seventeen, nearly as tall and stout as his father; we may ourselves add, with a more pleasing expression of face, though not so intellectual. He was surrounded by Englishmen, and a proficient in our language, but Christophe's policy in this was to eradicate every tendency towards the French and France.

We have given some space to Christophe, as being, like Napoleon himself, the first and last of his dynasty in our own day: and both (*parvis componere magna*) appear to have been overthrown by carrying too far the predominant feeling of their proper subjects, till the latter themselves complained of the excess. Like Napoleon too, the Haytian possessed an army, but could not succeed in forming a naval force. But we must complete our picture of Hayti by a few notices of the domestic manners and culture of the inhabitants:

"Though the common people retain much of their former manners, and a large portion of rudeness, amongst the higher classes predominates the pleasing sociability of the French. I have known cultivated negroes who united an easy and dignified deportment with extreme elegance in conversation and company; and from their fertility of imagination, they not only generally possess fluency of speech, and a certain talent of improvisation, but there are among them orators who might easily be conceived to have studied in more than one school. Yet intellectual life is but in its origin amongst them."

We know not what the opponents of the blacks will say to this. The next extract refers to habits and manners more especially:

"Under Christophe there was a levee every summer evening: and during the carnival a court ball was given. The usual amusement of the men was riding; that of the women, sitting before their doors under a screen, or in their covered balconies. Sometimes the notes of a guitar, or of a female voice, struck the ear. Promenading commenced only after the death of Christophe. In his time no natives were seen in the coffee-houses, but these were filled when Boyer, with his army, entered the town. Under the former, also, a certain cold etiquette and distance was preserved by the black nobility, who kept themselves aloof from the rest of the people. The whites, however, then as now, stood in high consideration, regulated by the amount of their property. The black nobility had no idea of furnish-

ing their apartments handsomely: a good proof of this was in the ornamental furniture I had taken out on speculation: the beautiful glass-ware, ornamental clocks, and gilt coffee-cups, pleased those gentry very well, but they did not think they would suit their moderately furnished apartments. Their beds are almost the only elegant furniture to be found amongst them. English or East India stuffs often form the drapery. The mosquitaire (or fly-nets) are frequently of the finest and most transparent texture.

"Expense is a characteristic rather of the whites than of the natives. At the table of a black man of rank the wine is frequently bad; and often there is none but cassava (black) bread to be had. There is also no regular arrangement or display at meal-times. At particular festivals, however, the table is as richly laid out as with many Europeans, and on these occasions bouquets and similar elegancies are not wanting.

"Carriages were at that time used only on extraordinary occasions; thus a minister was often seen going to court on foot, in shoes and silk stockings, and at best a dirty negro trotted behind him. Rich ladies make their maid-servants carry stools to and from church for their use: the common people, during divine service, sit on the floor.

"Luxury of dress is carried to the utmost height; the linen of both men and women is of the finest quality, and worked with rich embroidery, of which they are so fond, that every thing is made with it. The men, in Christophe's time, wore uniforms, while none of the military were decked out. Even the young Haytians, of from eighteen to twenty, and just come from school, dressed in the blue uniform; nor was this taste changed till Boyer became president.

"The women and damsels are fond of show and appearance; their head-dresses are of rich and elegantly formed material: their clothing of the costliest English stuffs. On festivals they are dressed entirely in silks, of showy colours; their fingers covered with rings; the neck and ears decked with gold trinkets. Their shoes are of the finest French manufacture. Upon silk stockings, and shoes of the finest coloured leather, they wear small gold spangles, as was once usual amongst ourselves. They frequently go bare-foot, or with shoes trodden down at heel. The higher classes are very cleanly, and during the heats change their linen three times a day. Ladies going to the promenade, wear on their heads a broad white or black felt hat, with a couple of tassels hanging down to the shoulders: their pace is slow and measured; they hold up their train with one hand, and carry a parasol in the other. In riding on journeys, they sit like men on horseback. Many of the women, and occasionally, amongst the coloured, are musical; the guitar is their favourite instrument, which they frequently accompany with a pleasing voice; their songs are French."

One of these we must insert as a specimen of the taste of the Haytian fair:

"C'est trop long temp(s) souffrir, chere amie,  
C'est trop long temp souffrir, chere amie,  
C'est trop long temp souffrir  
Pour mes premieres amours.  
Adieu, chere amie, pour toujours,  
Adieu, chere amie, pour toujours,  
Adieu, ma chere amie,  
L'objet de mes amours."

"The Haytian black never works till compelled by hunger or force, and, the instant he can cease from labour, he throws himself under the shadiest tree near



him; lights his cigar, and delivers himself up to total idleness. It is not unusual to see two negroes sitting on one horse, and a third holding by the tail, to lessen his own proper exertion."

The common negroes, in truth, like the inhabitants of all warm climates, have but few wants, and are easily satisfied. A morsel of cassava bread and salt fish, a draught of water with a little rum in it, and an orange or other fruit, is enough to content him, and after this simple repast he sings himself to sleep. The beds of the better classes are often the only good or elegant furniture in their houses, and the bedsteads frequently are of mahogany. In other cases mats supply the place of beds.

Amongst the poorer sort, a single iron pot forms the whole of the cooking apparatus of their huts, and suffices to dress the banana, salt fish, &c. In fine weather, of course, they prefer the open air; in foul, they kindle a fire between two stones in the hut. The household work is performed, as amongst savages, by the women; the husband, if not a soldier or a labourer for the government, employs himself in the chase. The common negro never goes out without a short sword (*machette*) at his side, serviceable either for self-defence, to use against animals, or to make his way through the brush-wood.

The women often carry their children with them when going to market. In these cases, they place one leg on the back of their steed, horse or ass, so as to form a lap for the infant; a basket, filled with their wares, hangs on each side of the animal—the child in front, a couple of dozen hens, tied together by the legs, behind, and a pipe in their mouths, they vie with the men in full gallop. They who trudge on foot, carry the basket on their heads, and wade through the rivers that cross their course, there being but few bridges in Hayti. Schools and churches are found only in the towns.

Both sexes are careful, according to our author, to cleanse their teeth daily, with the *jatropha gossipifolia*, which they purchase wholesale at market for this purpose, or sometimes with the wood of the orange-tree; chewing a morsel of this till the end is as soft as a brush or hair pencil.

Singing and dancing are the usual amusements of the lower classes. They display much agility in the latter, and a note of music sets them in motion at once. Their favourite dance is the African national dance *Bambouche*, which may be shortly described.

The performers stand round a circle in pairs, with their eyes fixed on each other. So soon as the music begins, they place their two hands under their (partners') arms, and with innumerable grimaces and carresses, go round the circle, using nearly the regular Scotch step. At times they take hands, using a swinging motion, and dancing further apart. Their orchestra consists of a cask, the bottom supplied by a calf-skin: it is placed on a stool, and two heavy sticks produce a sound enough to deafen a European. Others shake a kind of hollow rattle, filled with small stones, by way of accompaniment to the harmony; and, to crown the whole, comes the song or rather hideous howling, raised by both men and women. In superior assemblies, drums and fifes form the orchestra.

We give the words of one of their melodies, premising that *Amelino* is the female name most in favour with the composers from time immemorial.

"Amelino, ou pas oublier, titot n'en laisser,  
Titot n'en laisser, titot n'en laisser?"

There is, undoubtedly, as M. Ritter remarks, little meaning in this ditty, but the "Canadian boat-songs" we remember to have heard in the original, are scarcely more intellectual.

The Haytians are Roman Catholics, and in general bigoted; the burial ceremonies of the better class resemble those of Europe, but the vulgar preserve their African customs, convoking their friends and neighbours so soon as the sufferer expires, and keeping an incessant chant or wail over the body till it is interred, which is generally in from six to eight hours. Their marriages are contracted without any ceremonial whatever, according to our author.

The distinguishing trait in the character of this people is the hatred felt by every class towards others. Thus the black detests the coloured race, and these reciprocate the feeling towards the blacks, but the *Mestizoes*, who more nearly resemble the whites in their complexion, are most abhorred of all.

The Haytian negro is lively and imaginative; willingly bearing the severest trials when interest or ambition prompt him, and showing great aptitude for knowledge, and for the liberal as well as the mechanical arts. Their conversation is helped out by gesticulation and grimace to an inconceivable degree. The negroes address each other as father, mother, brother, and sister; they even address the whites, especially in the country, by the title of god-father, or gossip (*gevatter*;) or, if to show particular respect, as *Bourgeois*, or even *Monsieur Blanc*.

"The French," says our author, "are hated excessively in Hayti, but less in the South Province than elsewhere." Boyer, however, gave encouragement and protection to the traders of that nation at Port-au-Prince, which was not the case under Christophe. If treated kindly, M. Ritter observes, the negro makes in general a good servant. He gives an anecdote, by way, we presume, of illustration, though we cannot feel its force in this sense. Happening to break a small twig from a tree that grew near a strange negro's hut, the sable proprietor rushed forward in fury, exclaiming, "White, if thou dost not leave my house I will kill thee!" But M. Ritter's servant Thomas, a black, interposed, saying, "How now, comrade, who will buy our coffee, or bring us linen, if we kill the whites? Do not you know what our General says:—Negro, kill no white, for we use them for our trade."

To this novel illustration of humanity, or perhaps of Political Economy, we must add one of purity of language.

"The Haytians speak in general the Creolian, a bad French, but the cultivated classes speak good French." This paragraph is immediately preceded and followed by similar specimens. We take the former.

"A lady of rank calls to her maid in a drawing tone:—Nini! Nini! Arrive, me tourner la tête, il faut me cracher."

We must now present our readers with a short historical and geographical sketch drawn up by M. Ritter, but which we have somewhat condensed, of the island and the revolutions of Hayti since its first discovery down to the year 1820—the period of our author's visit.

Columbus, on the 6th December, 1492, landed at Hayti, the original name of the island of St. Domingo, and signifying in the Carib tongue, mountain-land.

He found the inhabitants a kind and hospitable race, derived, as their habits and appearance testified, from the ancient Indian stock: of an elegant, slender form, and possessing great agility. Their complexion was copper-coloured, their hair deep black, long, straight, and flowing upon the shoulders. The head was unusually flat, from their habit of compressing the forehead in infancy. They lived in a beautiful country, upon maize, potatoes, bananas, and other vegetable productions. Their dexterity in furnishing themselves with the common articles of life was great, and their canoes were constructed of the trunks of trees, hewn with flint hatchets. The form of government was an hereditary monarchy, and the island was divided into five independent kingdoms. The monarchs were called *caciques*.

The first kingdom was founded in the eastern part of the island, and watered by streams in whose sands gold was found—it was called Magua. The second, named Marien, occupied the northern part, from Cape Nicolas to the river Monte-Christ. The third, Maguana, included the western portion of Cibao to the Artibonita. Xaragua, the fourth and richest portion, comprehended the larger part of the south; and the remainder, from the D'Yacua to the Ozama, formed the fifth state, Hygney. They were constantly at war, and fought with darts; their superstition was gross; and their idols included forms of animals.

The oppression of the Spaniards speedily thinned the number of these unbelievers, and the island was recruited with negroes by the care of the Bishop Las Casas in 1517; but, the discontent continuing, a part of the natives rebelled, and one of them, named Henri, assumed in the interior the title of *Cacique* of Hayti.

For about forty years the Spaniards retained peaceable possession, till the French and English adventurers from St. Christopher, settling in the north, under the name of *Flibustiers*, or *Freebooters*, soon from fishing and hunting turned to ravage the Spanish plantations. Fresh supplies of adventurers arriving, they seized the small island of La Tortue for the sake of its harbour, lived by piracy, and incessantly annoyed the Spaniards, who strove repeatedly, but in vain, to capture the stronghold of their adversaries. At length the French in 1665, under the conduct of Bertrand D'Ogeron, formed a permanent settlement in the island of Hayti. Hostilities continued between the two parties till, at the accession of Philip V. to the throne of Spain, this (French) portion was formally given up to the new settlers. Count Choiseul Beaurpré, in 1707, found the *Flibustiers* in possession of a flourishing trade with foreign vessels, but this governor dying on his passage to France, they gave up their mode of life from want of encouragement, and became planters and labourers.

The colony improved constantly; the free natives vied with the whites in intellectual cultivation; the black soldiery was no way inferior to the white, and several regiments were commanded by native officers. This was the state of the country till the revolution of 1789.

The natural diffusion of the novel principles introduced by this event produced a strong effect at Hayti. Pride, selfishness and vanity, says Vastey in his work,

reigned equally over whites and blacks; the rich planters despised the small, or *petits blancs*, these the coloured race and the free negroes, who in their turn domineered over the slaves. By the white and coloured races the blacks suffered severely; and the two parties of royalists and republicans sought to bring them over to their respective sides. Generals Fr. Biassais, Candi, &c. declared for the king; Toussaint L'Ouverture, Villatte, Levaillé, for the republic. "We shed our blood," observes Vastey, "without knowing why, and even without a suspicion that we were but the instruments of our own destruction. We were far from imagining that the whites, equally though in different ways, sought the same object of dividing, and thus enslaving us." Toussaint, as commander-in-chief of the colony, was victorious in the name of the republic, and slavery existed no longer.

In 1797, General Hedouville was sent to St. Domingo. Toussaint was satisfied that the colony should remain under French dominion, provided slavery was abolished. Hedouville on his return appointed Richard, a mulatto general, commander of the southern province under Toussaint, but the whites joined to reclaim the original system; they leagued against Toussaint, exclaiming, "Without slaves the colony is only a name."—"We are French subjects," the blacks replied.—"France has given us freedom—France cannot seek to fetter us again after having broken our chains."

In 1801, Toussaint L'Ouverture took possession of the Spanish portion of the island, which, since the treaty of July, 1795, had properly become French, though circumstances impeded the actual transfer till then. Toussaint made a fearful inroad into the city of San Domingo, and planted the tri-coloured flag in the name of the French republic in place of that of Spain. Don Garcia gave up the keys of the town and quitted the place. Toussaint was ruler at San Domingo, obeyed alike by whites and blacks, and with an army of 40,000 men. Slavery could no longer exist. The French accordingly fitted out a fleet, and an army of 30,000 picked men under general-in-chief Le Clerc, who sailed for the island to restore it to its original state.

In February, 1801, Toussaint was still in the Spanish portion of the island, and Christophe was commanding at Cape Town when the fleet arrived. He refused it entrance, under a pretext of having no permission from Toussaint L'Ouverture; the fleet entered the harbour nevertheless, and Christophe, in spite of the solicitations of the citizens, set fire to the town. By eleven at night the place resembled a sea of fire, which destroyed every thing but the walls of the Cathedral Church and of the government-house. Christophe with his army retired to the mountains, and the French landed amongst heaps of ruins.

The whole of the southern province, under Richard, submitted at once, and even Toussaint's own brother, Paul L'Ouverture, who commanded at St. Domingo, yielded with his troops to their authority. Christophe, Dessalines, and some others, however, remained true to their cause, and fled to the mountains for refuge; but at length both parties, wearied with hostilities, came to terms, and Toussaint with his generals came over and surrendered to General Le Clerc according to the stipulations of the treaty.

Subsequently, however, the unfortunate leader was accused of corresponding with the English, who long

held possession of St. Nicolas; he was shipped with his family for France, where he—it is not known at Hayti how—perished.

The sufferings of Madame Toussaint are described in an Haytian newspaper, in 1808. She was at length set free, after displaying considerable spirit and firmness, and lived in Paris till she returned to the new world, having preserved amidst all her privations a diamond ring of considerable value.

Slavery was again proclaimed at St. Domingo, but the blacks flew to arms with Dessalines at their head, and Petion and Christophe joined him in 1803, with several others. Thus was renewed a severe and bloody struggle, ending in the complete expulsion of the French from this part of the island; and the death of Le Clerc, on the 28th November, of the same year, greatly contributed to the event. The numerous army of France, greatly reduced by casualties, fled to St. Domingo; and, on the 1st of January, 1804, the negroes solemnly proclaimed the independence of the island of Hayti, and erected a free state, with Dessalines, as the oldest general, at its head. Notwithstanding the general massacre of their antagonists, the blacks had the foresight to preserve some of those of the most necessary professions, as the clergy, schoolmasters, compositors, printers, &c. during the scenes of devastation, by throwing them into prison. The greater part of these purchased their lives now by taking the oath of allegiance to the government, and swearing to resign their native land. Of proclamations, therefore, there was no want, either as to number or ability.

On the 8th October, 1804, Dessalines assumed the title of the Emperor Jacob I. An expedition was undertaken against the remnant of the French army at St. Domingo, who were an obstacle to his complete recognition. Details drawn up at the command of the new emperor are in our possession, and from these it appears, that after a two month's siege the campaign terminated by his retreat; the Spanish portion of the island held his talents cheap in consequence of this failure.

In this expedition Dessalines put to death a number of whites suspected as spies. He was induced, however, to issue orders for stopping the execution of some, and the oath of allegiance was taken to the constitution, which was read at the Place d'Armes in presence of the military and civil powers, and a vast crowd of all classes, with due solemnity. The speech of Dessalines is curious, as the first specimen of imperial negro oratory at Hayti.

"Haytians! the political events that have laid waste the country seem at an end. After the universal storm a moment of stillness has arrived, and you have resolved that the repose of the warrior shall be confirmed by the influence of the legislator. At this moment, when your eye rests on a constitution that secures your rights, you enter into the rank of civilized nations."

The ceremonials ended with a grand entertainment, at which some healths were drunk; but, notwithstanding all his professions, Dessalines retained his hatred to the whites and coloured race; many of the former especially were afterwards sacrificed to his revenge. The kingdom fell into an unsettled state, as the Haytian writers delicately term it. The conduct of the tyrant daily increased the anger of his subjects, and produced his overthrow.

Baron Vastey, the native historian, gives the following particulars of this event:—

"The combination against Dessalines consisted of the minister of war Gerin, the general-commandant Petion, with Vavon and other mulatto generals. On the night of the 16th October, 1806, Dessalines rode with about twenty men for an escort through Blackfeld to Port-au-Prince. When he was some hundred paces from the red-bridge near Port-au-Prince, he perceived troops drawn up in military array on both sides of the road—suspecting no evil, he rode on.

"As he came up to the soldiers, he heard the cry of Halt, halt! from a thousand voices. Still feeling no apprehension, he rode between the two lines of levelled muskets, exclaiming, 'Soldiers, do not you know me?' The troops from awe and alarm were unwilling to offer violence; one only of the most daring fired at him, but Dessalines killed him at once with a pistol-shot. At this moment Gerin, Vavon and others, who had concealed themselves behind the bushes, gave the word 'Fire!' A volley followed, which stretched both Dessalines and his horse dead on the spot. Thus fell Dessalines amidst his black brethren in arms, after one year, ten months, and twenty-six days of usurped dominion."

Dessalines, though married and having children, lived in open polygamy. His mistresses, of whom there were about twenty, cost the state not less than 20,000 piastres yearly.

Opinions were greatly divided as to the choice of a successor. Baron Vastey affirms that Christophe assumed the government by general invitation; but as he is notoriously partial to the latter, it may be doubted whether the South Province, numbering so many mulattoes, might not have preferred one of these to a black. No one, however, could impugn Christophe's right as the oldest general—he published an address from Port-au-Prince on the 21st October, 1806, signed by Gerin, Petion, Vavon, Baval, &c., but remained inactive, and contented himself with sending his deputies to the meeting at Port-au-Prince. The day of convocation came; the assembly should have consisted of only 60 members, but as they amounted to 78, (the South Province summoning 18 more than the North,) the deputies separated without doing any thing. On the 27th December following, Petion was chosen president of the Republic of Hayti.

Christophe refused to acknowledge this proceeding, and marched with all his forces to Port-au-Prince. Near Eibert on the 15th January, he met the army of Petion on the march. A fierce encounter ensued, and Christophe was compelled to retreat, though Vastey asserts that this arose from his reluctance to shed blood. A complete separation of the two states followed: Petion, in imitation of North America, founding a pure republic, whilst Christophe instituted a monarchy. The latter summoned a deliberative assembly at the Cape from amongst the oldest general officers, and the constitution of the 17th February, 1807, was formally settled.

Christophe, appointed president and generalissimo of the land and sea forces for life, occupied himself peaceably in attending to the cares of the government: in the South Province, however, disturbances prevailed, and one Baptist Duperier Goman, taking refuge in the mountains, set both governments at defiance, and Petion carried on a long war against him.

In 1810, Richard, returning from France with proposals for a treaty, was made a general of division



by Petion, and soon after seized a portion of the province—several leaders, amongst them Gerin and Vavon, were slain, but the death of Richard from fever relieved Petion of this rival. Meantime Christophe was anxious to extend his authority over the South and West Provinces, but failing, he nevertheless, in 1811, assumed the title of King of Hayti, and was, with his wife, crowned by the Archbishop Gonzalez, whom he himself, and not the pope, had appointed. He appeared on this solemn occasion, according to his partial biographer, as calm and frank as usual, and took the oath to maintain the integrity of Hayti, and abolish slavery, and all that was hostile to military and civil rights; to uphold the ordinance of apanage, and the rights of property; and ever to advance the honour and welfare of the great Haytian family.

The members of the royal family were to be addressed as royal highnesses, and the court was placed on a European footing. Tranquillity was not disturbed till 1813, when dissensions were renewed between the two states. The blame is thrown by the partisans of each upon their adversaries. Christophe marching with his whole force against Port-au-Prince, took Eibert by storm. The two armies speedily came to a fierce encounter, Boyer, since president, commanding the republicans. He would have been driven back, but for the timely junction of Richard's successor, Bargailla, with Petion himself. Christophe, called away by some tumults, had scarcely quitted his army, when a whole division went over to the enemy. Weakened by this desertion and the insurrections at home, after a campaign of 75 days he returned to his province.

Had Petion commenced invader in his turn, a fearful scene of bloodshed must have followed. He was contented, however, with following his antagonist to his own borders. The war ceased here. Christophe rewarding his faithful followers, and ruling the blacks with great severity in revenge for their recent mutinies.

On the restoration of Louis XVIII. France was desirous of recovering the sovereignty of Hayti. Negotiations were to be opened with both the chiefs, and Dauxion Lavaysse, Draverman, and Medina, charged with the mission, landed at Jamaica. Montorsier, a French merchant settled at the Cape, going there on business, was instructed by Christophe to ascertain the object of the negotiators. He found Lavaysse ill, gained his confidence, and on his return with a letter for the king, would have proceeded to Sans-Souci, to deliver it in person, instead of the usual form of transmission in such cases, through the minister, Baron Dupuy. Christophe gave Montorsier an audience in the capital however, and assuming a friendly tone and manner, in order to put him off his guard, "What think you," he inquired, "would be my reward, were I willing to return under French dominion?" "Your majesty would be sovereign lord and ruler of the Island of Tortue; or might live at choice, either in France, the United States of America, or any where else; in all cases, H. M. Louis XVIII. would remember and remain your friend." Christophe artfully replied, "I place no value on the throne or crown, and would fain resign them, and all claim to them, durst I flatter myself to pass my days any where with my family in peace." "That is what is intended," interrupted Montorsier, taking his hand. "It was ap-

prehended, that your majesty might not be so disposed; but now the obstacle is removed." "But," returned Christophe, "what will my ministers, functionaries, and officers say to it! they will oppose it with all their might." "They must be won over to acquiesce," replied Montorsier, calmly.

He had scarcely uttered the words, when Christophe rose up, crying aloud, "Here, officers! you are to be robbed of your liberty: I am requested to prevail on you to break your oath."

The officers, in attendance, rushed at once into the room at the voice of the king. Montorsier, awakened from his dream, saw the error he had committed; he trembled from head to foot, turned pale, and stood silent and in the greatest confusion. The officers were for throwing him from the balcony into the street; but Christophe said, "No, let him go quietly; enough that his manœuvres are discovered." Montorsier went; but fell a sacrifice soon after to his too ready compliance with the monarch's wishes.

In conformity with this prelude, and on the 21st of October, 1814, a general council being met, Christophe thus addressed them from the throne.

"Haytians, we have assembled you, and convoked a general council of the nation, in order to lay before you the papers transmitted through General Dauxion Lavaysse from the French cabinet. Haytians, determine with prudence and consideration as becomes men.—Decide on points affecting the interests of the nation you represent, as well as your own prospects as those of your fellow citizens."

So soon as the letter from Dauxion Lavaysse had been read by Count Limonade, the assembly unanimously declared themselves ready to perish amongst the ruins of their houses rather than return under the yoke of France: and so strong was this feeling in the nation, that, according to Vastey,

"the moment the proceedings were made public, the whole people hastened to the field. They vowed each to deliver his own cabin to the flames so soon as the French should set foot upon the soil. Some snatched their sabres, some prepared their muskets, others took up the knapsack. The women were equally resolute, and even the children, actuated by the common feeling, bundled their little property and toys together, and pointed with their fingers to the mountains as the last refuge from slavery."

Draverman had proceeded in the mean time to the South Province, Dauxion Lavaysse to Petion at Port-au-Prince, while Medina remained with Christophe. Here at Cape Town he had the mortification to be present while the court sung Te Deum in public worship, to hear the substance of his instructions, and the contents of the letter which he had brought, as well as the answer of the national assembly, proclaimed at the termination of mass to the troops, and beheld himself alone and surrounded by the negro army, the object of their fiercest execrations. He soon after disappeared altogether, and was probably assassinated in the confinement to which, we would state, he was doomed when the seizure of his papers afforded evidence that one of the objects of his mission was to foment disturbances. His two companions returned to France.

We must briefly add, that the French government, no way discouraged by this violence, renewed more

than once afterwards its efforts at negotiation, both with Petion and Christophe; and after the death of these two chiefs, with the president Boyer.

No sooner was Petion dead (1818) than Christophe issued a proclamation to induce the South Province to accept himself as their ruler—but in vain. Boyer succeeded Petion, and thus matters stood when our author arrived in the island.

Christophe falling ill in 1820, and being confined to his bed for several weeks, the discontent which his severity and tyranny had excited came to a head. A conspiracy was formed under the auspices of the Duke of Marmalade, governor of Cape Town, and the Prince de Limbé, minister of war.

On the 6th October, says our author, a confused rumour arose about midnight of a revolution at St. Marks. No one knew the details: uneasiness and terror reigned during the following day on every face, for all felt that some catastrophe was at hand, and the whites dreaded a general massacre of themselves. They assembled, and decided on embarking at once on board the ships, and slipping anchor and putting to sea during the night. They attempted instantly to put their resolve in execution, but found to their alarm that guards were posted every where along the shore by the governor's orders. The intended fugitives consequently returned in the greatest consternation to their homes, barricaded the doors, and, arming themselves as they best could, awaited their doom.

"About nightfall the alarm increased in the streets; at eleven the trumpets and drums sounded to arms: the clash of weapons, the fearful cries of the negroes; the clattering of cavalry through the streets, and the volumes of fire which arose from Christophe's residence and plantation to the skies, added fresh terrors to their situation. This state of things lasted till morning.

"Early in the morning, a numerous body of negro troops, headed by an officer, drew up before the house in which we were. The officer handed to M. Hoffman (agent of the Baron von Dietrich) a written order from the governor to give up to their officer what fire-arms, &c. he possessed, and to send also the sum of 1000 Spanish dollars to the governor."

It seems that the Austrian vessel had a cargo of arms and ammunition on board, and the money was divided amongst the military.

"Any remonstrance under the circumstances would have been equally hazardous and unavailing; the will of the governor was law. The amount of this exaction was subsequently balanced in coffee.

"Christophe learned early in the morning at Sans-Souci the events of the preceding evening. He made every effort, and tried every expedient to put down the insurrection. On hearing that the whites had supplied weapons to the insurgents, he issued orders to the governor that they should be all put to death, but Marmalade, whose connivance in the rebellion was unknown to him, put us in security. Christophe placed his guard, of whom there were about 1000 at Sans-Souci, under arms, and made them take again the oath of fidelity; but as his illness prevented him from taking the command, he appointed the Duke of Fort-Royal instead; the crown-prince and other generals accompanied him.

"Meantime the rebels were at Haut-du-Cap erecting batteries; the guard advanced against them, but their attack was feeble, and some even cried 'Vive l'indépendance!—vive le Général Richard!' They then

placed white handkerchiefs on their bayonets, and went over to their brethren. Their leaders alone returned in great affliction to Sans-Souci to apprise Christophe of the event. His friends and followers now all quitted him, with the exception of the Baron Dupuy. Christophe said to him, 'Save yourself, my time is expired;' and, repairing to his bed, ended his life with a pistol.

"On the day of his death, his wives, the crown-prince, the two princesses, and the whole family, were brought on horseback to the Cape Town amidst the shouts of the populace, the ringing of bells, and the thunder of cannon. The females were confined in their rooms, but the males of the party were thrown into prison. On the 9th October Victor Henri, Christophe's son, was found murdered. He wept bitterly when assassinated. The Duke of Fort-Royal cried out to the last, 'Vive Henri Christophe roi d'Hayti.' Duke Laxavon was bayoneted by the soldiers. Baron Vastey, the historian of Hayti, was also murdered. \* \* \* His body was thrown into an empty well, where I myself saw it \* \* \* The corpse of Christophe was interred at Citadelle Henri."

We believe, however, that Prevost, whom M. Ritter omits, remained, like Dupuy, with his unfortunate master to the last, and helped to carry him to his quick-lime grave before the rebellious soldiery could arrive to maltreat the body. Sans-Souci was given up to plunder, and this whole portion of the island became the prey of anarchy and violence.

"Every where was heard the cry 'Liberté! égalité!' The unfettered negro plundered to his heart's content under this watchword; these wild swarms cared for no laws, all for them was free and privileged. On the other hand the whites could now travel without passports wherever they pleased, and without any pledges for their security. During this period many ridiculous scenes occurred. Here might be seen a half-naked negro with a splendid gold-laced hat and feather on his head; there another, without a shoe on his dirty feet, decked out in the full uniform of an officer of rank, &c."

Such was the state of affairs till the presidency of this part of the island was also assumed by Boyer. The present president is mild and amiable in manners, and rules with gentleness. He is a mulatto, and was formerly secretary to Petion on his return from France. He commanded the army of the South Province in the war between the latter and Christophe, as we have already seen; he is short and spare, and of simple habits: greatly beloved by the people, and deservedly so for the excellence of his administration. The nobility under his rule are simply officers on the staff, and have resigned their former titles of princes, dukes, &c. The common people are contented and happy; relieved of the heavy burdens imposed on them by the tyranny of Christophe and his predecessor, "each lives in his own house, and cultivates his own land; or else—and this is far more often the case—lets it alone altogether."

Before the French Revolution of 1789, the population of Hayti, according to some, amounted to 570,000 of whom 40,000 were whites, 30,000 free blacks and coloured, and 500,000 slaves. La Croix states the whole present number at 501,000, of which the republic contained 261,000, and Christophe's portion 240,000 souls (reckoning 1000 whites, 20,000

coloured, and 480,000 blacks;) but M. Ritter considers these numbers too high; that Christophe's portion does not comprise more than 160,000, including the military (15,000 men,) and that the coloured race are also overrated, they having greatly diminished under negro supremacy. The males of this part he computes at but 30,000, there being from 5 to 6 women in every house. The general population of the Island since the Union, as he affirms, by later calculation is found to consist of 700,000 souls; this is probably correct, as a medium, but we believe there is great reason to doubt the accuracy of every existing statement on the subject, as they differ from 360,000 to 1,000,000, and there seem to be no means of verifying by census. The military force amounts now by the best accounts to somewhere about 30,000 effective troops, bold, hardy, and fairly trained to arms; the fleet consists, as we learn from the same source, of but a few sloops or schooners, though there are an admiral, a vice-admiral, and captains, lieutenants, &c. in due proportion.

The natural productions of Hayti, and particularly its Flora, are extremely rich; of the latter M. Ritter goes into details, for which we must refer the reader to the volume itself. The plates are slight, and of little value as works of art; but they are from the drawings of a native, and give faithful representations of the scenery.

We may add here a few particulars from other authentic sources than M. Ritter's volume.

The English nation, it appears, is favourably regarded by the Haytians, and indeed looked upon both in the light of a natural ally and a commercial friend; but all European and other nations whatever are prohibited from proprietorship of land there, the 38th article of the Constitution of 1816 expressly excluding *aucun blanc, quelle que soit sa nation*, from putting foot in the Haytian territory, *à titre de maître ou de propriétaire*. A native Albino, we presume, would be equally excluded; but it seems that all Haytian citizens are to be called blacks, even though some of them are whites.

We add a whimsical illustration of the working of the Ballot system and Universal Suffrage, from a land where they are to be found flourishing in all their glory. We give it on the authority of the British consul.

Criminals, idiots, and domestics, are the only persons who cannot give a vote, but it appears that there is a mode of nullifying, or rendering nugatory, this privilege where it is possessed. Some emigrants from America, which supplies Hayti with a reasonable proportion of citizens yearly, wished to elect a Methodist preacher as one of the representatives. The elections take place in the church, but his partisans who repaired thither were courteously assisted to traverse the building to the opposite door, for their exit, being entirely relieved of the labour of giving their votes. The government candidate was thus elected.

If any thing, however, could give additional strength to the certainty felt in Europe of the purity of ballot votes, it would be, we presume, the fact, that the first government candidate was elected by a majority so satisfactory as to have five more votes than there were voters present; and the phenomenon had the merit of recurrence on a larger scale, the second candidate proposed in the government interest outnumbering his own voters by twenty votes.

We are happy, however, to record the progressive improvement of the natives on various points, since the time that M. Ritter visited them, and even since Mr. Mackenzie. The revolting licentiousness of Christophe and Dessalines had corrupted the inferior classes by the open profligacy of the court; the police was indifferent, education was at a low ebb, the post was signally imperfect, the roads and bridges few, and in the worst possible condition, the press idle, and the newspapers latterly abolished. All this has, by degrees, been ameliorated, though there is far from any approach to perfection at the present day. The free coloured race, too, that had been held by the French absolutely as public property, in spite of their freedom, and in consequence subjected to compulsory service in the militia and militia-police, prevented from bearing the names of their white parents, excluded from the public service and liberal professions, even as apothecaries and schoolmasters, and obliged to pay a tax for repairs of the roads, have now assumed a fair station in society, and led the way to much improvement. The historians of the country have sprung from this class, and history is the basis of national elevation.

The position of Hayti is perfectly novel in political history, but its advancement in civilization may not impossibly be retarded by the result and even progress of the negotiations now pending with France. On these we must bestow a few words, premising, however, that the tranquillity latterly enjoyed by Hayti is still far from having developed to any extent the sources of her domestic prosperity; and that an utter impossibility of meeting the demands of the mother country may, if these are insisted on, as they seem likely to be, produce a crisis in the island. Notwithstanding their terror of commotions so deeply rebored in blood in their short but sanguinary annals, the name of France is far from endeared to the Haytians, and their indignation at the terms of the treaty acknowledging their independence is embittered by the recollection of the troubles incurred in achieving it. It is not a little remarkable that the French and Dutch, the one so courteous and urbane, the other so cautious and phlegmatic at home, should so entirely change their national characteristics in their colonies, and run into extremes of so dark and fatal a tendency.

The expedition now preparing under Admiral Mackau for Hayti, and which is reported to take out MM. Maler and Des Cases, as negotiators for the payment of the French claims of indemnity which they themselves had arranged with the government of 1826, can scarcely be attended with success if it urge the acquittance to the full amount of so many millions of francs. A very large deduction and a considerable extension of time may enable the Haytians to liquidate a part, but we venture to predict that neither the national resources nor the national feeling will allow the execution of terms so onerous as those proposed by their still hated former masters. Beyond the mischief of coast attacks, the islanders have little to fear; their own obstinate courage, the heat of their climate, and the formidable array of diseases, varying with every month, are the sure safeguards of Hayti from European aggression.

We must here close our notice of this interesting volume, which will probably soon make its appearance in English. Since the authority of Boyer was



established over the island, improvement of course has not failed to accompany political emancipation. The black, recovering from his degradation, begins to feel the value of personal independence; cultivation and commerce are making rapid strides, and Hayti promises fairly for civilization: but though the blacks of the other islands may regard its freedom with anticipations of assistance, it must be long before Hayti can pretend to render them any serious aid. At present this is impracticable, and we ourselves know with certainty that the applications secretly made on this head have been entirely discountenanced as hopeless and impossible by the enlightened President.

From the Retrospective Review.

### SIR P. SIDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POESY.

*The Defence of Poesy*, by Sir Philip Sidney, *Knt.* 12mo. 1752.

SOME time ago—(we are almost afraid to remember how long)—we held forth a sort of half promise, that Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* should form the subject of a paper in our work. We now proceed to the fulfilment of that promise;—not, however, without taking something like blame to ourselves for having so long delayed it,—for if ever there was a work more than most others calculated to delight and benefit general readers, and at the same time less than most others known and appreciated by them, it is the *Defence of Poesy*. Indeed the somewhat cold and metaphysical character of Sir Philip Sidney's poetry, and the "high fantastical" style which he chose to adopt in his great work, the *Arcadia*, however they might be suited to the taste of the times in which he lived, were pretty sure to sink his writings generally into an undeserved obscurity, in an age like the present, the characteristic of whose literary style is simplicity—not to say an affectation of it. And in withdrawing themselves from that general gaze which they never courted, and for which, indeed, they were never intended, the above works—(viz. the *Arcadia* and the *Poems* of Sidney)—have carried with them one which in fact *was* written expressly for the public, and which, as far as its style is concerned, might have been written for the public of the present day. Be it our business, therefore, to present it to that public afresh; and in doing so, let us be allowed the privilege of saying a few words as to the character and pretensions of the stranger we are introducing.

One would think, that to write a "*Defence of Poesy*," were something like writing "*an Apology for the Bible*." And yet it appears that this was considered necessary, by the most poetical person of the most poetical age that England, or any other country, ever knew. It must be remembered, however, that the exact period to which we are now referring was but the early dawn of the bright Elizabethan day,—Shakespeare and the great dramatists having scarcely as yet commenced their immortal labours, and Sidney himself being, with the exception of Spencer, the best poet of the time. That this noble defence of his high art had some share in bringing forward the glories

that followed so close upon its appearance, as well as in preparing the way for the due reception and appreciation of those glories, is what can scarcely be doubted; and that it was intended and calculated so to do, is certain: for, of all the characteristics that belong to it, that of a fervid sincerity, speaking from the heart to the heart, is its most striking. In other respects, the excellencies of this admirable Essay are equally conspicuous, whether we regard the purity and simplicity of its style, the strength and soundness of its reasoning, the rich fervour of its eloquence, or the variety and aptness of its illustrations. In short, nothing is wanting to make the *Defence of Poesy* a piece of writing that, in a similar space, is not to be paralleled in our language. And regarding it as an Essay on the nature, objects, and effects of Poetry as an art, it is also beyond comparison the most complete work of the kind which we possess, even up to the present day;—which is not a little singular, considering that it was written before we had achieved a poetry of our own, and at a period, too, when it appears that the art itself was held in but slight respect at all events, if not in mere contempt. Unless there was a little of affectation in Sir Philip Sidney's estimate of the respect, or rather the disrespect, that was paid to poets and to poetry in his day—if he was not purposely placing them at a lower ebb than they had actually reached, in order that he might claim the more credit for stepping forward to their aid—(and that he could be guilty, even unconsciously, of such insincerity, is scarcely to be believed of him)—then must there, indeed, have been occasion for his interference, and the work before us was not unduly named a "*Defence of Poesy*." Hear what he says on this part of the subject: "And yet I must say, that as I have more just cause to make a pitiful\* defence of poor poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children, &c."—"But, truly, now, having named him, (David,) I fear I seem to prophane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is, amongst us, thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation."—"And now, that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good estimation as the mountebanks at Venice."

If such was the condition of poetry and its practisers at the period in question, it was worthy the romantic and chivalrous spirit of Sir Philip Sidney to step forward in their behalf; and, indeed, it was no more than was to be looked for from him, as a sworn friend to beauty and virtue in distress, and one who was always ready to break a lance in their cause: not to mention that cause being in some degree his own—for, he says, at the outset of his Essay, "I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not old years and idlest times, having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in defence of that my unselected vocation, &c."

We see, from this, that his heart was in the cause; and therefore, while we are the better prepared to expect the hearty and efficient manner in which he pleads it, we are the less entitled to suppose that he would speak of it as holding a lower place in public estimation than it actually did hold.

Sir Philip Sidney, in the opening paragraph of his

\* Compassionate.

Essay, gives himself out as "a piece of a logician;" and, in fact, the *Defence of Poesy* may be regarded as a logical discourse, from beginning to end—interspersed here and there with a few of the more flowery parts of eloquence, but every where keeping in view the main objects of all logic and of all eloquence—namely, proof and persuasion. It is, in fact,—contrary to the general notion that prevails concerning it in the minds of those who do not take the trouble of judging for themselves,—a sober and serious disquisition, almost entirely rejecting the "foreign aid of ornament," and equally free from dogmatism and declamation. It is evidently the result of a deep conviction in the mind of the writer, and a strong desire to impress that conviction upon others—to impress it, however, in a manner that shall render it not merely a sentiment of the heart, or a theory of the brain, but a settled and active belief of the reason and the judgment. To this end Sir Philip Sidney not only examines the nature and objects of poetry as an art, and brings forward all the arguments that have been urged in its favour, but he weighs and examines those arguments fairly, and contrasts them with those which have been or may be alleged on the opposite side of the question; and finally rejects or admits, as the proofs may seem to preponderate. He begins by showing the antiquity of poetry, and arguing for the consequent inference, that it was the parent and source of all other learning; and this he addresses to those learned of his own and of other days who have inveighed against poetry as a vain thing. "And will you play the hedge-hog, (says he) that being received into the den, drove out his host? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents?—Let learned Greece, in any of her manifold sciences, be able to show me one book before Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod—all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought, that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill—as Linus, Orpheus, and some others, are named, who having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to posterity, may justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning." And so he goes on, through the earliest writers of all civilized countries; and concludes the enumeration thus: "In our neighbour country, Ireland, where truly learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians," (only the next remove to the Irish, as he seems to think)—"where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make and sing songs, which they call 'Arentos,' both of their ancestors' deeds, and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability that, if ever learning came among them, it must be by having their hard, dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delight of poetry: for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge." He next proceeds to contrast poetry generally, as an art, with all other arts and sciences, in the following skillful and highly eloquent manner.

"There is no art delivered to mankind, that hath not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down

what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician, in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musician, in tunes tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man: And follow nature, saith he, therein, and you shall not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech, and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which are still compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things hurtful or helpful to it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature."

How extremely accurate are the thoughts, in all this; and with what felicitous simplicity are they expressed! Now mark the fine burst of enthusiasm by which the argument is applied and summed up.

"Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature; in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demigods, cyclops, chymeras, furies, and such like, so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely: her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden."—"Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he showed so much as in poetry—when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings; with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam.—Since our erect wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it."

He now proceeds to arrange poetry under various artificial divisions and subdivisions; showing, however, that they all do and must lead to the same great end, of bettering mankind by means of delighting them. We shall not follow him minutely through this part of the subject, but may mention, in passing, that he here announces, and in some degree develops, those views in regard to versification and diction, the mere revival of which has been thought a stroke of genius in our own times.

The next step our author takes in his eloquent disquisition on the value and virtue of poesy, is to contrast it somewhat circumstantially with the other high sciences, and demonstrate its comparative superiority over them all. Those who only know Sir Philip Sidney as a chivalrous soldier, an inditer of extravagant verse, and a builder-up of the most romantic romance that ever represented things and persons as *they are not*, will be surprised to observe the extraor-

dinary accuracy of thought, as well as of feeling, which pervades all the definitions and descriptions that occur in this part of the Essay. Let the reader take the following as proofs, that acute penetration and thorough good sense are in no degree incompatible with the most fervid enthusiasm and the most lofty imagination.

"So that the ending of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors: among whom, principally to challenge it, step forth the moral philosophers; whom methinks I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by day-light; rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things; with books in their hands against glory, whereto they set their names; sophistically speaking against subtlety, and angry with a man in whom they see the foul fault of anger."

Again :

"The historian scarce gives leisure to the moralist to say so much, but that he, (loaden with the old mouse-eaten records, authorizing himself for the most part upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay—having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thousand years ago than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novel-ties; a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk—denieth, in a great chafe, that any man, for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions, is comparable to him."—"The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the philosopher, sitting down with the thorny arguments, the bare rule is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the historian, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is—to the particular truth of things, and not the general reason of things—that his example draweth not necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he pre-supposeth it was done; so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say,—for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth."—"So, no doubt, the philosopher with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which, notwithstanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated and figured forth by the speaking picture of poetry. Tully taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know what force the

love of our country hath in us: let us but hear old Anchises, speaking in the midst of Troy's flames; or see Ulysses, in the fullness of all Calypso's delights, bewailing his absence from barren and beggarly Ithica! Anger, the Stoics said, was a short madness; let but Sophocles bring you Ajax on a stage, killing or whipping sheep and oxen, thinking them the army of the Greeks, with their chieftains Agamemnon and Menelaus; and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into anger than finding in the school-men its *genus and difference*?"

After a multiplicity of other examples of a similar kind, he adds :

"For conclusion, I say, the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for tender stomachs; the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher."

Thus far our author has been comparing the poet's power of teaching with that of the philosopher. He next examines, in detail, the relative pretensions of the poet and the historian. One of his most powerful arguments in favour of the former's infinite superiority, is set down as follows :

"But history, being captivated to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror to well doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not Miltiades rot in his fetters? The just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates put to death like traitors? The cruel Severus living prosperously? Sylla and Marins dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero slain then, when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Cæsar so advanced, that his name yet, after sixteen hundred years, lasteth in the highest honour?"

Having gone through these particular comparisons, and added many more arguments, no less just than ingenious, in proof of his proposition, he now concludes this part of his subject by a general summary, from which we select the following admirable passages—which, for justness of thought, and curious felicity of expression, cannot well be surpassed.

"Now therein"—(that is to say, the power of at once teaching and enticing to do well)—"Now therein, of all sciences—I speak still of human and according to human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanted skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner,\* and pretending

\* We have here, undoubtedly, the origin of Shakespeare's—

"That elder ears played truant at his tale,  
And younger hearings were quite ravish'd,—  
So sweet and voluble was his discourse, &c."



no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste."—"For even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted; which is all the good-fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness—which seen, they cannot but love ere themselves be aware, as if they had taken a medicine of cherries."—"By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensues, that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make an end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman."

Should it occur to the reader, in the midst of his admiration of these passages, that he has met with something very like parts of them before, we can readily believe that he is not mistaken; for the truth is, that the *Defence of Poesy* has formed the staple of all the "thousand and one" dissertations on that art, with which our magazines and reviews have teemed during the last twenty years.

Having drawn this inference respecting poetry generally, he prepares to descend into an examination of the various species into which it is divided; for, as he says, "though (as in man) all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectuous piece we may find a blemish."—"It is unnecessary to follow him through this examination; but we cannot refuse to recollect the following characteristic touch as we pass on, and also the passage in which he triumphantly sums up this division of his subject. In speaking of the lyric, he says, "Certainly, I must confess mine own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglass,"—(the ballad of Chevy Chase)—"that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." His summing up of this part is as follows:

"Since, then, poetry is of all human learning the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings.—Since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise, no barbarous nation is without it.—Since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making; and that, indeed, that name of making is fit for it, considering that whereas all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it,—the poet, only, bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit.—Since neither his description nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil;—Since his effects be so good as to teach goodness and delight the learners of it.—Since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge) he doth not only far pass the historian, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving leaveth him behind.—Since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it.—Since all its kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissec-

tions fully commendable:—I think—(and I think I think rightly.)—the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph."

It may be mentioned here, that the idle jingle of words which occurs in the closing clause of the above passage, is an example of the only fault, even of style, that can be imputed to this admirable essay;—if it were not for some half dozen instances of this kind, the *Defence of Poesy* might be offered as a model of a pure and simple English style, in every respect (even in those of grammatical construction, and of euphony) infinitely superior to the boasted style of our (so called) Augustan age.

Our author now proceeds to state the objections that have been made, or that may be, against his art—doing this, however, rather as a work of supererogation, than of necessity; but giving as a reason for it, "because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be, will seem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-balance." Let our modern critical wits,—who pique themselves on the pointedness of their pens, and pretend to think that ridicule is the test not only of truth but of beauty also,—hear what a real wit says to them. It should seem by what follows, that their calling has not even novelty in its favour, but was as rife three hundred years ago as it is now. He says, he has observed, of

"that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. These kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle easiness, since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty, but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it, so deserve they no other answer but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague."—"Marry, these pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the *verb* before they understand the *noun*, and confute others' knowledge before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember that scoffing cometh not of wisdom: so as the best title, in true English, they get with their merriments is, to be called *good fools*; for so have our grave forefathers ever termed that humorous kind of jesture."

He now, after a few remarks on versification, and the manner in which it is and is not connected with poetry, proceeds to combat the imputations that have been thrown upon poets and their art. The only extract we can afford to make from this portion of the essay, is part of a passage relating to the alleged abuse of poetry to immoral or otherwise mischievous purposes. If the reader should find that some of the arguments in the following extract do not come upon him with the force of novelty, he must recollect (as before) that this is any body's fault rather than Sir Philip Sidney's.

"But what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that poetry may not only be abused, but that, being abused, by the reason of its sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words; yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse shall give reproach to

the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason that whatsoever, being abused, doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives its title) doth most good. Do we not see skill in physic,—the best rampire to our often assaulted bodies,—being abused, turn poison—the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law,—whose end is to even and right all things,—being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go to the highest) God's word abused breed heresy, and his name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt; and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. But with a sword thou mayest kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy prince and country. So that, as in their calling poets the fathers of lies, they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse they prove the commendation."

Having thus gathered a few of the flowers of this delightful essay, in the succession in which they blow, we must now pass on to the conclusion; not, however, without stooping once or twice by the way, to pick up a stray beauty that does not grow exactly in the regular path. The following critical judgment on the whole body of English poetry existing in Sir Philip Sidney's day, is highly interesting, to say the least of it.

"Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus and Cressida*; of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more either that he, in that misty time, could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so great an antiquity. I account the *Mirror for Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And, in the Earl of Surrey's *Lyrics* are many things tasting of a noble birth and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd's Kalendar* hath much poetry in its eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazara in Italian, did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in proof, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another; without ordering, at the first, what should be at the last: which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rhyme barely accompanied with reason. Our tragedies and comedies are not without cause cried out against—observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry. Excepting *Gorboduc*,—(again I speak of those that I have seen)—which, notwithstanding it is full of stately speeches and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poetry;—yet, in truth, it is very defective in the circumstances; which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time—the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time pre-supposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and by common reason, but one day, there is both many days and many places, artificially imagined."

There is great acuteness and precision in the following remarks on laughter:—

"But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter; which is very wrong. For though laughter may come *with* delight, yet cometh it not *of* delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter. But well may one thing breed two together. Nay, in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety; for delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves and to general nature: whereas laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportionate to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein, certainly, we cannot delight. We delight in good chances; we laugh at mischances. We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country; at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh. We shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the bias. In the mouth of some such men as, for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry, yet he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter."

The following is curious, as showing the kind of estimation in which the drama was held, immediately before the advent of Shakspeare:

"But I have lavished out too many words on this play matter. I do it because, as they are excellent parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused: which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poetry's modesty to be called in question."

We now pass at once to the concluding passage of this charming piece of writing; a conclusion that is in every way worthy of what has preceded it: and a greater panegyric on it cannot be pronounced.

"So that, since the ever-praise-worthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy, and to be honoured by poesy; I conjure you all, that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy;—no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools;—no more to jest at the reverend title of a rhymers; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasures of the Grecians' divinity;—to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all civility;—to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil;—to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the Heavenly Deity, by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge—logic, rhetoric, philosophy, natural and moral, and *quid non?*—to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest of profane wits they should be abused;—to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds from a divine fury;—lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses. Thus doing, your names shall flourish

in printers' shops:—thus doing, you shall be a-kin to many a poetical preface:—thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell among superlatives:—thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculeus proles*:

*Si quid mea carmina possunt.*

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice, or Virgil's Anchises.

"But if (fie of such a butt!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a Mome as to be a Momus to poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland: yet thus much curse I must lend you in the behalf of all poets,—that, while you live, you live in love, never get favour for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph."

We have hitherto looked at *The Defence of Poesy* chiefly with reference to its merits as a piece of writing; but, perhaps, it is scarcely less interesting, when regarded as a record of the literary sentiments and opinions of its celebrated author: especially when it is considered that that author was, at the time he produced the essay before us, "the observed of all observers"—the glass by which all, who professed to think and feel according to the *ton* of the day, dressed their sentiments and opinions of all that came before them. In this point of view, *The Defence of Poesy* might be made to furnish forth some amusing, at least, if not instructive comparisons, with certain other opinions on similar subjects which prevail in our own day. Take, for example, the only worthy *pendant* that we possess for Sir Philip Sidney, in point of rank, genius, and literary fame, as well as in that errant spirit which makes him seek adventures anywhere, and at any cost, rather than confine himself within the dull circle of daily life. Of course, we mean Lord Byron. It would be difficult to find any one point in poetry about which these two distinguished poets would agree in opinion, unless it were the necessity of preserving the unities of the tragic drama; and even in the opinion which Lord Byron has expressed on this point, we can scarcely give him credit for that sincerity which may be safely attributed to all his other expressed opinions,—so utterly inconsistent is it not only with the practice of all those whom he would be the loudest and the loftiest in praise of, but with the principle on which the whole of his own poetry seems to be written: if, indeed, the latter can be said to be written on any principle at all. But the truth is, that in this, as in all things else, the two writers were at utter variance; the one (Sidney) having a regular set of principles pre-established in his mind, to which all his actions are to be made conformable, and by which all his opinions were to be dressed; and, in particular, a precise pre-conceived notion of the nature, object, and end of poetry, by which all his own, as well as all other poetry was to be tried and measured; whereas our noble bard, so far from suffering himself, or the efforts of his pen, to be "cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in to saucy" modes, rules, and canons of this

kind, would, probably, in the face of his own writings, deny the existence of all principles, and of all poetry too; and, perhaps, vote his high-born predecessor a coxcomb at best, if not a pretender and a bore.

In order that our notices of Sir Philip Sidney's works may not be incomplete, we shall append to this paper a few specimens of his poetry; for we do not conceive that it is, upon the whole, of a nature to call for a separate and formal essay. We shall endeavour to characterize the various examples as we present them; merely premising, that our author's poetry is nearly all devoted to the subject of love; and that it consists of a collection of short pieces, entitled, "*Astrophel and Stella*;" and another collection, of a similar nature, entitled, "*Songs and Sonnets*."

The following will form an appropriate introduction to our extracts from this author; because it seems to announce his own notion of one of the principles on which poetry should be written. It must not be concealed, however, that few were ever less disposed to follow their own rule than he was in the present instance. If he really *had* looked into his own noble heart, and written directly from that, instead of from his somewhat too metaphysico-philosophical head, his poetry would have been as fine as his "*Defence*" of it.

"Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,  
That she, dear she! might take some pleasure in my  
pain—

Pleasure might cause her read, reading might cause her  
know—

Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain—  
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,  
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:  
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow  
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burnt  
brain;

But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay,  
Invention, nature's child, fled step-dame study's blows;  
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.  
Thus, great with child to speak, yet helpless in my  
throes,

Biting my turgent pen, beating myself for spite,—  
'Fool!' said my muse to me—"look in thy heart, and  
write!"

The following are examples of the manner in which he occasionally obeys the dictate of his muse. We might have chosen others that more strikingly exemplify the faults of his style: but our object is to give a characteristic notion of that style, without showing it in its worst possible point of view:—

"Not at first sight, nor with a dribbled shot,  
Love gave the wound which, while I breathe, will  
bleed;

But known worth did in mine of time proceed,  
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.

I saw, and liked; I liked, but loved not;  
I loved, but straight did not what love decreed.

At length, to love's decrees, I, forced, agreed,  
Yet, with repining at so partial lot,  
Now e'en that footstep of lost liberty

Is gone, and now, like slave-born Muscovite,  
I call it praise to suffer tyranny;

And now employ the remnant of my wit

To make myself believe that all is well;

While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell!"—

The reader will perceive that, notwithstanding its

laboured coldness, this is full of ideas, and is in parts expressed with a certain skilful simplicity. What follows has the same faults and good qualities, and nearly in the same relative proportion. It cannot be read, however, without considerable interest:—

"It is most true that eyes are formed to serve  
The inward light, and that this heavenly part  
Ought to be king: from which rules who do swerve  
(Rebels to nature) strive for their own smart.  
It is most true what we call Cupid's dart  
An image is which for ourselves we carve,  
And (fools!) adore, in temple of our heart,  
Till that good God make church and church-men starve.  
True that true beauty virtue is, indeed,  
Whereof this beauty can but be a shade  
Which elements with mortal mixture breed:  
True that on earth we are but pilgrims made,  
And should, in soul, up to our country move.  
True!—And yet true that I *must* Stella love!"—

We now willingly, and indeed delightedly turn to examples of a different character from the above: for nothing is less grateful to us than to point out the failings of high intellects, and nothing more so than to assist in disseminating the knowledge and the love of their beauties. If Sidney had written nothing but the following exquisite sonnet, he would still deserve to rank among the poets of his country; for none but a really poetical spirit could have conceived it, and none but a poetical hand, practically speaking, could have executed it: and it is these two joint powers which confer the name of a poet. A man may have all the mental qualities of a poet, as it regards *himself*, without being one. To be a poet, he must be such for others, as well as for himself. We are disposed to suspect, that some critics would call the conception of the following sonnet forced and unnatural; but to us it is nothing less. In fact, it is the invariable tendency of intellects of a certain class and character, to transfer, by a strong effort of the imagination, the colour of their own thoughts and sentiments to the external objects of nature, and thus escape from that which oppresses and disturbs them, by sharing it with other things. This is what the poet is doing in the instance we are about to adduce; and nothing of the kind was ever done with more truth of feeling, and in more appropriate terms.—How exquisite are the two first lines!

"With how sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st the  
skies!

How silently—and with how wan a face!  
—What! may it be—that even in heavenly place  
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
Sure if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
I read it in thy looks;—thy languish'd grace,  
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
Then e'en of fellowship, O moon! tell me—  
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"—

This is somewhat in the manner of Shakespeare, both in the conception and expression.—The following song is delightfully simple; though a certain class of critics, who require a man to be a sage and a lover at the same time, will perhaps think that it is some-

what "silly sooth," and dallies with the innocence of the subject a little too childishly.

"Sleep, baby mine, Desire!—nurse Beauty singeth.  
Thy cries, O baby! set mine heart an aching.  
The babe cries—Way—thy love doth keep me waking!

Lully, lully, my babe—hope cradle bringeth,  
Unto my children alway good rest taking:—  
The babe cries—Way—thy love doth keep me waking!

Since, baby mine, from me thy watching springeth,  
Sleep then a little—pap content is making.  
The babe cries—Nay—for that abide I waking."

Nothing can be more natural than the following exposition of the effects of passion on the human mind and its perceptions.

"In wonted walks since wonted fancies change,  
Some cause there is which of strange cause doth rise;  
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range  
Part of my pain, me-seems, engraved lies.  
The rocks, which were of constant mind the mark,  
In climbing steep—now hard refusal show;  
The shading woods seem now my sun to dark;  
And stately hills disdain to look so low;  
The restful caves now restless visions give;  
In dales I see each way a hard ascent;  
Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live;  
Alas! sweet brooks do in my tears augment:—  
Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks answer  
me:

Infected minds infect each thing they see."

The following is the romance of true passion; not a spurious imitation or affectation of it.

"Stella—think not that I by verse seek fame—  
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee;  
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my history:  
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.  
Nor so ambitious am I as to frame  
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree;  
In truth I swear I wish not there should be  
Graved in my epitaph a poet's name;  
Nor, if I would, I could just title make,  
That any laud to me thereof should grow,  
Without my plumes from others' wings I take;  
For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,  
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,  
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write."

We must now take a final leave of Sir Philip Sidney, by expressing a respect for his character amounting to love, and an admiration of his talents amounting to reverence; and by advising all those who are not equally impressed with these feelings by our notices of him, to peruse and study his works themselves, and then think otherwise of him if they can.

From the Literary Examiner.

*The Poetical Works of Robert Southey*, collected by Himself. Vol. II. Longman, Orme, and Co.

We do not think that an equal-sized volume of verse could be selected from the entire range of English literature, containing more of beautiful and manly writing than this which lies before us. It comprises the greater part of Southey's "juvenile and minor"



poems, which their author has chosen to arrange under the motto, from Wither, of "What I was is passed by." What precise meaning is shut up in that monosyllable of the past we do not take upon ourselves to say; but very sure we are that it cannot with propriety have been used for the purpose of discarding or of disowning the sentiment or the diction of the poems that fill the volume—the one so elegant and animated, the other so generous and true. Such qualities and such a temper as they imply do not "pass by" so easily; the keen contentions and the eager partisanship which have too much taken up their author's maturer years may indeed have fretted their hour and passed away; but the principles of which these early verses were the pure emanation are in their nature enduring as they are lofty, and nothing that the world can teach or a larger experience show could ever serve to "make such rich gifts poor." Nay, we see very plainly, notwithstanding the motto from Wither, that the poet's heart is still with these first effusions of his fancy, and we venture to think that, all the most vain asperities of his public life now past, the quaint and affecting aspiration which he breathed some forty years ago has not been unfulfilled,—the wish that the smooth temper of his age might be

Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

#### THE HOLLY TREE.

O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly Tree?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves  
Ordered by an intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.  
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
Can reach to wound;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.  
I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralize:  
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after time.  
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear  
Harsh and austere,  
To those who on my leisure would intrude  
Reserved and rude,  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.  
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.  
And as when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The Holly leaves a sober hue display  
Less bright than they,  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?  
So serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng,

So would I seem amid the young and gay  
More grave than they,  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green Winter of the Holly Tree.

Westbury, 1798.

To the same date belongs the following poem, surpassingly beautiful in its union of the deepest pathos with a startling truth and force of colouring:—

#### THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

And wherefore do the Poor complain?  
The Rich Man asked of me; . . .  
Come walk abroad with me, I said,  
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets  
Were cheerless to behold,  
And we were wrapt and coated well,  
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,  
His locks were thin and white,  
I ask'd him what he did abroad  
In that cold winter's night;

The cold was keen indeed, he said,  
But at home no fire had he,  
And therefore he had come abroad  
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,  
And she begg'd loud and bold;  
I ask'd her what she did abroad  
When the wind it blew so cold;

She said her father was at home,  
And he lay sick a-bed,  
And therefore was it she was sent  
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down  
Upon a stone to rest,  
She had a baby at her back  
And another at her breast:

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there  
When the night-wind was so chill;  
She turn'd her head and bade the child  
That scream'd behind, be still;

Then told us that her husband served,  
A soldier, far away,  
And therefore to her parish she  
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose  
And sunken was her eye,  
Who with a wanton's hollow voice  
Address'd the passers-by:

I ask'd her what there was in guilt  
That could her heart allure  
To shame, disease, and late remorse;  
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the Rich Man then,  
For silently stood he, . . .  
You ask'd me why the Poor complain,  
And these have answer'd thee!

London, 1798.

Till poverty shall have "passed by," the high heart

and honest anger which inspired such writing as this must remain unchanged—

“And there are  
Who say that this is well! as God has made  
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men  
The many for the few! Court moralists,  
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a-week  
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they  
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now  
Toiling and troubled, they may pick the crumbs  
That from the rich man's table fall, at length  
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.  
Themselves meantime secure the good things here,  
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord!  
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see  
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin'd,  
No brotherhood—”

—So said the poet when he wrote of the “Soldier's Funeral” some forty-two years since, and out of the same well of virtuous indignation gushed forth the passionate sarcasm of “The Victory” and such deep-hearted strains as these—

#### THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,  
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,  
Wild-visaged Wanderer! God heed thee, wretched one!

Sorely thy little one drags by thee bare-footed,  
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,  
Meagre and livid and screaming for misery.

\*Wo-begone mother, half anger, half agony,  
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,  
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.

Ne'er will thy husband return from the war again,  
Cold is thy heart and as frozen as Charity!  
Cold are thy children.—Now God be thy comforter!

Bristol, 1795.

This is writing (and we could fill our columns with selections equally powerful out of this volume alone) which will be sought after and valued when all the lives of warriors and conquerors which even Southey has written shall be thought comparatively worthless. Such burning thoughts as these were never the playthings of a merely youthful style, or the sport only of a youthful fancy.

We find one poem in the volume which we do not recollect to have seen before, and our readers will thank us for extracting it. It is a noble and affecting burst of impassioned feeling—

#### WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING THE SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET,

On his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, Sept.  
1803.

“Let no man write my epitaph; let my grave  
Be unscribed, and let my memory rest  
Till other times are come, and other men,  
Who then may do me justice.”†

\* “This stanza was written by S. T. Coleridge.”

† “These were the words in his speech: ‘Let there be no inscription upon my tomb. Let no man write my epitaph. No man can write my epitaph. I am

Emmet, no!

No withering curse hath dried my spirit up,  
That I should now be silent,...that my soul  
Should from the stirring inspiration shrink,  
Now when it shakes her, and withhold her voice,  
Of that divinely impulse never more  
Worthy, if impious I withheld it now,  
Hardening my heart. Here, here in this free Isle,  
To which in thy young virtue's erring zeal  
Thou wert so perilous an enemy,  
Here in free England shall an English hand  
Build thy imperishable monument;  
Oh,...to thine own misfortune and to ours,  
By thine own deadly error so beguiled,  
Here in free England shall an English voice  
Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou hast paid  
The bitter penalty of that misdeed;  
Justice hath done her unrelenting part,  
If she in truth be Justice who drives on,  
Bloody and blind, the chariot wheels of death.

So young, so glowing for the general good,  
Oh what a lovely manhood had been thine,  
When all the violent workings of thy youth  
Had pass'd away, hadst thou been wisely spared,  
Left to the slow and certain influences  
Of silent feeling and maturing thought.  
How had that heart,...that noble heart of thine,  
Which even now had snapt one spell, which beat  
With such brave indignation at the shame  
And guilt of France, and of her miscreant Lord,  
How had it clung to England! With what love,  
What pure and perfect love return'd to her,  
Now worthy of thy love, the champion now  
For freedom,...yea, the only champion now,  
And soon to be the Avenger. But the blow  
Hath fallen, the indiscriminating blow,  
That for its portion to the Grave consign'd  
Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. Oh, grief, grief!  
Oh, sorrow and reproach! Have ye to learn,  
Deaf to the past, and to the future blind,  
Ye who thus irremissibly exact  
The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,  
When in distemper'd times the feverish mind  
To strong delusion yields? Have ye to learn  
With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice  
Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no hearts  
To feel and understand how Mercy tames  
The rebel nature, madden'd by old wrongs,  
And binds it in the gentle bands of love,  
When steel and adamant were weak to hold  
That Samson-strength subdued!

Let no man write

Thy epitaph! Emmet, nay; thou shalt not go  
Without thy funeral strain! O young and good  
And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go  
Unhonour'd nor unsung. And better thus  
Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,  
Better to fall, than to have lived to mourn,  
As sure thou wouldst, in misery and remorse,  
Thine own disastrous triumph; to have seen,  
If the Almighty at that awful hour  
Had turn'd away his face, wild Ignorance

here ready to die. I am not allowed to vindicate my character; and when I am prevented from vindicating myself, let no man dare to calumniate me. Let my character and my motives repose in obscurity and peace, till other times and other men can do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated; then may my epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE.”

Let loose, and frantic Vengeance, and dark Zeal,  
And all bad passions tyrannous, and the fires  
Of Persecution once again ablaze.  
How had it sunk into thy soul to see,  
Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of France  
In thy dear native country lording it!  
How happier thus, in that heroic mood  
That takes away the sting of death, to die,  
By all the good and all the wise forgiven,  
Yea, in all ages by the wise and good  
To be remember'd, mourn'd, and honour'd still.

Keswick.

There is only one exception we would make to the high praise we have given to this book, and it applies to the outrageous nonsense of *Wat Tyler*, which forms a portion of its contents. In a short advertisement to this notable drama the author observes—

"Had I written lewdly in my youth, like Beza,—like Beza, I would ask pardon of God and man; and no considerations should induce me to reprint what I could never think of without sorrow and shame. Had I at any time, like St. Augustine, taught doctrines which I afterwards perceived to be erroneous,—and if, as in his case, my position in society, and the estimation in which I was held, gave weight to what I had advanced, and made those errors dangerous to others,—like St. Augustine, I would publish my retractions, and endeavour to counteract the evil which, though erringly, with no evil intention I had caused.

"Wherefore then, it may be asked, have I included *Wat Tyler* in this authentic collection of my poetical works? For these reasons,—that it may not be supposed I think it any reproach to have written it, or that I am more ashamed of having been a republican, than of having been a boy. 'Quicunque ista lecturi sunt, non me imitentur errantem, sed in melius proficiantem. Inveniet enim fortasse, quomodo scribendo profererim, quisquis opuscula mea, ordine quo scripta sunt, legerit.'

"I have endeavoured to correct in my other juvenile pieces such faults as were corrigible. But *Wat Tyler* appears just as it was written, in the course of three mornings, in 1794; the stolen copy, which was committed to the press twenty-three years afterwards, not having undergone the slightest correction of any kind."

We must remark upon this that it is too bad to father *Wat Tyler* upon any thing like a Republican sentiment. A man may be a Republican and yet conscientiously respect the rights of property—whereas *Wat Tyler* is little more than a piece of wild declamation against all such rights. Be it always recollected, however, that Southey is not responsible for having at any period of his life given to the world this really youthful absurdity, but that it owes its existence in print to a disgraceful fraud.

We close our extracts with the closing passages of a very interesting preface to the volume—

"The state of literature in this kingdom during the last fifty years has produced the same effect upon poetry that academics produce upon painting; in both arts every possible assistance is afforded to imitative talents, and in both they are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts. Its fairest promise frequently proves deceitful, whereas

\* St. Augustine.

both in painting and music the early indications of genius are unequivocal. The children who were called musical prodigies, have become great musicians; and great painters, as far as their history is known, have displayed in childhood that accuracy of eye, and dexterity of hand, and shaping faculty, which are the prime requisites for their calling. But it is often found that young poets of whom great expectations were formed, have made no progress, and have even fallen short of their first performances. It may be said that this is because men apply themselves to music and to painting as their professions, but that no one makes poetry the business of his life. This, however, is not the only reason: the indications, as has already been observed, are far less certain; and the circumstances of society are far less favourable for the moral and intellectual culture which is required for all the higher branches of poetry, . . . all indeed that deserves the name.

"My advice as to publishing has often been asked by young poets, who suppose that experience has qualified me to give it, and who have not yet learnt how seldom advice is taken, and how little therefore it is worth. As a general rule, it may be said that one who is not deceived in the estimate which he has formed of his own powers, can neither write too much in his youth, nor publish too little. It cannot, however, be needful to caution the present race of poetical adventurers against hurrying with their productions to the press, for there are obstacles enough in the way of publication. Looking back upon my own career, and acknowledging my imprudence, in this respect, I have nevertheless no cause to wish that I had pursued a different course. In this, as in other circumstances of my life, I have reason to be thankful to that merciful Providence which shaped the ends that I had roughly hewn for myself.—*Keswick*, Sept. 30, 1837."

Mr. Creswick's drawings are extremely pretty, and they make more lively the personal interest we feel in the poem they illustrate—the author's modest and beautiful retrospect of the scenes of his boyhood, which is written after Cowper's happiest style.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE BRITISH COLONIZATION OF NEW ZEALAND.

We are delighted to draw the attention of our readers to a little work bearing for its title, "*The British Colonization of New Zealand*," and expressing the views of a society of gentlemen calling themselves the New Zealand Association, and engaged in the project of colonizing and civilizing those islands. The purpose is certainly a very great one, and the mode in which it is to be attempted, as well as the various inducements for attempting it, are set before the public in this little volume.

The situation of New Zealand is well known; it is on the opposite side of the globe to that which we inhabit; so near, indeed, to our antipodes, and in its general dimensions, climate, and insular character so closely resembling the British Islands, that it would require but a little stretch of imagination to fancy the two groups exhibiting upon the surface of the globe a

miniature representation of those twin stars revolving round a common centre which modern astronomy has disclosed to us in the distant regions of space.

This will appear from the following statements with regard to the physical circumstances of that country.

"The islands of New Zealand are situated between the 34th and 48th degrees of south latitude,—and the 166th and 179th degrees of east longitude. They are the lands nearest to the antipodes of Great Britain;—a central point taken in Cook's Strait, which separates, and is about equidistant from the northern and southern extremities, of the two principal islands, being seven hundred miles from the antipodes of London, with the advantage of being, to that extent, nearer to the equator.

"In shape it is an irregular and straggling oblong; and in detached position from the nearest continents, New Zealand bears some resemblance to the British Isles. It resembles them in other matters of greater importance. Like them, surrounded by the sea, it possesses the same means of ready communication and of rapid conveyance, to all parts of its coasts; and the same facilities for an extensive trade, within its numerous bays and rivers. The temperature of the warmer latitudes in which it is placed, is influenced or regulated, as in Great Britain, by the refreshing and invigorating sea breezes, and the whole line of coast abounds with fish, in great variety and of great delicacy.

"By the latest, and, it is believed, the most accurate account, the area of the Northern Island is computed at forty thousand English square miles, while that of the Southern Island,—of which Stewart's Island may be considered an appendage,—is considerably more than one-third larger. The extent of the two islands must be at least ninety-five thousand English square miles, or above sixty millions of square acres.

"The face of the country presents many striking objects to arrest and engage attention. There is a range of vast mountains traversing the centre of the whole length of one island, and the greater part of the other;—bays and harbours are scattered in profusion along the shores of both islands;—and there is a continual succession of rivers and lakes, extensive forests, valleys, open country and plains, from one end of the islands to the other.

"The mountains of New Zealand stretch along the centre of the Southern Island, for its whole length, and along the better half of the Northern Island; and sloping gradually down towards the sea level, leave an immense extent of forest, plain, and pasture, on both sides of the mountain range, between it and the sea. A few of the smaller mountains are barren or clothed with fern; but by far the greater number are covered, up to the range of perpetual snow, by magnificent timber of enormous size, and of great variety of kinds.

"These mountains, from their vicinity to all parts of the island, and their great elevation, exercise a constant and most beneficial influence on the climate and vegetation. The clouds which collect on their lofty summits, descend and disperse in refreshing and never failing showers, over the whole extent of the country. Hence the luxuriance and rapidity of vegetation; the never-fading foliage of the trees, and the equal temperature and salubrity of the climate throughout the whole year. Innumerable streams descend from them, on both sides, supplied from the perpetual snows, on their summits, and collecting into deep and navigable rivers, fall into the sea, on both sides of the island, at a distance from their source, in some instances of two hundred, and in several of above a hundred miles. To the same cause may be ascribed the absence of droughts and hot

winds, which constantly threaten, and too often blight, the crops and pastures of some parts of Australia. In fine, from all accounts that have been obtained, the climate of New Zealand would seem to combine the warmth of Southern Italy with the refreshing moisture and bracing atmosphere of the English Channel."

But if we wish to contrast the two countries in a moral as well as in a physical and geographical point of view, we must refer to a period two thousand years gone by; for New Zealand is at this moment, or has been till very lately, in much the same social condition as Britain was when discovered by the Romans. There is the same division of the people into innumerable tribes in almost perpetual hostility with each other—the same unappeasable spirit of retaliation, and the same custom of enclosing themselves for safety within the rudely fortified defences of a mountain's top. They possess, in fact, all the characteristics of a finely developed, high-spirited, but completely savage race. Among them we find, as every where, the traces of religion, but without idolatry, and without sanguinary rites. And yet, if they are superior to the ancient British in being innocent of human sacrifices, they are not less guilty than they were of the practice of cannibalism.

That such a country, inhabited by such a race, offers a fine field for enterprise, there can be no question. It was taken possession of in the name of Great Britain by Captain Cook, and could, with a very little trouble, be completely reduced and made a British province of inestimable value. Such, however, is not the course which could be pursued by any nation at the present day; there must be at least an appearance of respect for national rights; and the act of Captain Cook can only be understood as affecting the right of any foreign nation to the possession of the land, not as affecting its possession by the natives themselves. The consequence has been, that though its inhabitants have remained unsubdued, they have remained uncivilized. It still continues as it was when Cook first discovered it, a beautiful wild spot, overrun by luxuriant vegetation, and inhabited by a fine warlike untutored race, affording a most interesting specimen of that stage of social existence which history has described to us as the primitive state of almost every people, but which the rapid increase of power in civilized nations is very likely, at no distant period, to efface from the earth; not now, as in ancient times, by an overwhelming conquest of the savage by the civilized race, and a random mixture of conquerors and conquered into one people, but either by a gradual, creeping, underhand process of extermination without any manifest and open outrage of national rights, or by a plan deliberately undertaken, and conscientiously and intelligently carried forward for conferring upon the savage people all the blessings without any of the curses of civilization. A specimen of the former method of removing from a country the savage character of its inhabitants, we have had in the melancholy extinction of the red Indians of Newfoundland; a specimen of the latter method is now promised to us in the civilization of New Zealand.

But although there has been no national movement, on the part of the British empire, for the conquest or colonization of New Zealand, it is at this moment under the influence of two distinct processes, which, on a very small scale, are closely analogous to the two methods for effacing the savage character which ha e



been just referred to. About the beginning of the present century there was a general movement in favour of suffering and ignorant humanity among all the best and most enlightened people in our own and in other countries; hence the amazing efforts which have been made to disseminate the Scriptures throughout the world, to put a stop to the slave trade and to slavery, and to send Christian missionaries into the remotest regions. In prosecuting these exertions, New Zealand was not neglected. First, the Church Missionary Society, and afterwards the Wesleyan Missionary Society, established stations on different quarters of the Northern Island, where, after exposing themselves to imminent peril for a great many years, the missionaries were at length rewarded for all their pains and dangers by witnessing the most happy results of their labour of love. A number of instances of the effect of these exertions are mentioned in a portion of the little work before us, and a mere enumeration of its contents will be sufficient to show the deeply interesting character of the information it contains.

## DESCRIPTION OF NEW ZEALAND.

## SECTION IV.

“General character of New Zealanders, as modified by intercourse with Europeans—1. Evidence before Select Committee of the House of Commons, of the Home officers of the Church and Wesleyan Missionaries, with quotations from Correspondence of the Missionaries resident in New Zealand—Progress of native industry,—Carpentering, sawing, fencing, digging wells, farming, ploughing, carting, &c.—Progress of Religion—Observance of Sabbath—Early attendance at Church—Native Schools—Demand for Books—Honesty—Chiefs come from a great distance for a Book—Natives ‘civil, courteous, honest and teachable’—Native Itinerant Teachers—2. Evidence of Rev. W. Yate—Anxiety for Instruction—Beneficial effects produced by Missions—Mediation of Missionaries accepted to put an end to a war—Consequent extension of their influence—Converted Natives not molested by their Heathen Brethren—General remarks on acquired habits of Natives—Account by Native Chiefs of the objects of Missionaries—Liberated Slaves from mission Districts become Teachers at their distant Homes—Honesty of Natives—3. Evidence of Thomas Trapp, Esq., and Letter from H. Oakes, Esq., as to altered habits of Natives—4. Letter from Rev. W. White, to Rev. Samuel Hinds, D.D., 11th September, 1837—Conduct of two young Chiefs, in repaying, by the labour of several years, money advanced to them to purchase part of their family lands when about to be sold—Natives becoming Christians paid off debts due to Europeans, previously evaded for years—Merchants give them credit to a large amount—Natives offer, in 1837, to fulfil a sale of lands made in 1826, and never taken possession of, or claimed by any one, during that interval—5. Specimens of Native correspondence.”

But while these exertions have been made with these happy results in the sphere of action to which they extend, a process of another kind has been going on far more actively in almost every quarter of these fair islands. The situation and lawless character of New Zealand, have long afforded a favourite and congenial asylum to those desperate characters who escape, or are thrown off from the more orderly communities of their fellow-men. Such are the convicts,

who with the irons still fastened to their legs, break loose from the penal settlements on the coast of New Holland, and trusting themselves to the waves in a stolen boat, or secreting themselves on board some vessel, at length find themselves at large on the shores of New Zealand. Such are the dregs and outcasts of the whaling vessels, men too bad even for the rough company of the ship, and who by choice or necessity are cast ashore upon these islands. These sink at once into the savage state, or employ their superior knowledge to degrade still lower the unhappy tribes among which they are thrown; others pursue the same deteriorating and destructive course in a more systematic manner, and with a keener eye to sordid interest. These are they who lay out the money which they have amassed by picking up whalebone along the shores in the purchase of a cask of rum, and infect the native New Zealanders with the worst habit of British society.

That such men adopting such practices should thwart the labours of the missionaries, and should regard them with feelings of the most diabolical aversion and animosity, is too obvious to need assertion, but the fact is amply illustrated by a large collection of statements of the most painful character in the little volume before us. It will be enough in this case too, to enumerate the contents of a particular chapter, leaving our readers to obtain more explicit information in the work itself.

## DESCRIPTION OF NEW ZEALAND.

## SECTION III.

*Existing State of British Colonization in New Zealand.*

“Evidence of the Rev. William Yate, Church Missionary; Fraud practised against a Chief, at Bay of Islands; War occasioned by a British Captain, terminated by the Church Missionaries; Effects of Settlement of escaped Convicts; Twenty-five young Natives kidnapped from their homes, by a British Captain, and delivered up to their enemies, but saved by the Church Missionaries; Runaway Convicts and Rovers in Bay of Islands; their Conduct; Corrosive Sublimates given to Natives, by a British Captain, to destroy their Enemies; frequent Murders of Natives, by British.—2. Evidence of Thomas Trapp, Esq.; Crimes introduced by British.—3. Letter of the Rev. Mr. Marsden; British take part in Native Wars.—4. Letter from *Sydney Herald*, 20th March, 1837; State of Crime in Bay of Islands.—5. Extract from *Sydney Herald*; Murder of a Native by a Sailor.—6. Letter of the Rev. William Whyte, Wesleyan Missionary, to the Rev. Samuel Hinds, D.D., 11th Sept., 1837; Treachery and Murder, by an English Captain, of several Natives; Murder of a Native Slave by an English Captain; Murder of a Lascar by an Englishman; Employment, by an Englishman, in a fit of Jealousy, of a Native to commit a Murder; Attempt to impose on Natives, by threatening them with the British Government; by fabricating False Papers; Attempt to engage them in wilful and vindictive Fire-raising; Shooting at Natives; Three instances of Murder of Englishmen by their own countrymen; One of Wounding with deadly intent; and one of wilful Fire-raising with an intent to destroy Life; the Perpetrators of the last Outrage ordered by an Assembly of Chiefs to quit the Island.—7. Extract from *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*; Cruelties to Natives: above a Hundred Murders in Two or Three Years.”

Under these circumstances what are we to do? ought we, from a sensitive apprehension of the possible consequences of introducing a powerful British influence among a savage people, to let things remain as they are, and stand by, the calm spectators of the struggle between a few missionaries stationed in the outskirts of this wide country, and these wretches burrowing in every corner of the islands, and every where presenting the horrid spectacle of civilized men corrupting savages? or ought we not as a nation to seize the opportunity for trying, once at least in the history of the human race, whether it may not be possible by one and the same movement to check the progress of evil, to promote the spread of civilization and Christianity, to open a glorious field for British enterprise of every kind, and to lay the foundations of a great and happy people, not struggling up unassisted and alone from barbarism to civilization, but intermingled with ourselves, fostered and educated by us with parental care, associating with us as our equals, and ere long perhaps united to us by the closest and dearest ties of human relationship? Oh, but it is absurd, and self-devoted, and nonsensical, and chivalrous, and romantic! Then be it so. But to these absurd, romantic, chivalrous, nonsensical dispositions what do we not owe! May we not trace to them every ennobling and elevating characteristic which as a nation we possess! Is it not by such traits in the page of history that our infant spirits are warmed up to generosity and courage? and shall we not rejoice at any prospect which may redeem us from the bitter necessity of repeating in our riper years, with a daily increased conviction of its truth, that celebrated, but heart-withering sentence, "The days of chivalry are gone!"

But, however we may regard them, such seem to be the objects of the gentlemen whose intentions with respect to New Zealand are indicated by the little volume before us; and it appears likely that if they act up to their intentions they will meet with no opposition, but with every possible encouragement from the native inhabitants. The following statements are made by Mr. Whyte, for many years a Wesleyan missionary upon the island.

"1st, I am not aware of the existence of one tribe in New Zealand which does not wish for the residence of Europeans amongst them. 2d, All the tribes with whom I am acquainted are not only anxious for the residence of white men amongst them, but will generally expend much time, and be at great pains to secure them to reside with them—even men of the lowest grade, rather than be without them. 3d, I have been personally and repeatedly applied to by all the principal chiefs on the western coast, from 35° to 38° 30' south latitude, to use my influence, if possible, to secure respectable Europeans to reside amongst them. . . . At Kaipara, by far the most important district on the western coast of New Zealand, and certainly the very best harbour yet discovered, the chiefs proposed, a short time before I left New Zealand, that I should, if possible, on my arrival in England, induce at least a hundred families to go and settle with them in a body. 'Then,' said they, 'we shall have a Pah—place of refuge—and quietly pursue our several avocations, without the various interruptions which occur in the present state of things.' . . .

It has long been my most ardent wish that such a colony as is now contemplated should be formed; and

that a perfect establishment; that is, the British nation in miniature, governed by equitable laws, influenced by truly Christian principles, and prompted by evangelical and philanthropic motives. Provided always, that the British Government distinctly recognize and guarantee to the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand their rights and independence as a nation. Such an establishment, I hesitate not to say, is not only what the present circumstances and condition of New Zealand requires, but what is most ardently and universally desired by the natives themselves."—p. 254, &c.

So far Mr. Whyte. The following is the declaration of Houghi and Wycato, two distinguished New Zealand chiefs, when they visited England in 1820. It is their own statement, as written down by Mr. Kendal, from their dictation.

"They wish to see King George, the multitude of his people, what they are doing, and the goodness of the land. Their desire is to stay in England one month, and then to return; they wish for at least one hundred people to go with them. They are in want of a party to dig the ground in search of iron; an additional number of blacksmiths; an additional number of carpenters; and an additional number of preachers, who will try to speak in the New Zealand tongue, in order that they may understand them. They wish also twenty soldiers to protect their own countrymen, the settlers, and three officers to keep the soldiers in order. The settlers are to take cattle over with them. There is plenty of spare land in New Zealand, which will be readily granted to the settlers. These are the words of Houghi and Wycato."—p. 266.

Of a similar character were the words of George, another of their chiefs, who had been at Port Jackson in New Holland. "This country," said he, speaking of New Zealand, "is finer than Port Jackson, yet the English go and settle there. Our people are much better than the black natives of New South Wales; and yet you English live among them in preference to us."—p. 269. Nor would room be wanting for the purposes of British colonization, as appears from the following information:

"Another argument in favour of the colonization of New Zealand, arises from the want of a sufficient native population for so extensive and fertile a country. There is abundance and to spare of vast unoccupied territory, without encroaching on what is required by the native population,—a surplus which they are most anxious to sell.

"The number of the inhabitants is very small, quite insignificant in proportion to the immense fertile territory they possess.

"There is little regular culture undertaken by the aborigines, except those few in the vicinity of the missionary settlements, and of the harbours frequented by Europeans, and that is merely in detached patches. The quantity of land brought under cultivation is a mere nothing, in comparison with the boundless primeval forests, whose magnificent timber has been thriving undisturbed, and enriching the soil with its decomposed vegetable matter for thousands of years, and with those undulating downs and savannahs where the flax grows wild on millions of acres—a fact most important with a view to colonization! We have ascertained from a careful perusal of all that has been written on the subject, and from inquiry among those that have visited the country, that in the southern island there is no agriculture or appropriation of lands to in-

terfere with colonization; and that in the northern island, where the missionaries are, the quantity cannot amount to more than a very few thousand acres. The inhabitants live almost entirely upon fish, birds, roots, and the uncultivated productions of the earth. The fisheries alone, if properly conducted, would support five times the actual population. The aborigines are in fact no charge upon the soil."—p. 271, &c.

But to carry on this project for the civilization of New Zealand, and the foundation of a new people, various means and appliances are needed. Among these may be mentioned, in the first place, the countenance and assistance of the British Legislature; and in the next place, a sufficient number of persons of all classes, willing and able to prosecute these objects, and to engraft a healthy scion from the British tree, upon the wild, but not ignoble growth of those distant islands.

It has been proposed to her Majesty's Government, and will be submitted to Parliament, that a special authority should be created for the purpose of administering the whole proposed system of colonization; and a few persons of station and character, not necessarily connected with the undertaking by any private interest, would be selected from amongst its originators and most zealous patrons, and under the name of "*Founders of Settlements in New Zealand*," would, according to the plan now before Government, be appointed by an Act of Parliament after approval by the Crown, and vacancies in their body would be filled up by the Crown. They would form a corporation, and would be authorized to make treaties with the native tribes for cessions of territory and all other purposes; to administer upon lands ceded to the Crown, the whole system of colonization, including the receipt and expenditure of the colonial funds; to establish courts in the settlements for the administration of British law; to make regulations for local purposes, having the force of law within the settlements; to exempt natives in the settlements from the operation of some British laws, which are inapplicable to their present uncivilized state, and to make special regulations for their government; to provide for the defence and good order of the settlements by means of a militia, a colonial force of regulars, and a colonial marine; to delegate portions of their authority to bodies or individuals resident in the settlements; and to appoint and remove at pleasure all such officers as they may require for carrying the whole measure into effect.

These are the general views of the association with regard to the provisional government; the only matter of detail upon which they have expressed their anxious wishes, as involving the recognition of the most important principles, and being of the greatest consequence to the prosperity of the entire undertaking, is that which regards the religious provision of the colony. And we are most happy to state, that while it is proposed to defray from the common fund of the colony the expense of erecting places of worship, and of paying the officiating ministers, without giving a preference to any one body of Christians, it is also proposed, with an especial reference to those missionary bodies who have been for so many years spending their energies upon the moral improvement of the islanders, and with a view to the continuation and extension of this work in the most effectual manner, and for the general benefit of all, that the Crown

should be authorized to appoint a bishop for New Zealand, the colony defraying all the expenses. We need not say that this proposal has our most unqualified approbation.

Indeed we find it difficult to imagine any grounds upon which the British legislature, or any of its members, should refuse to co-operate with the gentlemen of the New Zealand Association to the full extent of their desires, inasmuch as it is a request to be permitted to confer upon the mother country the greatest possible benefits, without involving it in the slightest danger or expense.

The benefits which it would confer upon the mother country are, first, an increase of territory—and, consequent upon this, an increase in the number and wealth of her subjects, and in her power and greatness, as compared with other nations, a new field for British enterprise, a new direction for British industry. Of this ample evidence is given in a portion of the work, entitled *Trade and Shipping*, and to be found at page 338; it is sufficient to mention the whale fishery, the timber trade, and the flax trade, together with a very considerable import and export trade, as already in existence.

Secondly, It would afford a favourable outlet for the superabundant population of the mother country, and a favourable opportunity for trying the new system of colonization which she has adopted.

The fact of an extreme redundancy of population in the British island, is one which need not now be confirmed by many arguments. The question is how to dispose of this population for their own benefit and the good of the country, and how to regulate the impulses which contribute to its production. To check population by imposing an iron fetter on the most amiable affections of our nature is a barbarous and unhallowed thing, and has led to unmentionable horrors; moreover, it is impracticable, for no one would dream of enforcing it by law, and it would take ages to give universal vogue to such opinions upon the subject as should lead to any perceptible results. It is vain to say abstain from marriage in order that you may stay at home and have plenty to eat and to drink, when there is a law beyond all human laws, which says increase and multiply—a law not acting on our consciences, but impressed upon our natures, and prompting all the movements of the human race. In obedience to this law, the world has ever been in a state of progressive emigration; and in the many-featured migratory picture which is presented to us in the history of the world, we have records or evidence of every varied form of emigration, from those which have issued in the production of the wildest specimens of savage life, to those which have laid the foundation of the mightiest states and empires.

From all these it is given to us to gain wisdom, and such wisdom we need—for facts would seem to imply, that with all the knowledge and illumination of the nineteenth century, we might learn much upon the subject of colonization, not only from the Greeks and Romans, but from our own rude ancestry among the northern hordes. The sending forth of a colony was, with the Greeks, a solemn and religious ceremonial; provision was made for the maintenance in the new state of every institution, every recollection, every habit and affection of the mother city; even the fire which was to burn in the temple to be erected by the emigrants was kindled at the altar before



which their ancestors had worshipped. The Romans being a military people, their colonies had a military character; and whenever, therefore, it was deemed expedient, according to the technical term "*deducere colonias*," such colony was solemnly organized by law upon the model of an army; for strict discipline, mutual dependence, and reciprocal obedience and protection, were deemed as necessary to secure the ultimate well-being of a colony as to succeed in a military expedition.

The mode in which our northern ancestors proceeded in their emigrations is described to us by Machiavelli. He tells us that the whole nation divided itself into three equal portions, each containing the same number of rich and poor, of nobles and common people, and then decided by lot which of the three was to go and seek for a new home, while the other two remained to enjoy the comfort of a widened territory. This was the surest method of maintaining the powers and characteristic features of the parent nation in the new settlement, and it left the most striking marks of its success; for what, in fact, was the whole feudal system but the Gothic method of colonizing?

But how have we colonized in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries? Why, in one direction we have treated the world to—penal colonies, forsooth, plantations of crime! In another direction our colonies have answered the description of the Roman historian—"Ignoti inter se, diversis manipulis, sine rectore, sine affectibus, mutuis, quasi ex alio genere mortalium repente in unum collecti numerus magis quam colonia!" while, in another direction, by affording an opportunity for observing the tendencies of human society when immense tracts of land are occupied by very few individuals, we have made it easier to account for the phenomenon of savage life! But it is never too late to be wise; and we are happy to say that symptoms of returning wisdom have already been exhibited by the genius of British colonization.

The new system of colonization is luminously described in the work before us, and presents matter of the deepest interest quite independently of its bearings upon the colonization of New Zealand.

After enumerating the various evils which in every case have resulted, and in the nature of things must result from the usual custom of *granting* large tracts of land to the original settlers of a colony—a practice built upon the fallacy that land is valuable intrinsically, and without reference to our power of using it—and after illustrating the evils of this system by the miseries attendant upon its adoption on a very gross scale in the Swan River settlement, our author thus proceeds:—

"The grand object of an improved system in the disposal of waste land, was to regulate the supply of new land by the real wants of the colonists, as that land should never be either superabundant or deficient, either too cheap or too dear. And it was soon perceived, upon inquiry, that the due proportion between people and land might be constantly secured, by abandoning altogether the system of *grants*, and requiring an uniform *price* per acre for all new land without exception. If the price be not too low, it deters speculators from obtaining land with a view to leaving their property in a desert state, and thus prevents injurious dispersion; it also, by compelling every labourer to work for wages until he has saved the only means of obtaining land, ensures a supply of labour for hire.

If, on the other hand, the price be not too high, it neither confines the settlers within a space inconveniently narrow, nor does it prevent the thrifty labourer from becoming a landowner after working some time for wages.

"A sufficient, but not more than sufficient, price for all new land, is the main feature of the new system of colonization. It obviates every species of bondage; by providing combinable labour, it renders industry very productive, and maintains both high wages and high profits; it makes the colony as attractive as possible, both to capitalists and to labourers; and not merely to these, but also, by bestowing on the colony the better attributes of an old society, to those who have a distaste for the primitive condition of new colonies heretofore. But this is not all.

"Though the sole *object* of the price be to secure the most desirable proportion between people and land, the plan of selling has this farther incidental *result*: it produces a revenue. The revenue which the United States obtain by the sale of waste land, at the little more than nominal price of 5s. 7½d. per acre, amounts to about £4,000,000 sterling a-year. In New South Wales, where the upset price of waste land sold by auction is only 5s. per acre, where the population does not exceed eighty thousand souls, where Lord Howick's regulations did not take effect till 1832, and where, before then, land had been granted with profusion—the sum of between £300,000 and £400,000 has been obtained by the sales of waste land, and the future revenue from this source is estimated, by competent judges, at not less than £200,000 a-year. In the newest British colony, South Australia, which is scarcely founded, sales of waste land, at the rate of 12s. per acre, have produced about £40,000.

"In the new British system, the plan of selling has far other objects than mere revenue, which is considered but as a fortunate incident. The sum of these objects is, the best mode of colonization. But when this is understood, thought naturally falls into the train of suggesting that the revenue incidentally derived from the plan of selling, should not be given up for the general purposes of Government, but should be employed in taking labour to the colony—that is, in causing the best *sort* of colonization to proceed at the greatest possible *rate*. This is the second leading feature of the new British system.

"The employment of the purchase-money of waste land in conveying labourers to the colony has the following effects. It makes the purchasers of land see plainly the great advantage of the plan of selling over the plan of granting; for it palpably returns the purchase-money of land in the shape of labour and population. It secures the objects of a price for all new land, by means of a lower price than would be necessary if the purchase-money were any otherwise employed; for, of course, with a constant influx of people into the colony, the due proportion between people and land may be kept up by a lower price for new land than if there were no such emigration of people. It therefore diminishes the period during which the labourer has to work for hire; for with a lower price, the labourer saves in less time the means of becoming a land-owner. And lastly, by the rapid progress which it imparts to the best sort of colonization, it clearly explains to the labouring class of emigrants, that every one of them who is industrious and thrifty may be sure to become, not merely an owner of land, but also, in his turn, an employer of hired labourers,—a master of servants. Altogether, it renders the colony as attractive as possible, both to capitalists and to labourers.



"These then are the two main features of the new system—that the disposal of waste or public land should be by sale only, and at a sufficient price for the objects in view; and that the purchase-money of land should be employed as an emigration fund. Two less important peculiarities of the system may now be described.

"First, it requires no argument to prove, no reflection to be convinced, that by a certain selection of emigrants, the emigration fund may be made to augment the colonial population at the greatest possible rate—that by selecting for emigrants to be conveyed by that fund, grown-up but young persons in an equal proportion of the sexes, the maximum of effect may be produced with a given expenditure.

"Secondly, either in an established colony, where the previous granting of land had caused so great an excess of land in proportion to people, that the new system could not be expected to operate very effectively for some time, or in founding a colony before the new system had come into operation at all,—in both or either of these cases, the whole effect of that system may be produced at once, by means of *anticipating the future sales of land*,—by means of raising money for emigration on the security of future sales. In the case of founding a colony, there would be less call for thus anticipating future sales, if the capitalists about to emigrate should purchase land before their departure, and should so provide an emigration fund for the incipient colony: or rather this course would be, in fact, an anticipation of future sales—a sale by anticipation. If the sum obtained by it were sufficient for the purposes of the colony, any other mode of anticipation would be unnecessary; but if not, or if at any other time a greater want of labourers should occur than could be immediately supplied by the current sales of land, then future sales might be properly anticipated, by means of a loan for emigration secured on the produce of future sales.

"Such is the whole system which the Legislature has guaranteed for the new colony of South Australia. We have yet to show that this system affords the means of establishing colonies without any charge upon the Government of the mother-country.

"The prospect of a continual supply of labour in due proportion to every increase of appropriated land has led to the expectation that industry will be very productive in South Australia, and therefore that the means of raising a public revenue will increase continually with the progress of population and settlement; and this belief has enabled the commissioners under the South Australian act, having authority for that purpose, to anticipate the future public revenue of the colony, by raising upon that security a loan for public objects. They are also authorized to give as a collateral or joint security for loans raised for public objects, the future produce of sales of land. Upon this joint security, they have actually raised ample funds for establishing and governing the first settlements. The requisite funds, in short, for all purposes, have been provided by the first settlers and others who think well of their undertaking. South Australia does not even appear in the estimates laid before Parliament. With a view to the same end, it is proposed to adopt the same means in the present instance."

The idea developed in the above extract appears to us to be one of those happy plans, combining extreme simplicity with vast comprehensiveness, the observation of which, in the processes of nature, is among the greatest charms of scientific pursuit, and the ap-

plication of which to the circumstances of human life is among the highest prerogatives of genius; and we doubt not that whatever the result may be in the peculiar case of New Zealand, the adoption of this simple, and we are inclined to say this obvious, expedient will lead to consequences of unmeasured magnitude in the whole colonial system of Great Britain, and especially on that theatre which is so well adapted for its exercise—the great Australian continent.

But, thirdly, the projectors of the colonization of New Zealand would confer a benefit upon Great Britain by placing her in the most commanding position for exercising a great maritime influence over all the shores and islands of the Pacific Ocean. New Zealand seems almost as if it had been made for a naval arsenal. Its principal produce is all of that character which fits it for being the mistress of the sea. It possesses timber so suited for the purposes of ship-building, that the British navy is even now supplied with it, gigantic trees naturally shooting up into the highest and requisite dimensions of the mainmast of a man-of-war; flax, the raw material of sails and ropes; and iron and coal, the two great moving powers of modern navigation. Besides this, it possesses harbours of the noblest description on every side, as a mere inspection of the charts contained in the little volume will convince us, and as more fully appears from an elaborate and most interesting account of these harbours, and the bays and rivers which indent the coasts of the several islands mentioned in the second section of that portion of the work which is dedicated to the description of New Zealand.

England has not now to be reminded of the maxim, *Necesse est qui mare teneat cum rerum potiri*. Her present position among the nations of the world is a sufficient exemplification of its truth. But what could tend so greatly to confirm and to extend that power which she derives from the possession of the sea as to have a kind of counterpart of herself on the opposite side of the terrestrial ball, so calculated by natural advantages, and by position, to obtain the most commanding naval influence over the whole of that vast ocean in which it lies?

It cannot be doubted that successive years will make great changes in all the nations of the earth. Australia, and the great islands of the Indian Archipelago, China, Japan, and the eastern and western shores of the North Pacific Ocean, the whole western coast of North and South America, and the almost innumerable islands which are sprinkled over the ocean within these boundaries, cannot remain as they have been till now. As no one would wish them, so no one expects them to remain precisely as they are. We may differ as to what these changes will be, and as to the agency by which they will be effected; but that changes will sooner or later take place throughout the whole extent of these regions, no one can doubt. Let England, then, be upon the spot to hold her ground, to let her influence be felt, to watch and guide the changing phases of society, and make them all contribute at once to the establishment of her own power, and the general advantage of the human race.

Fourthly, the colonization of New Zealand upon the plan proposed by these gentlemen, will be a benefit to the mother-country, by checking and repairing a great evil of which she has been guilty. In despite of the authority of her greatest statesman and philo-

sopher, England has committed the shameful and unblest act of taking the scum of the people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom she has planted. The consequences of this course, in all their hideous deformity, have yet to be revealed, and will come forth, to the amaze and horror of those who shall have the courage to read them, in the printed evidence upon the subject, as taken before a Committee of the House of Commons. But the consequence to which we now refer is, that "the penal settlements of Australia," besides inflicting the direct evils upon the native inhabitants of that country, "have infected with their moral corruption, not only New Zealand, but all the inhabited islands of the Polynesian and Indian Archipelagos."

We agree, with our author, in believing that nothing could be devised more likely to stop and to remedy this disorder, than to make New Zealand a kind of moral centre for the diffusion of high principles and enlightened civilization, through all the neighbouring world; and that for this purpose the best possible course would be to carry to New Zealand, not merely a few distant radiations from our own moral sun, but an integral portion of its substance, burning and blazing with all those glorious thoughts and feelings which have been kindled within us throughout a course of centuries, by all the blessed recollections of our social and religious history.

And here we cannot refuse our admiration to the wisdom—or should we not rather say the providential guidance—which has led these gentlemen, at such a period as the present, to pay the homage which they have to the institutions of the Established Church, and the practice of Christian antiquity, by expressing their anxious wishes for the appointment of a bishop for the future colony. We can hardly conceive of any post in which a Christian bishop might be more useful, or more completely fulfil the purposes for which that office was appointed.

In England the Episcopal office is accompanied, as it ought to be, by those circumstances of outward splendour and prosperity which place the bishop on a footing with the first nobles of the land; and wherever there is a Christian bishop it belongs to his office to occupy a high place in the community of Christians over which he presides; but that place may be consistent with many dangers, and difficulties, and privations.

Let us not, then, suppose, because New Zealand has been, till now, a savage country, and because those who first settle there must meet with many difficulties, and will find themselves for a time under circumstances totally different from those of polished life in England, that therefore it would be unsuitable for the presence of a Christian bishop. We think more highly of the sacred office. We believe it to be an institution of divine appointment, and admirably suited for every varied circumstance of human life. We conceive that such an appointment in the present instance would put a stamp of seriousness and moral elevation upon the whole proceeding; would encourage the colony to sustained and unanimous exertions in favour of the native population; would promote the cultivation of all the nobler qualities of the human mind, and prevent the outbreking of those petty jealousies and bickerings which are so frequently observed to be the peculiar epidemic of new societies.

But if we raise our eyes from its moral effects upon

the colony, to its spiritual bearings upon the whole of that portion of the world, the prospect becomes infinitely extended, and the resulting benefits incalculably increased. For we then behold New Zealand a point of union, and a centre of superintendence for the whole ecclesiastical establishment of the Pacific Ocean—a general headquarters and rendezvous for the missionaries of that portion of the world—itsself a missionary nation. The heart may well kindle at such thoughts.

The next point we promised to refer to was the probability of finding a sufficient number of persons duly qualified to go to the country, and put these projects into execution. We approach this question with a kind of painful interest; for upon its answer depends the success or failure of the whole enterprise. An opening is now presented to the wisdom and worth of England for the formation of a community which might become a model for society, and upon the nucleus of which will depend the character of the future people for ages yet to come. If we start well, and provide sufficiently for the principle of permanence in the new community, ample materials will be found for drawing out, and bringing into exercise, many of the finest qualities of the human mind, and which at home lie dormant from not having a field for their exercise.

The new colony should be English, pre-eminently English; not the caricature English of any particular class or station, but an English formed by the due admixture of all classes, with the various feelings, powers, and dispositions which belong to each, and which, by their mutual action upon one another, produce the English character. But to effect this there must be some, at least, of the highest grade of British society; and what inducement to emigration, it may be asked, could be offered to them? Is it to be supposed that they would give up all the luxuries and comforts, the courtesies and delicate refinements of the polished circles in which they move, to encounter the rugged contest with difficulties which must lie before them in their new scene of existence? Would they not find themselves wholly unable to contend with them, and sink in the struggle? We think not; we have a better opinion of the patrician races of Great Britain, than to believe that they only exist for the enjoyment of luxury; we do not hold that high birth, and a high and generous order of education unfits, but rather qualifies for a contest with difficulties. It was thought at one time that the guards were unfit for battle, but who fought more bravely when the experiment was tried?

It cannot be supposed that those who possess the highest rank, and the greatest fortunes in England, would encounter a long voyage and cut themselves off from all that custom had made most dear, even though it were to add new splendour to an illustrious name by engaging in the heroic work of planting a colony. But there is an old proverb which wisely says, "The younger son the better gentleman;" intimating, that while his equal birth and education give him the same elevated sentiments as his elder brother, the necessity of providing for himself tends to sharpen his faculties and produce a sympathy with his less prosperous neighbours. To such younger sons what high inducements are offered by such an enterprise? Fortunes, which in England would be wholly inadequate to support a gentleman in the rank in which he

was born, would there be sufficient to lay the foundations of a family; and talents, which at home would have no room for development, might there be employed in the noblest occupations of which the human mind is capable.

But it is not only or chiefly to the younger branches of the nobility that we would look for a supply of patrician habits and feelings in the new community. The gentle blood of England is not confined to its nobility, but flows as purely in the veins of many whose ancestors have never been elevated into the highest rank, but have continued from the earliest periods to hand down, through their successive generations, a large store of the most honourable and noblest principles. How large a number of this most valuable class, both male and female, are actually wasting away in England, with no prospect before them but the extinction of their families, and the utter loss to posterity of all those qualities which they have derived from their ancestors! And how is this? Because they are under the iron despotism of the law which forbids to marry. For to associate as an equal with those whose equal he is born, and to leave his posterity in the same rank which has descended to him from his ancestors, is more essential to the happiness of the gentleman, than an assurance of obtaining the necessities of life is essential to the happiness of the labourer. Hence, while the pauper population of Great Britain is increasing with a reckless rapidity, to which the most terrific impulses are given by the irregular ebbs and flowings of manufacturing prosperity, the class of English gentlemen, properly so called, is rapidly diminishing, for he cannot cultivate those arts by which the greatest fortunes are now made, and success in the liberal professions is only granted to a few.

Now such a colony as that which is projected in New Zealand, appears to us to offer precisely that opening which is suited to such a character—ample territory, noble employment, natural combination of beneficence to his fellow-creatures, and the gradual building up of his own fortunes. Nor would such a course be without a precedent; Ferne gives us in his blazon of gentry a coat of arms which intimates that its possessor had gone beyond the seas, and in a distant country had restored his family to opulence by the pursuit of agriculture; and it is well known that the family of Skipwith, one of the most ancient and honourably connected of the British gentry, went over to Virginia, and having remained there for three generations, returned to take its place among the baronets of England. But we should wish in the present instance to see the foundations of a colony from which no return would be needed,—to see so much refinement, so much honourable principle, so much sound learning and unpretending merit, such provisions for the best kind of education, and the cultivation of every quality and every art which can contribute to the happiness and well-being of human creatures, and such an identity of feeling and of interest between New Zealand and Great Britain, that there would never be any need of a return to England in order to find sympathy with homefelt and ancestral recollections.

Another class of the utmost importance to the future community will be that of learned men. Much that disgusts us in modern colonies and new nations arises from ignorance, accompanied by a pretension to wisdom—and nothing will have so powerful an effect for

the prevention of this evil as a large infusion of the learning of the schools. Men of science would also be required to investigate the natural products of the country, and draw out all its resources for the benefit of its inhabitants; and to such men inducements should be offered proportionable to the value of their services.

Having thus formed a nucleus of high qualities and endowments, there would be no lack of numbers to embark in this great enterprise, and a wide field is open for all; and the more numerous the colony, the wider the field will be, and the greater the prosperity of all its members.

It need hardly be stated that this great and novel project must utterly fail, unless it have the cordial co-operation and assistance of the fairest portion of creation. The miseries and utter failures of most colonies have been produced by a gross disproportion between the sexes; and it is wisely intended in the present instance to require that every male emigrant among the labouring portion of the colony shall be accompanied by a wife. It is equally desirable that there should be an exact proportion between the two sexes in the upper classes of the community. But when was there an enterprise requiring energy, self-devotion, and generous enthusiasm, which did not meet with the active and kindling sympathies of British females? Who are the foremost in all charitable institutions; who are the most active in volunteering their instructions to the ignorant; who are the most ready to undergo with cheerfulness whatever pains and difficulties they may have to encounter, when their feelings have assured them that the object to be gained is worth suffering for? We have little fear, therefore, that this enterprise will fail through lack of the assistance of the ladies of England.

From the London Literary Gazette.

## THE DEW-DROP.

THE sky hath its star, the deep mine hath its gem,  
And the beautiful pearl lights the sea;  
But the surface of earth holds a rival for them,  
And a lustre more brilliant for me.

I know of a drop where the diamond now shines,  
Now the blue of the sapphire it gives:  
It trembles—it changes—the azure resigns,  
And the tint of the ruby now lives.

Anon the deep emerald dwells in its gleam  
Till the breath of the south wind goes by,  
When it quivers again, and the flash of its beam,  
Pours the topaz flame swift on the eye.

Look, look on the grass-blade all freshly impearl'd,  
There are all of your jewels in one;  
You may find every wealth-purchased gem in the world,  
In the dew-drop that's kiss'd by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say;  
Juno envies its sparkles and light;  
For 'tis form'd of drops lit by his own burning ray,  
And Olympus shows nothing so bright.

From the Foreign Review.

## THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

1. *Historia de la Dominación de los Arabes en España, sacada de varios manuscritos y memorias Arabigas.* Por el Doctor D. José Antonio Conde, del Gremio y Claustro de la Universidad de Alcalá; Individuo de número de la Academia Española, y de la de la Historia, su Anticuario y Bibliotecario; de la Sociedad Matritense, y Corresponsal de la Academia de Berlin. 3 tom. Madrid.
2. *Historia del Rebelión y Castigo de los Moriscos del Reyno de Granada, hecha por Luis del Marmol Carvajal.* Segunda impresion. 2 tom. Madrid.

GREAT fortunes in literature are sometimes made by men who set out with a very small capital,—he who has only one talent putting it out to good interest and employing it well, while the five with which another has been entrusted are dissipated and make no return. In this, as in other things, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Brilliant powers are not more likely to delight others than they are to lead the possessor astray; but mediocrity, where there is prudence to choose its path wisely, and perseverance to proceed in the path thus chosen, seldom fails of reaching the end at which it aims. *Medio tutissimus ibis*, which is often a false maxim, and sometimes may prove a fatal one, holds good here, in literature as well as in the daily business of the world. D. José Antonio Conde, the late historian of the Spanish Moors, affords an example of this. Without any other requisite for the task which he had undertaken than a full share of industry, he has secured for himself a permanent place in Spanish literature; and having fixed upon a subject which is equally attractive and important, he has attained a reputation in other countries as well as in his own.

The first volume of his work, and the only one which the author lived to carry through the press, comprises the history of the Ommeyyades in Spain. The second takes in the subsequent ages of anarchy, with the rise and fall of the Almoravides and Almohades. The third relates chiefly to Granada—the last, and, for that reason, the most interesting of the Moorish states. This is the most popular, if not the most splendid, portion of Moorish history; it has a moral, melancholy character,—the rise and progress of a state, indeed, are always less impressive to a reflective reader than its decline and fall; the strong features both of the Moorish and Spanish mind are nowhere more forcibly displayed than here; our present attention, therefore, will be directed to this, with its dreadful sequel, the persecution and final expulsion of the Moriscos.

Granada, which is supposed to have been founded and named by certain Jews there gathered together, after the final dispersion of their nation, became the metropolis of the Spanish Moors in the early part of the thirteenth century, at a time when, in Moorish language, the precious flock of the Moslem was daily assailed and worried by the wolves. They had received an irrecoverable overthrow in the great battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, a battle which, divested of its machinery of miracles, is admitted by their historians to have been as decisive and destructive as the Spaniards describe it; nothing succeeded with them, they say, after Alonso, whom God curse! achieved

that victory. Mahommedan empires are established by force and kept together by fear; that of the Almohades, having no other foundation and no other support, was now subverted. Aben Mahommed, the Green Miramamolín, recrossed the straits after his defeat, and from that time the African and Spanish Moors, though often in alliance, were never again united under one sovereign. The Walies and Petty Royalets asserted, each for himself, a precarious independence; and the Moslem being thus divided, unity and policy, as well as power, were wanting either to take advantage of favourable occasions when they occurred, or to make head against the Spaniards, who were now, with consolidated strength, steadily pursuing the determined purpose of recovering what, after the lapse of five centuries, they still regarded as their rightful country. During this anarchy the Castilians approached Granada, and the inhabitants, to save their fertile plains from devastation, submitted to become vassals to the crown of Castille, bound themselves to pay tribute, and set at liberty their Christian captives. This was shortly after the accession of that king Ferdinand, who was canonized in the seventeenth century. In consequence, perhaps, of the respite from war which had thus been obtained, it became a place of ready refuge for those who retired or fled before the progress of his arms. The people of Alhambra, of Baeza, and of other towns, removed thither. Confidence as well as strength was acquired by the accession of numbers; for the Moors, though broken, were not yet either a fallen or a degenerate nation; and when Aben Hud, a brave and enterprising chief, who was descended from the kings of Zaragoza, having collected a band of adventurers in the district of Uxixar, assumed the title of king of the Spanish Moslem, he made Granada the capital of his kingdom, and fortified it so well, that Ferdinand, having advanced near enough to observe it, did not deem it prudent to attempt a siege.

Aben Hud was not wanting either in sagacity or in courage, but means and fortune failed him; while, on the other hand, Ferdinand obtained a formidable accession of strength by succeeding to the crown of Leon, which, after that time, was never again separated from Castille. The Spaniards had thus but one object in view, but Aben Hud's attention was distracted by a twofold danger. At the commencement of his career he had declared against the Almohades, and appealing against them to the religious feelings of the people, he abolished the innovations which these Africans had imported, put on mourning for the heresy with which the land had so long been defiled, and purified the mosques with water and fumigations from the desecrations which they had suffered. He succeeded in this struggle, but it was a war wherein his personal interests were pursued at the expense of the Mahommedan cause. And afterwards when Cordoba was attacked by Ferdinand, and Valencia at the same time by Jayme the Conqueror, and the people of both cities looked to him for deliverance, the desire of having his authority recognised in the east of Spain led him into an error of judgment, and he set out for Valencia, thinking that Cordoba could defend itself till he should return with increase of strength and the reputation of victory. But this disheartened the Cordobans, and they surrendered their city, "almighty and merciful God having ordained," says Garibay, "that its redemption, after so many centuries of servitude, should be brought about, and that his holy



name should be exalted there, and the sect of Mahommed extirpated." The Moorish historian considers it as an unavertable fatality written upon the tables of adamant by the hand of Providence. "The Christians," he says, "set up their crosses upon the towers, and profaned the great mosque of Abdarrahan." Ferdinand made it one of the conditions upon which he granted the inhabitants their lives, that they should carry back the bells of Santiago's church on their shoulders to Compostella, from whence Almanzar had made his Christian captives bear them, as trophies of his victory, to the great mosque, wherein they were hung, reversed, for lamps.

Cordoba is represented by the Archbishop Rodrigo as being in magnitude the fourth city of the then known world—the three which exceeded it were Rome, Constantinople, and Seville; that of Seville, because of its commerce, having outgrown the old metropolis of the Moorish empire. Cordoba was the place by the loss of which, more than by any other reverse of fortune, the Moors would be dispirited; it had been the seat of the Omeyyades, whose names will ever appear illustrious in history; and it was received among the Moors for a tradition, as if they had caught the habit of inventing religious falsehoods from their neighbours, that Mahommed had preached his doctrine there in person. Aben Hud, on his way to Valencia, was murdered at Almeria by the alcaide; he had received the wages of ambition, a reign of pomp and over-raised renown having produced perpetual disquiet to himself, and drawn after it the destruction of his family, and entailed dangers, calamities, sorrow, and ruin, says the Moorish writer, upon the Moslem. His brother attempted to succeed him, but was presently put to death, and the alcaide of Almeria then invited Mahommed Ben Nazar Aben Alahmar to take possession of the vacant throne.

Alahmar, (so named, like William Rufus, from the colour of his hair,) with whom the last of the Moorish dynasties commences, was a native of Argona, and of so humble a birth that he had been a shepherd—upon which occasion, a Spanish, or perhaps an Arabian proverb is remembered, that there is no king who is not derived from a shepherd stock. He was master of Argona and Jaen when this wider scene was opened to him; but Aben Hud's kingdom had not been long enough established to hold together after his death; one chieftain rose up with Niebla and Algarve, another with Murcia, and Seville, in an evil hour for the Moors, tried the experiment of something like a popular government. The Red King, however, was received at Granada, and soon became as popular in that city as he deserved to be; for the people perceived that he was temperate in his life, frugal in his court, magnificent in his public works, and provident in his government. He strengthened the frontiers, repaired the walls, established in Granada schools and colleges, hospitals for the sick, retreats for the poor, the old, and the stranger, public ovens, baths, and slaughter-houses, adorned the city with fountains, and secured the fertility of the adjacent country by abundant water-courses. These things could not be done without laying an additional impost upon the people; but it was paid willingly, because they saw that the revenue was well expended, and felt the benefit of a well-directed expenditure. Alahmar himself inspected the schools, colleges, hospitals, and almshouses, and administered justice in person to rich and poor twice in

every week. He had but few women in his harem, and seldom saw them, taking care, however, that they should have every enjoyment compatible with their condition. His wives were daughters of the principal chieftains in his dominions; these he treated with great affection, and it is remarked, that he kept them upon amicable terms with each other, for which all his address was required: this is the observation of a Moor, who, with all that knowledge of the evils arising from polygamy, which his employment as an historian must have given him, probably never entertained a doubt concerning the propriety of such a system.

But though Alahmar was, indeed, as he is called, the single pillar of the Mahommedan state in Spain, he found it hopeless to oppose Ferdinand; and having seen his native place, Argona, taken, and suffered a severe defeat during the siege of Jaen, he found no safer course than that of repairing to Ferdinand in his camp before that city, kissing his hand in token of submission, and trusting to his generosity for terms of peace which might be to be endured. The sense of humanity had long been extinguished both in Moor and Christian, by the intolerant and exasperated spirit with which their wars were carried on; but there still remained on both sides a high and chivalrous sense of honour. Ferdinand received him liberally; required from him a certain yearly tribute, as also that Alahmar should attend at the Cortes whenever he was summoned with the Ricos Hombres of Castille, and that he should assist him when called upon with a stipulated number of horse: no surrender of territory was exacted. Granada had so lately been tributary, and Moors and Christians, since the first appearance of the Almoraides in Spain, had so often suspended for a while their religious animosity, to act in concert against a common enemy, that these terms were in reality less humiliating than they appear. Alahmar having thus averted the immediate evils of war from his remaining dominions, endeavoured to mitigate its horrors where it was still carried on; and for that purpose requested Ferdinand to enjoin that no place should be stormed before means of persuasion had been tried; and that when stormed, women and children and old men should be spared, and as many as were unarmed and offered no resistance: he himself, by his messengers, advised submission where he knew that defence would not avail; and Ferdinand not unwillingly consented to a request, which it was not only humane, but politic to grant. In obedience to the terms of this treaty, Alahmar served with a force of cavalry at the siege of Seville. The Moslem, says the historian, then lost that beautiful city; its towers and mosques were filled with crosses and idols, and the sepulchres of the faithful were profaned. The Red King saw but too clearly that these aggrandisements and continual successes of the Spaniards must bring about at length the total ruin of the Moors; but he had something more to comfort him than the sad consolation of a fatalist's creed; for he thought it likely that on some future change of kings the Spanish kingdoms might fall asunder as they had before done, and he trusted that Providence would not abandon the faithful. In this state of mind he returned to Granada, where the people received him as their friend and benefactor; and where they continued, as long as he lived, to enjoy the great but dearly-purchased blessings of a benevolent despotism. He commenced that splendid building in the

Alhambra, which still remains to testify the taste as well as the magnificence of the Moorish kings. He caused mines of gold and silver to be worked; he was careful that his coins in both metals should be of sterling value, and well struck. He encouraged the production and manufacture of silk, till the fabric of Granada exceeded that of Syria. He attended carefully to the education of his three sons; and he amused his intervals of leisure with gardening and with reading history, or hearing it read.

During Ferdinand's life the peace continued. Alahmar mourned for him; and, as a further mark of voluntary respect to his memory, sent always, on the anniversary of his death, an hundred men with an hundred large tapers of white wax, to be placed about his tomb. The treaty was renewed with Alonso the Wise; "but the Red King," so his historian says, "knew that the Christians, being natural enemies of the Moors, would, upon slight occasion, be moved to injure them; that wormwood and colocintida never lose their bitterness, and that it is in vain to look for grapes from the bramble." Doing, therefore, not as he wished, but as he expected to be done by, he took what seemed a favourable opportunity for breaking the treaty; yet so as to reserve a plausible ground for renewing it, if the necessity, which in his heart he deprecated, should occur. The scheme failed, because certain Walies rebelled against Alahmar; and to set against the loss of Xerez, Sidonia, Rota, Solucar, Nebrissa, and Arcos, he had only the melancholy advantage of increasing the population of Granada and its more immediate territory, by the miserable refugees from those places. Some intrigues on the part of Alonso's queen, Violante, occasioned by envy of her sister, afforded him, according to these Moorish accounts, the opportunity he wanted, of renewing the peace. But he was preparing again to take advantage of the dissensions at the Castilian court, when, at the great age of eighty-one, he was summoned to his account. No king was ever more sincerely or more justly lamented by his people. His body was deposited in a silver coffin, and a golden epitaph upon his tomb proclaimed that he had been the strength of Islam, the ornament of the human race, the glory of the day and of the night, the sword of truth, the lion of war, the shower of generosity, and the dew of mercy to his people.

His son and successor, Mahommed, visited Alonso at Seville, and was knighted by that king in the customary forms, as far as those forms could be observed towards a Mahommedan. He was well versed in the Spanish tongue, and Violante, the queen, is represented as taking an undue advantage of the familiar intercourse which she was thus enabled to hold with him, and entrapping him into a promise of suspending the measures which he was about to take for reducing some of his revolted Walies. Offended at this, perceiving that those Walies were secretly favoured by the Spaniards, and perceiving also that the remains of the Moorish power in Andalusia were only preserved, and that precariously, by his management, he invited the Beni-Merines from Africa. Abu Juzef accordingly crossed the Straits with a formidable army, and in the first action, near Ecija, the Spaniards were defeated; their commander, D. Nuño Gonzalez de Lara, "fighting like a lion," was slain; and with the tidings of the victory, Abu Juzef sent his head to the King of Granada. Welcome as the tidings of victory

were, Mahommed covered his face in horror when he saw the head; for Nuño had been his own and his father's friend—had been present at his father's death, had attended at his funeral, and had been one of the persons who, when the succession, as usual in Mahommedan states, was disputed, had taken an active part in his elevation to the throne. "Alas, alas, good friend," he exclaimed, "thou hast not deserved this at my hands!" And rendering all honours that could be paid to his memory, he had the head preserved with camphor, deposited it in a precious casket of silver, and sent it with a suitable escort to Cordoba for interment. The African, had he pursued his advantage with the vigour of the old Miramamolins, might have seriously endangered Alonso, a prince whose wisdom and whose weakness equally unfitted him for sovereignty in such an age. Instead of this, he entered into a truce for two years, neither consulting nor communicating with Mahommed; and the King of Granada, regretting that he had put this selfish ally in possession of Algeziras and Tarifa, which were the keys of Andalusia, found to his cost, that "in the Creator alone may man put his trust; God being our only true protector." Alonso's character was one of which the Mahommedans could fully appreciate the better parts; they describe him as a wise and intelligent person, skilled in philosophy, astrology, and mathematics—humane and generous, beneficent to all, and living in habits of liberal intercourse with learned men, whether Moalem, Jews, or Christians. When, therefore, his grey hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave, they speak of him without assigning him a place in Gehennah, or imprecating a curse upon his soul. When Abu Juzef proposed to renew the truce with his son Sancho, that prince, who had deserved the appellation of *El Bravo*, replied, "that he was equally disposed for the sweet or the sour, and the Moor might choose which he would." This reply was considered as an insult, and the Mahommedan chiefs and princes held a council how to proceed.

At this meeting, Abu Juzef represented to Mahommed, that to him, as king of Granada, the preservation of the Moslem in Spain principally belonged; that he would act unwisely if he relied upon the king of Castille's friendship—for swine could eat acorns, and goats take to the mountains, and just as naturally would the Christians seize every occasion of weakening and injuring them—submitting to make peace only when they were unable to carry on war, not for any repugnance at the horrors and atrocities which war brings with it, nor for humanity and good-will. To the Walies, who had occasioned so many difficulties to Alahmar, he observed that they must either acknowledge obedience to the king of Granada, or to him, seeing they could not maintain the independence which they assumed; but the Walies, in that spirit which had brought on the decay of the Moorish empire, replied, that although they would willingly unite with any Mahommedan power against the Christians, they would not submit to be trampled upon by any, and if the attempt were made, would seek for protection and support wherever it might be found. The conference, therefore, was broken up. After Sancho was cast into Gehenna, "God strengthened the feet of Mahommed, and he recovered many places which had been occupied by the Spaniards, though he failed in his attempts upon Tarifa and Jaen." Thus he was

proceeding, when, in the flower of his age, he was removed by the happiest of all conceivable deaths, being found dead, without any previous illness, in the attitude of prayer, with the marks of copious tears upon his face. His son, Abu Abdala Mahommed, succeeded. The lot of women in the wars between Moors and Christians was as pitiable as in the days of Agamemnon and Achilles. The young king having taken a city, called by the Moors Almandhar, brought away, among other spoils, a damsel of such singular beauty, that he made his entry with her in triumph into Granada, exhibiting her to public view in a splendid chariot, surrounded by the most beautiful of the other captives, who, yet beautiful as they were, served only as foils to her. Her fame extended to Africa, and the king of Almagreb sent messengers, requesting that Mahommed would present him with his beautiful captive. It was not politic to refuse, though Mohammed was enamoured of her; and the unfortunate Spaniard was transferred to the harem of the Barbary prince. Ceuta was taken by a force which Mohammed sent against it, and a great treasure was discovered there which the Moorish royale, from whom the city was won, had concealed, being unable to remove it: it was employed in embellishing Granada with another mosque, and with public baths. Cannon are mentioned by the Moorish writer, as having been employed in this reign (A. D. 1308) by Ferdinand IV. at the siege of Gibraltar.

Mahommed having been deposed, on the pretext that he had weak eyes, and that the state required a sovereign who had strong ones, had the rare fortune of being spared, and treated with kindness by the brother, who was raised to the throne in his stead. That brother was deposed in his turn by a near kinsman, and was also suffered to die in peace, and buried with due honours by his successor. Ismael, the young usurper, was a fierce defender of the faith: being present one day when certain learned men were discussing the grounds of their religion, and growing weary of the discourse, he rose and said, "I neither know, nor understand, nor desire any other reason, than a firm and hearty belief in the Almighty;" and laying hand on his sword, "my arguments are here!" He employed that argument successfully against the Castilians in a battle remarkable for its tragic circumstances. They had advanced into the plain of Granada, within sight of the city under Pedro, the Infante of Castille, and his uncle Juan, Lord of Biscay. The advance had been rash, and finding that Ismael was collecting a great force, they deemed it prudent to retreat, Juan bringing up the rear. They were pursued, and the Lord of Biscay was so pressed, that he found it necessary to call his nephew to his aid. It was midsummer, and what with the excessive heat of the day, and the exertions which he made in rallying his horse, and bringing them up to his uncle's assistance, the Infante was struck with apoplexy, fell from the saddle, and died; and when Juan was informed of this, he lost his speech, and was struck for death in like manner. As he still breathed, however, the Spaniards set him upon a horse, placed the dead body of the prince upon a mule, and fled, the Moors being too unsatisfactorily engaged in plundering their camp to pursue them. They, however, continued their flight with such regardless precipitance, as not to perceive that Juan had expired upon the way, nor to miss him when the lifeless body fell from its seat. The body

was not discovered till his son sent to request of Ismael that it might be restored to him for interment; search was then made for it, and it was carried to Granada, and there laid in state in the Alhambra, where Ismael collected not only his own chiefs, but all his Christian prisoners, to pray for the soul of the departed. It was then sent with an honourable escort to the Spanish frontier. The slain Christians were buried by Ismael's orders, lest the air should be tainted, so numerous were the dead; the Moors who had fallen were interred as they fell, clothed and armed, and in their blood, the most honourable interment that a Moslem can receive—the most honourable grave-clothes in which he can be consigned to earth.

At the siege of Baza (A. D. 1325) Ismael "attacked the city night and day with machines, that discharged globes of fire, the fire and the sound resembling thunder and lightning, whereby great damage was done to the walls and to the towers." By the same manner he obtained possession of Martos, scarcely leaving a man alive when he entered the town; and the Moslem made their evening and their morning prayer amid the ruins and the carnage! A near kinsman of Ismael's had, at the risk of his own life, rescued a beautiful Spanish girl from the ruffians into whose hands she had fallen. Ismael ordered her to be taken to his own harem; his kinsman remonstrated, justly and warmly, but was told in reply, that if he thought fit, he might seek his revenge, by going over to the king's enemies. He sought it more effectually by forming a conspiracy, and Ismael was murdered by his hand. Mahommed ben Ismael, who succeeded his father, trod in his steps, manifesting the same vigour in war, and the same generosity toward his enemies. In a sally which was made against him from Baena, he threw his spear at a Christian horseman, who galloped towards the town with the weapon in his body; the Moors would have pursued, for the sake of recovering the royal spear, which was set with gold and jewels, but Mahommed withheld them, saying, "Let the poor fellow take it—that if the wound be not mortal, he may have something with which to pay for curing it!" He also came to a disastrous end; for, having relieved the African Moors, who were besieged in Gibraltar, he provoked them by some offensive raillery upon their inability to relieve themselves, and they murdered him in revenge, when he had dismissed his forces, meaning to cross the Straits, and visit his friend, their king. Not satisfied with this, they stripped the body, and left it unburied and exposed, till his brother, Jufez Abul Hagiage, who succeeded him, sent for it, and interred it in a garden at Malaga. Their pretext for the murder was, that he had eaten with the Christians, and had on a garment when he was killed which the king of Castille had given him.

The new king's reign began inauspiciously with the death of Reduan, a renegade, born at La Calzada, of Christian parents on both sides; but a man of great ability, who had been Wazir to the two preceding sovereigns. It was made memorable in history by the battle of Salado, where the Spaniards and Portuguese achieved a victory as complete in itself as that of the Navas de Tolosa, and more permanently important; for the Moorish power never recovered from the blow which it there received. The Moors, like the Spaniards, though each enough disposed to exaggerate their victories, never seek to conceal their de-

feats, nor to represent the losses which they sustained as less than in reality they were. There occurred a deplorable circumstance in this battle, which marks accidentally the difference of national feeling; the principal wife of the Morocco king, with three other of his wives, and some of his children, were killed in the indiscriminating slaughter. Both Spanish and Portuguese historians mention it as a miserable act of barbarity, at which the kings of Spain and Portugal were greatly grieved. The Moorish writer makes no mention of it, looking upon it, no doubt, as so much a thing to be expected, that it did not deserve notice. The siege of Algeziras, by the Spaniards, ensued, and there the Moors, in defence, used artillery, as they had done a little before offensively before Tarifa; in both cases balls of burning iron are spoken of as discharged with naphtha, and a sound like thunder. When Algeziras capitulated, Juzef agreed upon a truce with Alonso for ten years, and he employed that interval of tranquillity in endeavouring to reform abuses, and to improve the condition of his people.

A brief account of his regulations is given in Conde's work. He made it a law, that a mosque should be built in every village where there were more than twelve habitations; that every person should attend it weekly, who, by departing from his house at sunrise, could reach the mosque in time, and, after the service, return before the sun set: in furtherance of this regulation, no one was allowed to dwell more than two leagues from a town, village, or hamlet. The old men were to enter the mosque first, the youths after them; the women after, and apart from both, but they were all to have left the mosque before men or boys rose to take their departure: girls were not to attend the service, unless there were a separate place assigned for them, and in that case they were to be carefully veiled, and to observe perfect decorum. Even in these regulations it appears that the Spanish Moors, owing to their long intercourse with the Christians, had abated much from the rigour of Mahomedan customs, the women in Africa not being permitted to frequent the mosques. They had caught also from their neighbours the carnival follies of the *Intrudo*: these were now prohibited; but the Moslem were enjoined instead to celebrate their festivals with demonstrations of decorous rejoicing, such as clean and precious apparel, flowers and perfumes, visiting the sick, giving alms to the poor, and discoursing with the learned and the wise. All persons were enjoined on their sabbath to appear in their best apparel, that the neatness and cleanliness of their attire might represent what ought to be the state of their hearts on that day. The custom of making rogations for rain in the streets and market-places was forbidden as unseemly, and in its stead the people were required in times of drought to go into the fields, and there acknowledge their sins humbly and devoutly, and entreat their Almighty and most merciful Father, for his mercy's sake, to have compassion not upon them alone, sinners as they were, but upon his innocent creatures, the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, who were perishing for want, and the herbs which were withered for want of moisture. Watch-nights in the mosques were prohibited, and women were no longer permitted to keep *novenas* without their husbands, or the company of other women, or of men related to them within the prohibited degrees: both these seem

to have been practices which the Mahomedans had adopted in the gradual interchange of superstitions. Damsels were forbidden either to keep *novenas* or attend at funerals. No corpse was to be buried in silk, nor with gold and silver; but in a white winding sheet over the inner garment, having first been washed and perfumed: and there were to be no hired mourners, no wailings over the dead; no funeral eulogies; but instead prayer was appointed to the Lord, who taketh away the life which he giveth, and raiseth the dead. The questions and answers of the grave, when the angels Monkir and Nakir should visit it, were no more to be deposited with the dead. Drunkenness (another effect of Christian neighbourhood) and any riotous rejoicings when a child was named, was forbidden. The punishment of death was appointed for any horsemen who fled from their enemies, unless they were twice the number of the Moors, an enactment which shows the confidence of the Moors in their own superior horsemanship,—for it appears that to this they trusted, and did not encumber themselves with armour. And there is a humane enactment forbidding the Moors, whether in regular or irregular war, to kill either children, women, old men past military service, or friars of a retired life, unless such friars were found armed, and aiding the enemy with their hands. The fifth of all spoils must be reserved for the king, (this, too, was a Spanish law;) of the remainder, two parts belonged to the horsemen, one to the foot: but nothing was to be taken from any inhabitant of a captured place who chose to become a Moslem; or if his property had been distributed, he was to be paid its full value. Sons might not engage in any military expedition without their fathers' permission; nor might they, without the permission of their parents or guardians, undertake the pilgrimage to Mecca, or to *Alaksa*. Adultery and murder were to be punished with death, but only upon the testimony of four eye-witnesses, which must have rendered conviction rare in the one case, and almost impossible in the other: the punishment for adultery was stoning; for incontinence, stripes; and for the man a year's banishment also; if the parties were equal, they were compelled to marry. Those who were put to death were to be interred with the same decent usages and religious rites as other Moslem. The laws for theft were mitigated; for any thing above a certain small value stolen from house, garden, or inclosure, the punishment for man or woman, whether free or slave, had been, if the offender, being a male, were of the age of fifteen, being a female, above thirteen, amputation of the right hand for the first offence, and the left foot for the second; for the third, of the other hand; of the remaining foot for the fourth; and in the apparently impossible case of a fifth offence, the offender was to be tortured and imprisoned for life. By the new laws stripes were enjoined for the first offence, and amputation either of the left hand or of a foot for the second.

The King of Granada, while thus employed in legislating for his people, and embellishing his capital, would fain have prolonged the truce with Castille, from ten years to fifteen; *peace* was a word not to be admitted between Moors and Christians: they considered themselves as natural enemies, and either party would have thought it a sin to allow of any more than these occasional breathing times in their interminable and irreconcilable hostility. Alonso had sufficiently taken breath, and would agree to no longer an inter-



mission of his conquests. Accordingly, as soon as the truce expired, he besieged Gibraltar, and hoped, when his batteries produced little effect, to take it by starving the garrison. But in Mahomedan language, it pleased God that this brave king and strenuous enemy of Islam, who thought to conquer all that the Moslem possessed in Spain, should be cut off by pestilence in his camp. Though not more charitable than the Spaniards, the Moors were far more generous: they speak of Alonso as magnanimous, liberal; and, to the misfortune of the Moslem, fortunate in war; and they say that the King of Granada, though he could not but rejoice in his heart that death had delivered him and his kingdom from such an enemy, yet manifested a becoming sentiment for his decease, saying, that one of the most excellent princes in the world was departed, one who knew how to honour worth both in his enemies and his friends. Though the two nations were at war, many of the Moorish knights put on mourning for their enemy; and when the Spaniards broke up the siege, and retreated to Seville, taking with them the body of their king, no molestation was offered them upon the way. After conduct so truly generous as this, it is mortifying to find an opinion among the Spaniards, that Alonso had been poisoned, and to see that Garibay, good and honest historian as he is, repeats the absurd calumny as if he wished it to be believed. Juzef perished not long afterwards, being stabbed by a madman in the mosque; for which reason he is called a martyr in his epitaph. The ruinous consequences of polygamy were felt in his family; for the Apiarian policy, so faithfully pursued in many parts of the Mahomedan world, made no part of the Granadan system. The young king Mahomed ben Juzef had concluded a truce with Pedro the Cruel; and if anything were stable in a Mahomedan state, his people might have looked for years of prosperity and improvement, under a prince who was just and merciful, compassionate, bountiful, yet wisely frugal; fond of letters, and yet not so devoted to books as to be indifferent to those martial exercises, which kept the nation ready for war, and were therefore required as much for policy as for popularity. He had given a palace to one of his father's widows and her children; that sultana had appropriated to herself a considerable part of her husband's treasures immediately upon his death; and she employed this wealth in schemes for deposing and murdering Mahomed. The conspirators broke into his palace at midnight, with arms and torches; but while they were engaged in murdering the vizier with his household, and in plundering, one of the young king's mistresses disguised him like a female slave, escaped with him under cover of the night, and fled to Guadix, where he was received as king. The young usurper was soon deposed, and put to death by his kinsman, Abu Said; a younger brother was murdered at the same time, and the murderers carried the bloody heads through the streets by their mustachios, which were long enough to afford firm hold! Mahomed asked and obtained from Pedro the Cruel, assistance for recovering his kingdom. The allied armies were so amicably mingled, both officers and men, that it seemed as if they were of one nation; but they had not advanced far, before Mahomed, who was remarkable for his compassionate disposition, obeyed the impulse of his better nature, and requested Pedro to withdraw with his troops, saying, he could not bear to behold the

misery which was brought upon his poor people; and that he would not, for all this world's wealth and dominion, be the cause of such evil. As no man is wise at all hours, so may it be said that the worst man is not at all times wicked. Even Pedro was touched by the virtue of his ally, and promising faithfully to assist him whenever he might think it necessary to call upon him for assistance, returned to Castille, leaving the Granadan to govern in peace that part of the country which obeyed him. His government was so benignant, that the people of Malaga renounced their allegiance to Abu Said, and proclaimed him in their city. Alarmed at this, Abu Said resolved to follow the example of Alahmar, and secure to himself the protection of the King of Castille, by repairing to Seville, and putting himself into his hands, a measure for which he thought to prepare the way, when he set at liberty the master of Calatrava, and the hidalgos who had been made prisoners with him. Pedro received him with apparent kindness, but on the following day the Moor and his retinue were carried out to the place of execution, and there put to death, Pedro killing Abu Said with his own hand, and looking on while the rest were slain. The Spanish as well as the Moorish historian accuse him of having thus violated the laws of honour and of hospitality, for the sake of the jewels which Abu Said had brought with him. It is indeed one of the black chapters in Pedro's history, in whose character, however, there was as much of madness as of malignity; and who, in this instance, undoubtedly thought that he was worthily executing justice upon a traitor, an usurper, and a murderer.

Mahomed was joyfully received at Granada after this event, and though, it is said, shocked with the manner of his enemy's death, testified his gratitude to Pedro by setting at liberty all the Christians who were in that city, and sending him five and twenty of the finest Andalusian horses magnificently caparisoned. He aided him faithfully in his wars against Henrique of Trastamara, and won for himself so well deserved a character among Christians as well as Moors, that after he had made a truce with Henrique subsequently to Pedro's murder, his court was frequented by knights from France, the Spanish kingdoms, Morocco, Barbary, and Egypt; and Granada becoming the great emporium of Spain, seemed like a city of all nations. But Mahomed, faithful to Pedro's family, did not accept the proffered truce till the cause of that family could no longer be supported; and because the truce was offered to him, and for motives of the most obvious policy observed by Henrique, the brutal historian Bleda says that God chastised that king; and this detestable Dominican accuses the king of Granada of having murdered him by means of poisoned boots. The vulgar calumny is not even hinted at by the contemporary chronicles; and the Moorish historian truly says, "his death was natural, and came to pass because the number of his days was full; the noble Mahomed was never either a traitor or an assassin"—implying, perhaps, that Henrique of Trastamara had been both. Not many years afterwards Mahomed, "leaving the palaces of this world, went to dwell for ever in those of Paradise." Juzef his son succeeded, and was in danger of being deposed by his own second son Mahomed, who excited an insurrection against him by appealing to the fanaticism of the people, because the king

lived in habits of familiar intercourse with the Spaniards who had taken refuge at his court. This incipient rebellion was averted by an ambassador from Fez, who went out to the rebels on horseback, and harangued them with so much force of truth as well as eloquence, upon the fatal consequences which such rebellions had produced to the Spanish Moors, that they returned to their obedience, and employed their turbulent courage in an expedition against Murcia. Upon Juzef's death, Mahommed seized upon the throne, and sent his elder brother, who offered no opposition, to a fortress called Xalubania, there to be kept in safe custody, but to be indulged in all the enjoyments suitable to his birth. The young king was apprehensive of a renewal of war with Castille, and saw no readier means of preventing it than by going directly to Toledo, and soliciting in person a continuance of the truce. This the historian calls an act of incomparable resolution, not reflecting that the general indignation which had been excited by Pedro's conduct to Abu Said rendered it perfectly safe. In the flower of his age he was seized with a malady which, though most unwilling to die, he at length perceived must prove fatal. His great desire then was to secure the succession for his son; and being certain that his death was near (for God alone is eternal) he wrote a letter in these words: "Alacayde of Xalubania, my servant, immediately upon receiving this letter from the hands of my Arraiz Ahmad ben Xarac, put the Cid Juzef my brother to death, and send me his head by the bearer. Fail not in this service!" Among Mahommedan sovereigns this has been a common preparation for death; so easily is the evil heart persuaded that it is allowable to prevent one crime by committing another.

When the messenger arrived, the Cid Juzef and the Alacayde were seated upon a splendid carpet embroidered with gold, leaning upon cushions of silk and gold, and playing chess. Upon reading the letter, the Alacayde changed countenance; he had become attached to his prisoner, and had not heart to communicate to him the fatal order, which yet he dared not disobey. The messenger, who had no such compunctious visitings, urged him to make no delay, and Juzef, perceiving his agitation, said, "What has the king commanded; is it my death? hath he sent for my head?" The Alacayde, in reply, put the fatal letter into his hands. "Give me a few hours," said the prince, "to take leave of my women, and dispose of my effects among them." Here the Arraiz interposed, and declared that this must not be; the hours for his return being numbered. "At least," said Juzef, "let us finish our game, which I shall end by losing it." This singular request was not objected to; and the game was pursued—the Arraiz looking on, and waiting for the prince's head when it should be terminated—Juzef himself, with the fortitude of a Mahommedan, as collected, and apparently as calm, as the looker on—the Alacayde confused and miserable because of the dreadful command which was laid upon him. In this state of mind, though the advantage had been his when the messenger came in, he lost all knowledge of the game, and committed error after error, which Juzef always observed and warned him of. And while they were thus engaged, two knights arrived, full speed, inviting the prince to take possession of the throne, for his brother had expired. What must his feelings have been when the whole chivalry of Granada, in the days

of its splendour, came out to meet him as he approached the city; when he passed under triumphal arches hastily erected for his entrance; saw the houses hung with cloths of silk and gold, the streets and squares strewn with flowers, and heard the acclamations of welcome from a people who, knowing the gentleness of his character, expected to live in prosperity under him! It is scarcely possible that he should not then have moralized upon the mutability of fortune; and if that reflection crossed him, he may have wished not unwisely that the second messenger had arrived too late, for then he might have been in possession of a crown which faded not away.

His reign was honourable and fortunate. He took Gibraltar from the African Moors; and the brother of the king of Fez, who was made prisoner there, was entertained like a guest at his court, when the king of Fez sent ambassadors to Granada proposing peace, and carrying letters, in which Juzef was requested to poison his prisoner. The Granadan needed not the remembrance of his own providential escape to prompt him how to act on such an occasion. Resenting as it became him such an application, he put the letters into the prince's hands, and offered him troops and money with which to make war upon the intended murderer; with that aid the Infante crossed to Africa, defeated his brother in battle, was received as conqueror in Fez, and put the fallen tyrant in prison, where despite soon ended his days. With Castille Juzef preferred an amicable course to a state of war; it suited also the interests of a weak government during a minority; mutual presents were interchanged between the two courts, and Granada not only became a city of refuge for those who in those troublous times came thither from the neighbouring kingdoms for safety, but was chosen by knights from Castille and Arragon, who had a quarrel to decide, as a place where they might put it to the issue of a combat in the presence of an hospitable and munificent judge. His temper was so pacific that he never permitted the combat to proceed far, and he always reconciled the parties before they left his court, and dismissed them with every mark of honour. These were the golden days of Granada, during which "the inhabitants in their delightful gardens and summer-houses enjoyed the anticipated pleasures of paradise." The nation felt itself strong enough for defence, not so confident of strength as to engage willingly in war, and yet aware that the necessity must come, and therefore that it behooved them always to be prepared; thus a martial spirit was never allowed to sleep, and the inhabitants never appear to have been, even in the slightest degree, effeminated by their delicious climate. The ordinary force which the kings kept in their pay amounted to 7000 horse, a formidable body of cavalry in that age and country, and especially considering what cavalry they were. The first *royalet* who in the early part of the eleventh century attempted to make Granada the capital of a kingdom is said to have set up in the Albayzin an equestrian figure of himself, for a weathercock, armed with shield and spear, and these words visible from below:—"Thus, saith Habuz ben Habuz the Wise, is Andalusia to be defended." Had the Moors known the secret of their own strength when they possessed the plains of Castille, that country could never have been wrested from them by its Counts and by the *royalets* of Leon. The kings of Granada could bring into the field, also, a

formidable infantry; often, according to Garibay, as many as eighty or a hundred thousand, and on great emergencies six and even ten score thousand. The regulations for bringing this force into action were well arranged—the Moors being in fact an armed nation, ready for the call at all times; and they showed no unwillingness to adopt from the Christians any improvements in the art of war, borrowing from them the cross-bow, with which deadly weapon most execution is said to have been done in their battles. The revenue is estimated at a million of ducats; and was chiefly derived from an impost of one seventh upon all produce and live stock; besides which there was a third upon all cattle when they were sold,—exactions so heavy that unless the expenditure of the state had been evidently wise and necessary, they could hardly have been borne by a people so easily at any time moved to insurrection. The king succeeded to the property of all who died without children, in other cases he had a son's portion. In addition to this, there were tolls, portage, pontage, and other such means of raising money from strangers as well as natives. With all this, the condition of the country proves incontestably that the people were not oppressed, for even the Netherlands did not bear more evident marks of hopeful and successful industry. It yet remains to be explained what were the causes which in Spain, and more especially in Granada, counteracted to so great a degree the barbarizing effects of Mahomedan institutions. Marnol, indeed, has said that the kings of Granada emulously imitated whatever was done at Fez; but Fez in its best ages seems never to have equalled Granada, either in splendour, or in the liberal character of its inhabitants, or in intellectual culture.

Whatever were the causes of its prosperity, its decline and fall were certainly brought on by that same original sin in the constitution of Mahomedan society which broke down the empire of the Ommeyyades. Muley Mahommed el Hayzari, or the left-handed, so called from his sinister fortune, succeeded to his father Juzef, and was twice driven from his throne; his first competitor he, in his turn, subdued and put to death. The second called in the Castilians to his aid. A battle took place in sight of Granada, the most obstinately contested in which the Granadans had ever been engaged, and the most fatal,—for Moors being engaged on both sides, the flower of their cavalry was cut off. "If the Moorish lances which that day were opposed to each other had been united as they ought to have been," says their historian, "against the common enemy, they would have given the Castilian as bloody and detested a day as that of Alarcos." The Spaniards did not venture to attack the city after this victory; they returned to Cordoba, and there caused their ally to be proclaimed king of Granada. This politic recognition produced more effect than another expedition in his favour might have done, for the presence of a Castilian army in their country excited a brave spirit of indignation; but when that excitement was withdrawn, the Granadans were too well aware how desirable it was that their sovereign should be upon terms of amity with the Castilian court. Accordingly, town after town, and district after district revolted to Juzef Mahommed till the left-handed king was left without a kingdom. Upon Juzef's death he was a second time restored, but soon again for the third time, and then finally,

driven from the capital; after which time struggles for the throne and intrigues in the harem wasted the strength and distracted the councils of Granada. That age succeeded which has afforded such fertile themes for poetry and romance. "The evil star of Islam shed its malignant influence over Spain," and brought on the fatal overthrow of the Mahomedan empire in Andalusia.

The final siege of Granada is the most chivalrous in authentic history. "*Fu gentil guerra*," says Navagero, in his very interesting account of his journey in Spain; artillery was not then in such use as now, and brave men therefore had better opportunity of displaying their courage. Every day there was fighting, and every day some gallant exploits were performed. "The well-known plain of Granada," says Garibay, "is the cemetery of many noble Moors and Christians; for it may truly be affirmed, that from the time when the Moorish kings fixed their seat in that city till the kingdom was recovered by the Christians, there was no other spot in the whole world where so much blood was spilt, nor where greater feats of valour were displayed, nor where more noble men, full of heroic spirit, have come to their end, nor where more armies have trampled the soil, nor where more devastation has been made with fire and sword." Yet art and nature had so embellished and enriched the scene of these tragedies that the Moors believed their Paradise was in that part of the firmament immediately above Granada,—as if the happy country which they possessed was, as it were, the earthly likeness of the heaven which they hoped to enjoy. The circumstances of the siege, romantic and beautiful as they are, are too generally known to be recited here. When Ferdinand informed our Henry VII. of its successful termination, the Catholic king, "whose manner," says Lord Bacon, "was never to lose any virtue for the showing," related in his letters "all the religious punctoes and ceremonies" that he had observed; how he would not enter the city till "he had first aloof seen the cross set up upon the greater tower of Granada, whereby it became Christian ground;" and how, before he entered, "he did homage to God above, pronouncing by a herald from the height of that tower, that he did acknowledge to have recovered this kingdom by the help of God Almighty, and the glorious Virgin, and the virtuous apostle St. James, and the holy father Innocent VIII., together with the aids and services of his prelates, nobles, and commons;" and how "yet he stirred not from his camp till he had seen a little army of martyrs, to the number of seven hundred and more, Christians that had lived in bonds and servitude as slaves to the Moors, pass before his eyes singing a psalm for their redemption.—These things were in the letters, with many more ceremonies of a kind of holy ostentation." Upon the receipt of these letters, Henry, "ever willing to put himself into the consort or quire of all religious actions, sent all his nobles and prelates that were about the court, together with the mayor and aldermen of London, in great solemnity" to St. Paul's; where when they were assembled, Cardinal Morton, "standing upon the uppermost step or half-pace before the quire, and all the nobles, prelates, and governors of the city at the foot of the stairs, made a speech to them, letting them know that they were assembled in that consecrated place to sing unto God a new song, for that, said he, these many



years the Christians have not gained new ground or territory upon the infidels, nor enlarged and set further the bounds of the Christian world; but this is now done by the prowess and devotion of Ferdinand and Isabella, kings of Spain, who have, to their immortal honour, recovered the great and rich kingdom of Granada, and the populous and mighty city of the same name, from the Moors, having been in possession thereof by the space of seven hundred years and more: For which this assembly and all Christians are to render laud and thanks unto God, and to celebrate this noble act of the king of Spain, who in this is not only victorious but apostolical, in the gaining of new provinces to the Christian faith; whereby it is to be hoped that there shall be gained not only new territory, but infinite souls to the church of Christ, whom the Almighty, as it seems, would have live to be converted. Herewithal he did relate some of the most memorable particulars of the war and victory, and after his speech ended, the whole assembly went solemnly in procession, and *Te Deum* was sung."

Thus it appears that our forefathers took as lively an interest in wars, of which religion was the pretext, as their descendants of the present age have taken in those, whereof liberty or revolution has been the object. But to whatever miserable results the revolutionary movements of this generation may yet lead, after the unutterable evils which have already been endured, they will be light compared to the crimes and sufferings which followed the conquest of Granada. And here we bid farewell to Conde's work, and with it to the Moorish authorities; the conduct of the Spaniards and of their most Catholic kings to the subjected people, will be related according to the statements of their own historians—those histories having been subjected to the revision of official censors, and consequently published with the approbation of the existing authorities. There can be no danger, therefore, of misrepresenting the principles by which the Spanish government was directed in its proceedings, when we draw our statements from the representations which have been thus scrutinized, and allowed, and sanctioned.

By the terms granted at the capitulation of Granada, the Catholic kings pledged themselves and their successors for ever, with the usual solemnities of a treaty, that the Moors of every rank and condition should be permitted to live after their own law—that neither their mosques nor other places connected with their worship, nor any of the property thereunto annexed, should be taken from them, and that they should not be disturbed in any of their usages and rites; that they should never be required, like the Jews, to wear a badge upon their clothes; that Granada, and the other places included in this capitulation, should be regarded as an asylum for any Moors who, being in slavery among the Christians, might escape thither; such privileges, however, not extending to Canarians, nor to negroes of Gelofe or of the islands. That no Christian, whether male or female, who had turned Mahomedan before the capitulation, should by any one be molested, either by word or deed, on that account; that if a Moor had taken a renegade woman to wife, she should not be compelled to repress her former faith, nor should there be any interference with the religion of children born of a mixed marriage. In further proof of good-will toward a people who were now become Spanish subjects, all Moorish captives

whatever were to be emancipated, without a ransom. Upon such conditions Granada was surrendered; and when Isabella saw the standard hoisted, and the silver cross planted upon its towers, she fell on her knees in sincere devotion, and her quire began the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving.

Hernando de Talavera, a Jeronimite friar, at that time bishop of Avila, was, at his own desire, translated to Granada, which was now erected into an archiepiscopal see by that very distinguished Pope, Alexander VI. The new archbishop began in his old age the study of Arabic, that he might be the better qualified for converting the Moors. Nothing could be more humane and conciliatory than his manner of proceeding; and, accordingly, in these first days many became converts of their own accord, peradventure with more sincerity, says Marmol, than others who were converted afterwards. The Spanish laws had not been characterized by intolerance toward the Moors; the Partidas only required, that if Moor or heathen should meet the sacrament, and should not choose to humble himself before it, (which, it was added, they would do well to do, because the Catholic is the true faith,) they should turn out of the street, on pain of three days imprisonment, six for a second offence, and, for a third, such punishment as the king might think proper to inflict. This, says the law, "is appointed for two reasons—that the misbelievers may not say wrong is done them in our dominions; and that the officers of justice may not offend them either for the sake of seizing their property, or for the pleasure they may take in injuring their persons." It appears that the laws were more tolerant than the people; but, notwithstanding the bigotry of the people was continually inflamed by fanatical religionists, and their credulity practised upon by the thaumaturgic ones, there was a great degree of practical tolerance, secured, no doubt, by the power which the Moors, while they existed as an independent people, possessed of retaliating in case of any persecution.

But both Ferdinand and Isabella were bigots; both needed that flattering unction which the Romish church provides for an uneasy conscience: and they were at this time guided by one of the most atrocious persecutors that ever disgraced the Christian name, under whose guidance they expelled the Jews, and invested the Inquisition with those powers which made it the curse and the indelible reproach of Spain. No sooner were they masters of Granada, than certain prelates and other religious persons urged them to extirpate the Mahomedans from Spain, by requiring that all who would not be baptized, should sell their property, and leave the land: this, they argued, would be no breach of the terms, but was for their benefit, inasmuch as it regarded the salvation of their souls. "These arguments," says Marmol, "were altogether just and holy; nevertheless, their highnesses would not employ rigorous measures against their new subjects, because the country was not yet secure; the Moors might take arms if they were provoked, and as they had other conquests in view, they were unwilling that any cause should be afforded for distrust of their royal word." But, to expedite the work of conversion which the archbishop had begun so well, they sent Fr. Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, better known to English readers by the name of Cardinal Ximenes, to assist him. The two archbishops consulted together, and the course of proceeding upon which



they agreed, is described by the cardinal's biographer, Alvar Gomez, and incorporated, as faithfully transcribed from him, by Father Luke Wadding, in the *Annales Minorum*. They determined that nothing was to be done by force (*nihil per vim cum illis agere*), but everything by argument and conciliation; and, accordingly, to begin with, they laid in a large stock of silken vestments (probably shawls) and of scarlet caps, a fashion which the Moors, at that time, greatly affected. Silken shawls and scarlet caps were emollient applications, which produced upon the greater number of the Alfaques the effect desired; and, what with the desire of present gifts, and the hope of future advantage, by going over to the dominant religion, they persuaded crowds to follow their example. Such multitudes were converted, that more than three thousand were baptized in one day: single immersion ought to have been the method used; but, as it would have required a miracle to dip so many, Ximenes sprinkled them in mass with hyssop, taking, it may be presumed, conscientious care that not one in the multitude should escape without feeling the shower. There were, however, notwithstanding this wide defection, Mahomedan priests in Granada, who believed in their own law; and if such men were proof against scarlet caps, they were not likely to accept the Franciscan religion as more reasonable, or founded upon better evidence than their own. These men, therefore, preached strenuously in defence of the Moorish faith, as by the terms of capitulation, then only seven years old, they were clearly authorized to do. Ximenes arrested them all, put them in chains, sent them to prison, and there, *quod ejus ingenio repugnabat, indignis modis tractari permittebat*. This tender disposition of the great Friar Minorite was further displayed in the treatment of the Zegri Azaator, a man of distinction, being descended from Alahmar, the Red King, and in great repute for his abilities. This Zegri opposed the scandalous means which were used for what he deemed the perversion of his countrymen, upon which, says Marmol, Ximenes determined, laying all humanity aside (*dexada aparte toda humanidad*), to bring him by force under the yoke of the law. *Omni fere humanitate deposita*, is the phrase of Alvar Gomez, a qualification which does not extend to the end of the sentence; for there he says, that atrocious remedies were ordered to be tried upon a man, with whom gentleness and beneficence had failed. The charge of taming him (*cura circumdominandi*) was entrusted to a certain Pedro Leon, one of Ximenes's chaplains: no story was ever related in words more felicitously expressive of the spirit in which the thing was done; and this Leon, *rerè animo leonino præditus*, so dealt with his prisoner, *adeo fortiter in eò re se gessit*, that the Zegri, after some days, desired to be brought before Ximenes. Whether it was compulsion which had rendered him submissive, or whether he was influenced by that saving grace which is at all times ready for all men, is what neither the chaplain nor Luis de Marmol, nor the Annalist of the Franciscans have ventured to determine; but all three incline to think it a work of grace! Azaator accordingly was brought before the archbishop, chained, and in the filth which he had contracted in his prison. Desiring first to be released from his chains—"for with what freedom," he said, "could a man be supposed to speak who was bound hand and foot?" he desired to be baptized, protesting that Allah had

appeared to him the preceding night, and thus enjoined; "but," he added, with a smile, which Ximenes must well have understood, "I should be a fool, indeed, if I had needed another motive than has been administered by this fierce Lion of yours!"

The Zegri, who chose thus rather to profess a religion which he hated than to endure a slow and cruel martyrdom, had once fought hand to hand with Gonzalo de Cordoba, in the plain of Granada, in memory of which honour he was baptized by the name of Gonzalo Hernandez Zegri, and a pension was given him by the archbishop, upon whom, far more than upon the dissembler himself, the guilt of dissimulation must lie. Following up his victory, Ximenes ordered his converts to bring him all the copies of the Koran, and all other books in their language which they could collect. Nearly five thousand volumes were thus collected:—many persons petitioned for them,—for this was not an ignorant age; learning was awakened, and was no where more successfully cultivated than in Spain;—but Ximenes, though a lover of learning, and its liberal patron at other times, was, in this instance, inexorable: he reserved only a few treatises upon medicine, which he sent to the library at Alcalá, and the rest were, by his orders, burnt in one heap,—*quinque millia voluminum,—que variis umbilicis, punica arte et opera distincta, auro etiam et argento exornata, non oculos modo, sed animos quoque spectantium rapiebant*: thus the chaplain, who had probably handled these precious manuscripts, and assisted at the *auto-da-fe* in which they were consumed, speaks of the beauty and splendour of their inward and outward embellishments. Thus far all had gone prosperously with the zealous Propagandist; they who were not won by shawls and red caps, had yielded to imprisonment, chains, and tortures; but hitherto he had dealt with persons eminent for their rank or office, leaving the commonalty to be brought over by their means: he now attacked the Elches, as the renegades and their posterity were called, of whom there were many in Granada: it appeared to him a scandalous thing, that such persons should be tolerated in what was now a Christian city, under the government of the most Catholic kings. There was indeed an express stipulation in the treaty, that they were not to be molested on the score of religion—a stipulation as unequivocal as words could make it, and secured as strongly as it could be by the word and faith of a sovereign. But the word and faith of a king, the most sacred and solemn pledges of a government, are worth nothing where it is a maxim of a Church, dominant in the state, and over it, that faith is not to be kept with heretics, or unbelievers; and where it is believed that there exists an authority on earth which can dispense with any engagements however ratified. The Elches stood upon the right, which the capitulation gave them; they had good reason to dread the effects of re-assuming the profession of faith which they had forsaken; for not only would it expose them to perpetual danger of reproach and insult from their countrymen—the more stinging, because well deserved,—but it would bring them also within the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, which, under Torquemada, the most atrocious of mankind, was at that time in full activity. Ximenes and the other prelates, therefore, resolved to use rigour with them, a significant expression, which Marmol employs like one who thought that rigour could never

he exercised more rightly. Many pertinacious persons had already been arrested, when an alguazil, who had made himself obnoxious by his activity on such occasions, apprehended upon this cause a renegade's daughter in the Albayzin, and led her away to prison; the woman cried aloud for help, saying, they intended to make her a Christian by force, in breach of the capitulation. The Moors collected, the woman was rescued, and the alguazil killed. Presently the Albayzin was in insurrection. The tumult was soon appeased by the mildness and resolution which the Archbishop of Granada displayed, and also the Conde de Tendilla, who was governor of the city; but it alarmed Ferdinand, and he reproached Isabella for the intemperate zeal of her favourite Ximenes. Ximenes arrived at the court just after the news that order had been restored, had abated the edge of the king's resentment; and he then represented, that what had past, afforded a desirable opportunity for effecting the conversion of the Granadan Moors: they had rebelled; by that rebellion their lives and properties were justly forfeited, and it would therefore be an act of clemency to offer them the alternative of pardon, if they became Christians, or exiles.

While the matter was in deliberation, the Granadan Moors represented their situation to the sultan of Egypt, requesting him to interfere by his ambassadors; and to declare, that if the Moors in Spain were compelled to renounce their religion, he would retaliate upon the Christians in his dominions. But this application in their behalf came from too distant a quarter, though it received so much attention as to obtain an honourable reception for the ambassadors, and to occasion an embassy in return, with which Pietro Martire of Angleria was charged; the reply which he was instructed to make was, that the Catholic kings wished to force their religion upon no one: but, because they could have no reliance upon the loyalty of the Moors, they had transported those to Barbary who did not choose rather to become Christians, allowing them to sell their property, and landing them there in safety. Great numbers accepted the alternative, and it is said that many took with them the key of the house which they had been compelled to abandon, to be preserved by their children, as an hereditary pledge of vengeance, whenever the opportunity should arrive for returning and reconquering the country of their fathers. But the mountaineers of the Alpujarras rose in arms against this heinous breach of faith: they had taken no part, they said, in the riot, (for it scarcely deserved a heavier appellation,) in the Albayzin, and thereby by no principle of justice could they be subjected to the conditions which were imposed upon the rioters. They were a brave people: the Conde de Tendilla, and the great Gonzalo, suffered a severe loss in taking from them the Castle of Guejar; for the Moors opened their water-courses, flooded the fields, and attacked the horsemen while the horses were struggling in the deep wet soil. At one place, the Conde de Lerin blew up a mosque, in which the women and children had taken refuge; at another, a black Moor, who commanded, when he saw that the people were resolved to surrender, threw himself headlong from the tower. Ferdinand found it necessary to go against them in person; and wherever he reduced the country, the alternative was baptism or death. Those who remained unsubdued were formidable enough to de-

mand terms: and knowing by experience how little they could trust to Catholic faith, they required only that they might be transported to Barbary, upon payment of a certain sum per head for every one who should embark. The king, who was in want of money, and desirous to be rid of them, agreed to this; but those who could not pay for their passage submitted, of necessity, to conversion; and above 200,000 of such converts were made in the course of a few months, to the great satisfaction of Ximenes. But there arose a difference of opinion between him and the Archbishop of Granada. Both were agreed that the process must necessarily be to christen these unhappy people first, and convert them afterwards. The Granadan prelate thought it would facilitate their conversion if the scriptures were read to them in their own language at those evening lectures which they were required to attend; and he had also parts of the Liturgy, with the portions of the gospel which are used therein, printed in Arabic for their use. Against this Ximenes protested as an impiety; it was throwing pearls before swine, he said. The scriptures were intended only for the study of learned and holy men, and for that reason ought never to be translated into any vulgar tongue, but to be confined to those three dead languages in which, with mysterious significance, the inscription had been written on the cross. Of course the more unreasonable opinion, and that which was most favourable to an ignorant, deceitful, and persecuting clergy, prevailed. The work of conversion having been thus performed, the Catholic kings, says Marnol, went on regaling their Granadan subjects with new favours.

Not satisfied with the sum total which was added to the account of their good works upon this score, Ferdinand and Isabella imposed the same alternative, of conversion or exile, upon the Moors in Castille, for whom prescription availed as little as the conditions upon which their ancestors had become subject to that crown. The same course was not pursued in Aragon, because there was in that kingdom a firm aristocracy, whose constitutional strength had not yet been broken, and who, because the Moors were their most profitable vassals, resolutely maintained at all times their privileges and their own; and to prevent an attack upon them at this time, they obtained in their Cortes the King's assent to a law, declaring that none of the Moriscos in Valencia (where the greater number of that race were settled) should be either expelled, or forced to profess the Christian faith, or subjected to any prohibition or hinderances in buying and selling among themselves, or with the Christians. With a clear insight into their own interest, and that of their country, and as clear a foresight of the injury which would be brought upon both by a ferocious priesthood, if that priesthood should possess the ear of a bigoted king again, as it had done with Jayme the Conqueror, they had made it a part of their coronation oath, that the king should, on no pretext whatsoever, banish the Moriscos, nor compel them to receive baptism against their will; and that he should never, directly or indirectly, apply for a dispensation from this part of his oath; and that if such a dispensation were proposed to him, he should not accept it; and to provide even against that possible case, it was declared in this oath, that whatever he might do in consequence of such a dispensation should be null and void. More careful precautions could not have

been taken; nor was it possible to guard them with a more solemn sanction. Unhappily for Spain, the power of the Barons was not more formidable to the crown than it was odious to the people; and in the insurrection of the Commons, in the early part of Charles the Fifth's reign, the first thing which the Commons of Valencia did, "after they had taken the government into their wild hands," was to issue a proclamation, pursuant to which every Morisco was to be incontinently baptized, or put to death. This was done as much in enmity to the nobles, as in the spirit of the Romish faith. Whether any of the Moors chose the alternative of martyrdom, cannot be known, because the only accounts which have appeared are given by the Spaniards; according to those accounts the whole race suffered baptism under this proclamation. "Compel them to come in," is, of all texts in scripture, that which has been most fatally perverted.

In thus submitting, there can be no doubt but that the Moors supposed this act of violence, like all the other acts of the mob-government, would be rescinded as soon as the rebellion was quelled, and the legitimate government restored. Upon this persuasion they acted, when the event which they had deemed so desirable had taken place: and, resuming their Mahomedan observances, they remahomedanized the mosques which their persecutors had converted into churches. But no sooner had Charles returned from Germany, than complaints against their impiety, as it was called, were made by the intolerant clergy, and those into whom they had instilled their own spirit of inhuman bigotry. According to what was then becoming the courtly and priestly doctrine in Spain, Charles might, by virtue of his own absolute power, at once have decided upon the validity of their baptism, and required them to act as Christians; but, that he might be clearly satisfied in a matter of conscience, he referred the question to the councils of his various kingdoms, both within the Peninsula and without, and also to the Inquisition; and they, having the fear of God before their eyes, says Bleda, unanimously pronounced that the Moors, having consented to become Christians, and received baptism accordingly, were Christians, and must be held as such, (*eran, y devian ser reputados por Christianos*;) the words seem harmless, but they involved a dreadful meaning; for to be held as Christians, was to be made amenable to the most accursed tribunal that ever outraged justice and humanity.

It was so well understood what the decision of his councils would be, that means had been taken, while their deliberations had been going on, for relieving the Emperor from any scruple which he might feel concerning his coronation oath. Accordingly a dispensation was sent him from those engagements which he had solemnly sworn could not, and should not, be dispensed with. The brief which Clement VII. issued upon this occasion, represented how perilous and how scandalous it was that wolves should thus be intermixed with the sheep—that they who were infected with the plague should live among the sound—the harlot Mahomedanism with Christianity, the pure and unspotted lady of all lands. The Pope called, therefore, upon the Emperor elect, as a faithful son of the church, to employ faithful preachers, through the agency of the Inquisition, in instructing the Moors of Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia; appointing a

time, after which all who refused to live as Christians should either quit the land, or become slaves of the crown: and further, this precious instrument proceeded, "we do release your Majesty from the oath taken by you in the Cortes of these kingdoms, never to expel the said infidels, absolving you from all censures and penalties for the guilt of perjury which you might incur thereby, and dispensing with you, as to that purpose, so far as it is necessary." The brief proceeds to grant the Inquisition free and full power for compelling all who should prove refractory, and for calling on the secular arm, "all apostolical constitutions, and all ordinances, statutes, and privileges of the said kingdoms and principalities, to the contrary notwithstanding, though confirmed by an oath, and by an apostolical confirmation, or by any other authority whatsoever; and notwithstanding it should be provided that no dispensation from the said oath should be sought, nor ever made use of, if granted. And we do exhort your Majesty," said the Pope, "that you commit the preaching of the word to the said Moors unto our beloved sons, the Inquisitors of heretical pravity. And in case the Moors do persist, in the hardness of their hearts, and in their perfidiousness, not to embrace the faith within a term to be fixed by the Inquisitors, they shall be commanded, on pain of perpetual bondage, to depart out of the said kingdoms, which if they fail to do they shall become slaves." Accordingly, Charles, in obedience to these pastoral admonitions, set the Inquisition to work; and informed the Moors of those provinces, that, "being moved by the grace and inspiration of Almighty God, he was resolved not to suffer any other religion than the Christian to be professed in his dominions; and that desiring the health and salvation of their souls, he commanded them to yield obedience and become Christians, and receive the holy water of baptism."

It was not known, till Llorente published his "Critical History of the Inquisition," about ten years ago, that the Pope objected to grant this dispensation, and represented to Charles how scandalous it would be. But the Emperor insisted, and Clement yielded; sanctioning, in his character of Pope, a breach of faith, which, as an individual, he knew to be iniquitous and abominable. A wicked history has never been recorded. Five months were allowed the Moors; all who, at the expiration of that term, should hold to the faith of their fathers, were required to leave behind them all their gold, silver, and jewels, and their children under fourteen years of age, and embark for some Mahomedan country: further, to aggravate the cruelty of this decree, the Valencian Moors were not permitted to embark from their own ports, but were compelled to travel to the most distant place of embarkation—through Madrid to Coruna. Various reasons have been assigned for this arrangement: some suppose that it was suggested by the Barons, who sought to gain time, hoping that the Emperor would perceive the impolicy of expelling so many industrious subjects: others thought that the additional difficulties and hardships which were thus imposed, were intended to act as additional motives for making these unhappy people renounce the profession of Mahomedanism; and this was probably the pretext under which a government, as base as it was intolerant, sought to cover its real motive—that of draining the Moors on their way of the money



which they had saved by selling what things they had been allowed to dispose of; for this, also, is among the causes which the Spaniards have themselves assigned, showing themselves, in whatever related to Jews, Moors, and heretics, as devoid of honour as they were of humanity. Some of the braver spirits took arms in the Sierra de Espadan, and defeated the Governor of Valencia and the Duke de Segorbe in two attempts to subjugate them: three thousand Germans were then sent to reinforce the assailants, and such of the Moors as escaped the slaughter were embarked for Barbary. A similar insurrection in Aragon was put down, without bloodshed, by the interposition of a certain hidalgo, who is not named, but who appears to have been a person of some consideration, and to have acted with the approbation of the civil authorities; he represented to the Moriscos that there was an easy way of avoiding both the present punishment of rebellion, and the future evils of banishment—which was to become nominal Christians, and remain Mahomedans at heart; their law, he said, did not require them to suffer martyrdom. That this language was held to them is very probable, and that the great majority of the compulsory converts, if not the whole of them, remained unchanged in mind, or with a hatred of the superstition which they were enforced to profess, is certain; superstition, we say, because as a superstition, and a gross and revolting superstition, was Christianity presented to them. Nor was this the worst of its characteristics; Mahomedans as they were, they might have been brought over to creature-worship and to image-worship, for the heart is prone to idolatry: and in two or three generations, had they been treated as real Romanists, they would have become such. But from the hour of their forced conversion they were harassed and persecuted; and every artifice that wickedness and impiety could invent, every cruelty that relentless bigotry could inflict, were employed against them. They saw in Christianity, therefore, such as it was exhibited to them, and as they were made to feel it, a system not only of gross idolatry, but of flagrant deceit and inhuman persecution.

A cry had been raised against tolerating them as Moors; and when, in deference to that cry, they had been compelled to receive baptism, the cry was against the impiety of their compulsory conversion, and the insincerity of the converts. A comet, which appeared in the preceding year, was interpreted into a threatening augury of this profanation; and immediately after it the image of Our Lady of Tobet, in Aragon, and the angels at her side, sweated for six-and-thirty hours! A vessel was filled with the drops which ran from them; but in that vessel those which came from the Virgin separated themselves from the grosser distillation of the angels, celestial and miraculous though that was, and appeared in it like large and resplendent pearls. This is not here repeated after the relation of a Protestant writer, the fact is stated by Spanish historians; the trick was performed by Spanish priests, and with such success, that, more than sixty years after, Philip II. sent for some of the perspiration, to be placed among the other treasures of his relicary! Another such miracle was enacted at Zaragoza, in the convent of N. Señora del Carmen; where a figure of one of the three Marias, at a Calvary, wept from Good Friday till the

resurrection on Easter Day; but instead of preserving the tears as had been done at Tobet, the persons concerned committed the great fault (*error notable!*) of catching them in corporals and other white cloths, which were, indeed, deposited in the sacristy; but left there, says the indignant Carmelite, whose history is now before us, till time and neglect had done their work!

The poor converts petitioned, when they submitted to receive baptism, that they might be exempted both in person and property from the Inquisition for forty years, and not be required either to change their dress or their language during that time; that they might have their own burial place; might be allowed to contract marriage in the second degree for the same term; and that they might be permitted to carry arms, seeing that they had served the King faithfully when the Commons were in rebellion. To this, it is said, that the ministers of the Emperor and of the holy office replied, as was convenient. Deza, the second Inquisitor General, had urged Ferdinand and Isabella, notwithstanding the stipulation made at the time of the surrender, to establish an Inquisition in Granada; the Queen scrupled at this; but her conscience was in the keeping of men who knew how to palter with it in a double sense—to keep the word of promise to the ear, and to the ear only, and at any time to salve the plainest perjury by help of equivocation; Isabella therefore refused to break her word by founding a holy office in Granada, and committed precisely the same breach of faith by authorizing the Inquisitors at Cordoba to extend their jurisdiction thither; she enjoined them only not to molest the Moriscos for trifling things; an injunction little likely to be observed by Lucero, who was principal of that Inquisition;—*Lucerium*, says Pietro Martire, playing in bitterness upon the name, *quem justius Tenebrerium appellari censerem*; and he describes him as *Libycæ leone immanior*, and as *pestiferæ pectoris contagione respersus sub religionis specie*.—*tantum—potuit aconitum e Tartareis exhaustire speluncis immanis iste Cerberus!* Gonzalo de Ayora, in a letter which Llorente quotes from the original, in the royal library at Madrid, speaks of the men who were employed under this Inquisitor, as acting in contempt of all justice, human and divine—killing and plundering at their will, and outraging the wives and daughters of their victims. So extensive was the persecution which this ecclesiastical Robespierre carried on, and so infamous the proceedings of the miscreants whom he employed and encouraged, that it roused a spirit which seemed at one time likely to have effected the deliverance of Spain. But the sins of the nation were too manifold and too grievous for this; and Cardinal Ximenes being appointed Inquisitor General at this critical time, he pursued a politic course, which had just sufficient semblance of equity for allaying the public indignation. Certain processes were investigated by a special commission, and the witnesses, upon whose testimony unnumbered families had been ruined, and individuals burnt alive, were declared infamous and unworthy of belief. In what state of mind could those Inquisitors have been who gave credit to them, when the foundation of their story was, that certain girls of Jewish extraction, who in fact had never left the bosom of their families, had travelled by magical journeys all over Spain, riding upon he-goats, for the purpose of setting up synagogues, and restoring the



proscribed religion of their fathers! This poor atonement was made, that the victims, whose ashes had been scattered to the wind, were declared innocent, and their surviving connexions cleared from the stain which otherwise attached to them; but Lucero, instead of being punished to the measure of his deserts, was merely superseded in his office at the Inquisition, and sent back to his see at Almeria—for this monster was a bishop!

The brunt of this persecution had fallen upon the Jewish converts, always the favourite game of the Inquisition, because they were rich. Ximenes dealt favourably with the Moriscoes, partly because, bigoted as he was, he may be considered humane and liberal when compared with most of his contemporary prelates; partly perhaps from gratitude, for he had been cured when apparently in a hopeless stage of hectic decline by a Moorish woman, who used nothing but unguents\* in her practice. It is admitted that the cardinal, during the eleven years that he held the office of grand inquisitor, endeavoured to check the zeal and mitigate the severity of the Inquisition; nevertheless, under this mitigated system, the number of victims who were burnt during those years is calculated at three thousand five hundred and sixty-four; above twelve hundred, whom death or flight had saved from suffering in person, were burnt in effigy, and above forty-eight thousand were condemned to lighter punishments,—the lightest involving infamy and utter ruin! During the reign of Charles V., there was a continual struggle between bigotry and policy in his councils. A junta of theologians assembled by his authority in the chapel at Granada wherein Ferdinand and Isabella were interred; they were of opinion that the Moriscoes never would become good Christians while they were permitted to retain their own language and usages; and, therefore, they recommended that they should be forbidden to speak the Moorish tongue and to wear the Moorish dress, and to be called by Moorish names; and that, among other customs, that of staining the hands and feet with henna should be prohibited, and the use of the bath also. Charles issued an edict in conformity to this advice; he suspended it upon the humble representation of the Moriscoes; it was put in force during his absence, and again suspended by his orders; and this sort of vacillation continued as long as he reigned; every struggle producing some further encroachment upon the rights of this injured people, and rendering their situation more uneasy and insecure. Grievances were heaped upon grievances, vexation followed vexation; generous spirits were exasperated by injustice; fiery ones maddened by insupportable usage; and the quiet multitude, whom, if they had been left unmolested, outward conformity would gradually have assimilated with the Spanish nation, were harassed by the Inquisition, and made to hate a religion which outraged all the feelings of humanity.

Upon the accession of Philip II., it was determined to enforce the prohibitions. Deza, an auditor of the Inquisition, and afterwards cardinal, was made President of the Royal Audience at Granada, and sent to that city that he might carry into execution the laws of

which he had been a principal adviser. The Moriscoes put their cause into the hands of their countryman, Francisco Nuñez Muley, a person of rank among them, of years, and of experience in public business; and he pleaded for them before the president, Marmol says, with a low and humble voice. Marmol was incapable of understanding the feelings which rendered it so. He represented that "when the Granadans were converted, they were not required to change their language nor their dress, nor their national modes of recreation: their conversion had been made by force, and in breach of treaty; but it was not accompanied with any such violence to their civil usages. The dress of the women was not as Moors and Mahomedans, but as Granadans; it was provincial, not religious; but it would be an act of ruinous hardship to make them change it; their ordinary garments were inexpensive; a woman might be clad for the cost of a ducat, but the robes which she wore at weddings and festivals were carefully kept for such occasions, and went down from generation to generation; these were costly in their fashion and materials, but because of their fashion, consisting of facings and trimmings, they could not be converted into any other form: in these and in their ornaments of the Morisco fashion, they had been accustomed to invest the money which they had saved; and were this law enforced, the loss which it would bring upon them might be calculated at not less than three millions, and the revenue also would suffer in no trifling degree when the consumption of silk and gold and pearls should be thus reduced. The men already all wore the Castilian habit: persons in authority had repeatedly said that those who did so should be favoured; but no such favour had been found: if but a knife were found upon any one, he was sent to the gallics, and his whole property consumed in exactions and bribes and mulets. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities equally persecuted them; and yet they had ever been obedient and loyal. Though the ink of the capitulation was not dry before those capitulations were violated, they had been the first people in Spain who took arms in the royal cause against the rebellious commons. Why should their music and dancing be prohibited, which in no wise related to Mahomedanism? Why the use of henna, which was employed not more for ornament than for its astringent properties, and which was found especially wholesome in keeping the head clean? D. Fray Guevara, the Bishop of Guadix, had formerly forbidden the practice, but the President and Auditors and the Marquis of Mondejar had interposed, and told him that this fashion had nothing to do with faith. They were ordered to leave their doors open; what was this but to expose their women to insults, and their property to thieves? The baths were to be destroyed; but bathing was for health and cleanliness, not for a religious observance. Spaniards as well as Moriscoes needed the baths; if the practice had formerly been forbidden in Castille, it was lest men should be relaxed by it, and rendered unfit for war; but the Moriscoes were not required to fight. Their women were now forbidden to go abroad with their faces covered; but this was a custom which had been introduced for the sake of modesty, of public morals, and of convenience; and how were ugly women to meet with husbands if all faces were exposed? The king had rendered it penal for any Spaniard to uncover a Morisca's face;—why, then, should this be treat-

\* *Uctionibus forebat, leniterque oleo condito praepricabat.* She held out a confident hope of curing him in eight days; and in that time *assiduis medelis*, the disease was removed; evidently, therefore, by her treatment.

ed as a matter of religion now? With regard to names, families were distinguished by them; and why should their ancestors be thus put out of remembrance, whose appellations it was for the honour of the Spaniards to preserve, were it only for the same reason that the Catholic king and the Emperor had ordered the Alhambra and other palaces to be kept up, as monuments of their conquest? It was desirable, he admitted, that there should be no *Gacis* (African Moors) in the land; but edicts for expelling them had never been executed, nor could they be, without wrong, for most of these people were naturalized here, and had children and grand-children born and settled in the land: it would, therefore, be against conscience to eject them. Nor was it more reasonable to decree that the Moriscoes should not be allowed to have negro slaves; for who was to serve them else? or were they all to be made equal? Lastly, he touched upon the greatest hardship of all, which was, that of requiring them, in the course of three years, wholly to disuse their mother-tongue. How difficult a thing was this! They all wished to speak Castilian if they could; but how were poor people to acquire this in lonely places among the mountains, where they had never even acquired the *Aljamia* or mixed Arabic of the country, but spoke dialects of their own,—so that by an *Alpuxarreño's* speech, it might be known to what district in the mountains he belonged. There was not a lower or viler race upon the earth than the negroes of Guinea; and yet they were allowed to retain their country dances, and their national music, and their own speech. Why were the Moriscoes to be treated more rigorously than these? Nuñez Muley concluded by protesting that his intentions in thus pleading for his countrymen, were pure and undissembled. "I have," said he, "always endeavoured to serve God, and our lord the king, and this crown, and this nation, and this kingdom; I am bound to do this by my birth, and for more than sixty years I have been empicoyed on all such occasions to solicit their cause."

The president made a cold, unfeeling reply to this representation, and avoiding all notice of its strong points, answered only to that concerning the women's dress. He concluded by saying, that the king considered the salvation of one soul as a thing more important than all the revenue which he derived from the Moriscoes; his intention was, that they should be good Christians, and not only be, but appear so, and have their wives and daughters dressed in the same fashion as the queen. And for himself, the president said, he would never at any time favour them in this pretension, that being Christians, they should make their women dress like Moors. Accordingly, he gave orders for enforcing the edict, directing the magistrates to admonish the women for a second and even third offence in the matter of their apparel, before they committed them to prison, and then to release them presently without putting them to any expense. It was in vain that wiser statesmen and better men represented the impolicy and danger of these rigorous measures. The Marquis de Mondejar was one who perceived all the inconveniences, whether or not he was sensible of the injustice; but notwithstanding the opinion which he dutifully expressed, he was informed that it was the king's pleasure that the edict should be carried into effect, and that he must forthwith repair to Granada, and put down by force all opposition that

might be made. Verily, says Marmol, it had been determined to extirpate the Morisco people from that kingdom. After the end of the year no woman was to appear in the forbidden costume; and at mass, on the ensuing day, the Moriscoes were required to give up all their children of both sexes, between the ages of three and fifteen, that they might be put to school, at the king's expense, there to be instructed in the Christian faith and language. They were assured also it was the king's intention from thenceforth to make no distinction between his subjects, but to employ them and promote them equally in his service. Even the Duke of Alva interposed in their favour, and advised that the edict should be suspended, or, at least, that its provisions should be acted upon gradually; but Cardinal Espinosa, who had then the chief direction of affairs, was inexorable; the Inquisition, which never stooped at half-measures, was resolved to go through with what it had begun; and Philip, who had delivered his conscience into his confessor's keeping, believed that whatever he did for the propagation of the faith would be accounted among his good works, no matter by what means it should be done.

A rebellion was thus provoked, as horrible in its details as any of the religious wars in that merciless age. Throughout the kingdom of Granada, the Spaniards, wherever they were dispersed, or in small parties, were massacred, and the priests everywhere were put to death, with circumstances of such revengeful and atrocious mockery, that in perusing the dreadful records, all sympathy with the oppressed and outraged people is forgotten, and the Moriscoes become as odious as their oppressors. They failed in an attempt to surprise Granada; yet, with little assistance from Africa, they kept up the war for two years, and above twenty thousand Spaniards, according to their own historians, perished in it. Those years might afford finer subjects for heroic ballad, and tragic tale, and deepest tragedy, than any former age of Moorish history: but it is no salutary exercise of the imagination to dwell upon the sufferings and excesses of outraged and maddened humanity. When an end was put to the struggle,—as much by discord and treachery among the Moriscoes themselves, as by the persevering efforts of the Spaniards under Don Juan de Austria and the Duke del Arcos,—the Spanish government carried into effect the violent measure upon which it had previously resolved, which was that of removing all the Granadan Moriscoes out of their own country, and settling them in Extremadura and Castille, where they might be mingled with the mass of the people. Little as they had deserved such consideration, the king, says Marmol, enjoined that children should not be separated from their parents in this compulsory removal, nor wives from their husbands; and this further indulgence was shown to those whose loyalty had been approved—that they were permitted to remove themselves, and allowed three days' grace before their departure! The others, as well as those who had never taken arms, as those who had surrendered, were, in every parish, on All Saints' Day, collected in the church, and from thence marched in detachments, under an escort, to their destination. Abuses, as may well be supposed, were committed by the persons to whom the execution of the order was entrusted; many lives were wantonly sacrificed, and many took refuge among the mountains. Some of these, when they heard that their countrymen were

settled and beginning to reconcile themselves to their lot—as thinking that there could be no further calamity for them in store—surrendered, and joined them; others were hunted down. But many found means of escaping to Barbary, where they were entertained as soldiers by the king of Fez; and it is said that these Andalusians, as they were there called, contributed in no slight degree to that overthrow in which Sebastian perished, and the flower of Portugal with him—the most fatal defeat that any nation has suffered in modern times.

It is characteristic of the Spaniards, that while they cherished the most unrelenting hatred against the whole Morisco race, they nevertheless regarded every signal display of Morisco valour, whether in Africa or in their own country, against their allies or themselves, as reflecting honour upon Spain. Then they could feel that these people, though incorrigible Mahomedans, had nevertheless partaken of Spanish virtue. There have been ambitious men, who, having obtained power by wicked means, have afterwards so used their power as to make it seem that ambition had been their only vice; such men are the most dangerous examples in history. There have been governments which, scrupling at no measures, however dreadful, for extending their conquests, have yet so equitably ruled over the subjected people, and introduced among them such civilizing institutions, as to render it happy for them that they had been subdued. Neither the Catholic kings at any time, nor the Spanish governors, have been of this description. They have been mighty to do evil—"to pull down, and to destroy;" but even when there has been the disposition to do good, the power was wanting. In this case there was neither the disposition nor the power. The whole of the Morisco race had now been forcibly converted, in violation of all treaties: the most formidable of them, the only branch who might still have considered themselves a nation, and in whom a principle of enmity might still be supposed to exist, had been expatriated and settled in other parts of Spain, where they were in a very small proportion to the old Castellians, and were surrounded by them. Had the government treated them with common justice, and suffered no obstacle to be interposed to those intermarriages that, in the natural course of things, must soon have intermingled them as completely with the Spaniards, as Goths and Romans had been intermingled, the proposed object of all the former injustice and cruelty would have been accomplished. But the same cause which had produced this antecedent wickedness continued to operate, and the world was now to see the effects of an intolerant and implacable superstition, displayed upon a wider scale than in any former example.

The proceedings of the Inquisition had been loudly complained of by the Moriscoes, when they took arms against their oppressors. Some of the prophecies and songs, by which their hopes and passions were inflamed, have been preserved in Spanish translations, made for the information of the government; and in these they spoke with horror of the eagerness with which the holy office pursued its destined victims; no distance, they said, could save a suspected person from its vengeance; and when they had seized him, they kept him day and night in continual terror, requiring him to recollect himself, and say what the offence was for which he was accused; and they tor-

tured him till they forced the very mother's milk from under the finger-nails; and upon certain days, dreadful as the day of judgment, they brought out their prisoners, dressed in yellow garments, which were covered with frightful figures, and burnt them alive, women and men, old and young! There was no abatement of these cruelties after the removal of the Granadans. Wherever there were Moriscoes, there the Inquisition and its familiars were in full activity. The most submissive outward conformity did not satisfy them; they must search out the secrets of the heart; and knowing how impossible it was, that a people who had been converted by such means, should not abhor the religion which they were compelled to profess, and which had been made the pretext for all their wrongs and sufferings, they continued to treat the whole race as being still secretly Mahomedan. An inquisitor who had exercised his devilish office thirteen years among them, declared, and no doubt with perfect sincerity, that among the multitude whom he had examined, there had not been one individual of whom he could say there was even a probability that that person was a Christian. If any men may be supposed to have understood the anatomy of the living heart, it must be the inquisitors, who, in such innumerable cases, had laid it open, and made a study of its agonies.

It has been established beyond all doubt, that the moving principle of the Inquisition, both in Spain and Portugal, was the desire of gain—that it was a society for extorting money, who burnt tens of thousands, and reduced hundreds of thousands to misery and utter ruin, in order to gain possession of their goods. It had completely subjected the government in both countries—the chief Inquisitor was a more formidable person than the sovereign; and the kings of Spain and Portugal, in the plenitude of their power, could no more have ventured to restrict the holy office, than their contemporary despots at Constantinople to reform the Janissaries. But the holy office had done worse than this—it had hardened the heart of the nation. Probably there were not at that time so many unbelievers among the priests and regulars as there are now, for speculative irreligion had always thriven more in France and Italy than in Spain: those, however, who managed the machinery of miracles, who invented relics, (as in the impudent Granadan discovery at this time,) and who acted as confessors to inspired nuns, must have been unbelievers as well as impostors; but very many among them there were who were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their false religion, and who believed as sincerely that they were performing (as, indeed, they called it) an act of faith when they burnt Jews, Moriscoes, or Protestants, alive, as the miserable Carthaginians and other nations, when, in the rites of their earlier diabolism, they offered up their own children in the flames. Both descriptions acted to the same end upon the people—the former by their jugglery, the latter by their inflammatory zeal; and the great body of a nation will always be what a wise government makes them, or a weak one allows them to be made. The Spaniards were easily wrought to persecute the Moriscoes, because an appeal was made to their pride, their envy, and their fears. They were taught to believe that the pure Spanish and old Christian blood was contaminated by any intermixture, however remote, with the Morisco race; and that wherever this descent could



be established, no time could efface the original sin. Their envy was excited because the Moriscoes, being excluded from all the higher walks of life, applied themselves to its humbler pursuits with more diligence than their neighbours, and therefore with greater skill and better success, so that the Morisco workmen were preferred, notwithstanding the inveterate prejudice which prevailed against them as a class: and they feared this people because they had wronged them,—because they had persecuted and were still persecuting them. When Essex was at Cadiz, more apprehensions were entertained at Seville of the Moriscoes than of the victorious English. This, indeed, must have been a vulgar panic, but it marks the state of the vulgar feeling, and it was brought forward amongst the arguments for expelling them. We know, upon Sully's authority, that in his more serious designs of taking vengeance upon Spain, Henri IV. had reckoned upon an alliance with this injured race. The Spaniards, by their own feelings, could perfectly understand what the desire of vengeance must be in their Moorish countrymen, who, in their temperament of mind and body, were as Spanish as themselves. Continual proof that it existed among them in full force was given by the piratical states: for it was from the Moriscoes who retired thither after the conquest of Granada, or escaped thither after the first insurrection, that those states derived the strength and the enterprise which first rendered them formidable. A burning hatred of the Spaniards became an hereditary passion in the descendants of these exiles. From time to time the more daring of the Moriscoes fled from the house of bondage, that they might be secure from the Inquisition, profess their old faith, and take vengeance for old wrongs, and for the holocausts who were continually sacrificed at the autos-da-fé. And when they found priest, monk, or friar on board a captured ship, or succeeded in carrying one off when they made a descent upon the coast of Spain, the sins of the order were visited upon the miserable victim.

It could not be doubted that these corsairs kept up a communication with their friends in Spain, and were assisted by them whenever it was possible. That the Moriscoes kidnapped children, and carried on a slave trade to Barbary, upon a small scale, by these means, must be false, the danger being far too great, and the temptation for incurring it too little. But any thing, however preposterous, was believed of them, as of the Jews before them: that they enticed these children in the streets of Valencia, and prevented them from crying by gagging them with balls of tallow, and so kept them concealed till they could be shipped for exportation; that they infested the roads, so that no Christian could travel in safety, and that murdered bodies were continually found, and that many, who must have been their victims, had disappeared; that they raised among themselves an annual tribute for the Great Turk, and regularly remitted it,—a fact, it was said, of which the Inquisition had forced a confession from them, though according to its system of awful secrecy, it withheld all proofs; that they encouraged incest, practised enchantments, and worshipped the figure of a hand, adorned with gems and gold—*el Zancarron* it is called, and seems to have been neither more nor less than the *figa* used at this day as an amulet by the Spaniards themselves. Earth groaned under their abominations, and heaven made known its displeasures by tokens which could not be misun-

derstood: for sovereigns were prosperous or unfortunate according to their zeal for the faith. Mary, the queen of Scotland, had been suffered to perish by the axe in punishment for her want of ardour in maintaining the Catholic faith against her heretical subjects; and if Philip II. had been rewarded with Portugal for having encouraged the holy office, and rooted out and cast into the fire the tares of heresy which Cazalla had sown in Spain, the loss of the Armada was a judgment upon him because he had not permitted his wife, Queen Mary of England, to execute the sentence of death upon the bastard Elizabeth, for treason against God and man! A blazing star had given warning of evil to come unless the wrath of God was averted; and a fiery sword had been seen in the sky, the unsheathed sword of Almighty justice, displayed, as it was verily believed by Santiago himself, in warning to his beloved votaries. Earthquakes had shaken many parts of Spain; hurricanes had thrown down churches and crucifixes; it had rained blood; the river Carrion had during six hours suspended its course and left its bed dry. And in the sepulchre of Santiago, that holiest of holies, where no human foot might enter, and into which the King alone, with the Archbishop of Compostella, on his installation, might be allowed through a small and single aperture to look,—in that sepulchre drums and fifes had been heard sounding the alarm; and when the sound ceased a dreadful voice was heard there, exclaiming—*Arma! Arma! Espana! Espana!* This, says the Carmelite Fr. Marcos de Guadalaxara, is one of the greatest prodigies that could be written or conceived, and more especially when it occurred in so sacred and remarkable a place! Before these prodigies, and certes in prelude to all these and the evils which must yet ensue, if this accursed generation was still permitted to pollute the soil of Spain, the bell of Villilla had tolled—that portentous and far-famed bell, which, unmoved by any human hand, was wont always to give notice when any great calamity befell Spain. It had tolled when Alonzo V. of Aragon was captured at sea; it had tolled when the Inquisitor Pedro Arbucio was murdered by the heretics; when Rome was sacked by the Imperialists; when Charles V. died; when Sebastian fell in Barbary; and generally upon occasion of any death in the royal family, but not invariably.

Villilla is a village upon the Ebro. There is an old church (old at that time) of St. Nicholas, upon a hill above the village, and under that church a cave, lofty enough for a man to stand upright in it, in parts loftier, and extending, according to popular report, two leagues under ground. On the top of the church two bells, as is usual in such rude edifices, were suspended in an open belfry, or rather wall: the larger, which was the *Campana del milagro*, was ten palms in circumference; on the east and west side, as it hung, it had a figure of Christ engraven on the metal, with the two Marys; and these compartments, which were exactly the same, were separated by two crosses, engraven on the north and south quarters. Round the rim were these words, ascribed to the Cumæan sibil, *Christus Rex venit in pace et Deus homo factus est*. Nine notary publics drew up and signed an attestation, upon the evidence of the rector, all the persons of rank in the vicinity, and above 4000 other witnesses, to the following statement:—that on the 13th of June, 1631, this bell began to toll at seven in the morning, giving



three strokes first, and then pausing, and moving its clapper round as if it intended to strike more. This bell, it must be observed, was never rung by hand, its little neighbour in the next niche doing the whole work of the parish, while this remained in the dignified silence of its sanctity; nor was it ever moved by the wind, which it appears some persons, hard of belief, had suspected to have been the case; because, if the wind, blowing directly through the belfry, had sufficed to ring the great bell, much more easily would it have made the little one sound, and it was not pretended that this had ever happened. No! when the bell of Vililla tolled, it was *obra de Dios*, a patent miracle.

The clapper continued its dumb show till the clock had struck seven, and then it struck seven strokes between the south and west—for everything, in so great a prodigy, was most accurately noted—then, after a short interval, it struck nine, and so on in succession, twelve, fifteen, and thirty, still between south and west, the clapper playing all round its range, but only striking upon that quarter: then it beat all round, but mostly upon the eastern point, and this, without intermission, till nine o'clock, when the clapper took breath for half an hour, then fell to work again for half a quarter, rested another half hour, and then began again, travelling round and round with notable passion, and as it were, imitating the Moorish beat of drum, loudest between south and west, with some deep strokes to the east: and thus every day till the last of the month, and then the bell itself shook, or the clapper went round and round, or tolled at intervals, or beat the loud alarm, to the dismay not only of all Spain, but of France and Italy, for the prodigy was officially communicated to the courts of Paris and Rome.

This bell awakened the Patriarch of Valencia, D. Juan de Ribera, a person worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance, as one of those who have laboured with most zeal to increase the sum of human misery. As no commissariat, however perfect, could vie with the arrangements which are produced by mutual concurrence, for supplying a great city with all things needful, so no conspiracy can be so effectual and so dangerous as the co-operation of active men, aiming, though for different motives, earnestly at the same end. Many laboured to bring about the expulsion of the Moriscoes, for the sake of the share which they might obtain of their spoils; many desired it for mere envy, (the meanest and the most prevalent of evil passions;) they were worse cultivators, worse manufacturers, worse workmen, and would therefore gladly see their successful competitors ruined, by whatever means: the rooted feeling of national enmity made others think that sufficient vengeance had not yet been taken for the defeat of Roderick, and the destruction of the Goths, so long as any of the Moorish race polluted the soil of Spain. Others were moved by the most heart hardening of all things—religious bigotry; they regarded the inconvertibility of the Moriscoes, notwithstanding their outward conformity, as a thing too certain to admit even of a doubt; and the existence of so large a body, who profaned the holy Roman Catholic faith, by falsely professing it, they considered as, at once, a national reproach and a national sin; this false profession being so heinous a crime, that if the government still allowed it to pass with impunity, the Almighty would punish Spain for such impious toleration. The Patriarch of Valencia

represented that the King of Spain was not like the sovereigns of Flanders and France, who did not execute just laws upon their heretical subjects, for want of power to do it. Certain and indubitable it is, said this Patriarch, that if those kings had cut the throats (*degollassen*) of all the heretics in their kingdoms, the church would have thanked them, and applauded them for it, as we have seen by numberless examples; and that if those kings could exterminate the heretics from their kingdoms, by killing them or driving them out, and should not do so, it would be in them a notable fault, and little zeal for religion. This passage is literally translated from the original; it was approved by the censors of the press; it has never been condemned in any Index Expurgatorius; and the doctrines which it thus explicitly avows were acted upon—speedily by Philip III.—by Louis XIV. afterwards—and as lately as in the last generation at Salzburg. The various schemes which were proposed for extirpating the Moriscoes were in accordance with the infernal spirit which inspired them. Among other persons who are pronounced by the historian of the expulsion worthy of eternal praise for their exertions in bringing it about, D. Gomez Davila proposed that all their children between the ages of two and a half and fourteen, (that is as soon as they were weaned,) should be taken from them, and, having been bred up among old Christians, that they should be shipped off, the males to one part of the world, the females to another, so that in one generation the whole accursed race of the Hagarenes might be extinguished. Another scheme, and this the Patriarch suggested, was, that as the guilt of their apostacy was indubitable, the King should send as many as he pleased as slaves to work in the galleys, or in the mines in the Spanish Indies, which the Patriarch assured him he might do without any scruple of conscience, and which he added, might be of no small utility. There were learned persons, the Patriarch said, who maintained that he might lawfully take their children of both sexes and sell them for slaves; and they produced, he said, probable grounds for this opinion. Another proposal was, that they should be prohibited from marrying; this, the Patriarch observed, must either mean an absolute prohibition, or that they should be prohibited from marrying among themselves—only with old Christians: he could approve of this in neither case, for, in the latter, it would give occasion to apostacy: in the former to enormous crimes, especially among such a people; in fact, the enactment would be contrary to the law of nature. The Patriarch did not notice, in his memorial, another proposal, not less humane and pious than any of the preceding, and which appears to have come from the aforesaid Gomez Davila, "worthy of eternal praise,"—it was that, because the Moriscoes might seem to have been left in Spain for the purpose of putting to the test whether the Spaniards were really Christians or not, the Spaniards should put that out of doubt by preparing for them a Sicilian Vespers!

The Roman Catholics in those days affected not to conceal the principles of the papal church; they spoke as they were taught to think, and they acted as they spoke. These abominable propositions were advanced without disguise; they were canvassed by legalists and casuists; they were supported by divines, and taken by ministers of state into their most serious consideration. The Patriarch of Valencia addressed

memorial after memorial to Philip III., acting through a diseased conscience upon a feeble mind. This mitred miscreant coolly represented what a good sum of money the Catholic King might receive if he sold all the Morisco children, under seven years old, for slaves, either to his own subjects, or to strangers, always provided that the purchasers were old Christians,—a holy execution of justice, he called it,—a mercy to the parties themselves. The king was bound in conscience to rid his country of the whole race; if he omitted to do this, he would incur a mortal sin. The king was also moved by this consideration, which was pressed upon him—that the Gothic kings of Spain, before they seated themselves on the throne, took an oath to suffer none but Catholics within their realms; and Philip was persuaded that, with the crown, this obligation had descended to him. Thus could they play fast and loose with oaths; they were to be binding as fate if the observance suited with the policy of the Romish church; but when they contravened that policy, the breath of the pope dissipated them like smoke. Philip and his Queen Margarita of Austria, were assailed also on the side of their political fears. Old as he was, the patriarch said—and he had now completed his seventy-second year—he feared that he might yet live to witness a second destruction of Spain by the Moors, if their treacherous descendants were still permitted to remain in the land.

An Englishman, who is called Thomas de Oliver Brachan, is said to have been trusted by the Valencian Moriscoes with their schemes of insurrection, and employed with a French agent to solicit aid from England. They are said to have arrived here soon after Elizabeth's death, and to have had interviews with Cecil, at *Grinins* (Greenwich): it is added, that both the kings of Great Britain and France were supposed to have communicated this matter to the Spanish court; but the Carmelite historian says he is hard of belief here, seeing that James was so declared a heretic, and considering what great preparations for war Henri IV. was at that time making,—God knows for what end! But in a subsequent work he says, "it is certain that such information was given by James." How that king might have thought it his duty to act in such a case, must be very doubtful; though it is certain that by a sense of duty he would be guided. There is an idle tale—that information to the same effect came from a Spanish woman who was in the Grand Seigneur's harem; and that she did not act out of any love for her country, the religion of which she had renounced; but because, being a favourite of the sultan's, she apprehended that, if the insurrection broke out, he would leave her to put himself at the head of his forces, and conduct in person so great an enterprise as that of re-establishing Mahomedanism in Spain. The expulsion of so numerous a people was, indeed, so violent a measure, and might be so perilous, if despair should drive them to the brave resolution of perishing sword in hand, that the patriarch, with all his zeal, saw the necessity of making it at first a partial measure, and had regard enough for his own personal convenience, to advise that Andalusia, and not Valencia, should be chosen for the first experiment. But the government saw reason for beginning with Valencia. It was in vain that the barons opposed, by all constitutional means, a measure which so injuriously affected their interests; the necessary preparations were made by sea and

land for carrying into effect the atrocious resolution which had been taken, and the edict was then published.

The preamble stated that many right learned and holy men had represented to the king how he was bound in conscience for the welfare of his kingdom, and for averting the anger of offended God, to expel a people who were notoriously heretics, apostates, and traitors, against God and the king. All the Moriscoes of the kingdom of Valencia were ordered therefore, within three days after this publication, to leave their habitations, and set out for the place appointed by the commissioners who were to direct their embarkation; they might take with them as much of their moveable goods as they could carry, which would be landed with them in Barbary; and they might lay in what provision they thought proper for the passage; though necessary subsistence would be provided for them. Whoever disobeyed this order was to be punished with death; and any persons absenting themselves to evade it, were to be apprehended, and killed if they attempted resistance. If they concealed any of the property which they could not take with them, or set fire to their houses, fruit-trees, or produce of any kind, they were to be killed on the spot,—the king having graciously been pleased to confer all their goods, fixed or moveable, except what they could carry with them, on the lords whose vassals they were. At the viceroy's request, and lest the houses, sugar-works, water-courses, &c., should go to ruin, as also for the instruction of the persons who were to take possession of them, it was allowed that in every place where there had been one hundred Morisco families, six men might remain with their wives and children, provided the children never had been married, and were still under the tutelage of their parents: in this proportion they might remain where the population was smaller, but not in the increasing scale. To satisfy them that the transportation was performed faithfully, and with no vexation, ten from every embarkation were to be allowed to return, and assure their countrymen that the rest had been well treated and safely landed. Children under four years old might be left, if their parents or guardians chose to leave them. Those under six, one of whose parents was an old Christian, might also remain; and the mother with them, if the father were the old Christian; but in the other case, the father must be banished, and the mother and children remain: here the option was not given. Those for whom the priest would certify might remain; and the last articles of the edict gave a gracious permission to the Moriscoes, that any of them might go to any part of the world out of the Spanish dominions whither they chose to repair, so they left their habitations within the term prefixed.

At the same time with this memorable edict, the patriarch sent forth a circular to his clergy, ordering them to expose the sacrament in all their churches and convents on certain days appointed, and to return thanks in all their churches to Almighty God, for having given them so religious and zealous a king, who, being enlightened by the Holy Ghost to effect this great work for the benefit of his kingdoms, when he might justly have inflicted upon the Moriscoes the punishment appointed for heretics, apostates, and traitors, had nevertheless, in his accustomed clemency and goodness, only banished them. He himself preached a thanksgiving sermon upon the occasion,

widely circulated at the time, and worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance. "I would they were even cut off that trouble you," was the text. He dwelt upon the peculiar force of the word *Utinam*, (as if he were explaining the original language;) it had a singular emphasis, he said, signifying a most anxious and fervent desire that he could see them cut off and destroyed,—a desire arising from that zeal which is every one's duty, being included in the command of loving the Lord our God. The work which the king had resolved to accomplish was so admirable and divine, that human wisdom could never have resolved upon it without a particular light and help from heaven; it was the work of works—the enterprise of enterprises—an example for the world, and it would be the admiration of all after ages.

With all this exultation, there were great fears of some desperate resolution on the part of the Moriscoes, and every precaution was taken for crushing them, should they break into rebellion. But in this part of Spain they had long been a peaceful people; and their despair took a different turn. Terrible as their expulsion was, it yet delivered them from that constant persecution in which they had existed under the holy office; and the sense of this deliverance, aided by resentment against injustice, was so commonly felt among them, that whereas it had been expected great interest would be used to be included in the number of those who were allowed to remain, not a family would consent to tarry in the land. All said they would share the same fate; and to the priests who urged them to leave their children behind, were it only because of the distress and danger of the seas in so crowded a passage, they replied that they would rather see them die on board the galleys, than leave them among so merciless a people. Their only desire was, who should get on board first, that they might leave a land of persecution, and breathe the air of a Mahomedan country,—for the Inquisition did them no injustice in affirming that they were Mahomedan at heart;—who, indeed, would not, if the choice lay only between the religion of the Inquisition and of the Koran? Notwithstanding the protection which had been promised them, many of them were waylaid and plundered, and not a few murdered on their way to the coast; for the opportunity of plunder had drawn to Valencia a large assemblage of the worst description of Spaniards. Bleda, the well known historian, says, there never had been known such a fair in Spain as during the three days on which the poor exiles sold their goods at any price which the purchasers might please to give, that they might raise some little money to carry with them into a foreign land. The first embarkation landed at Oran; the governor of Tremecen had been apprised of their coming, and in this instance the Barbary Moors manifested a becoming charity towards their Morisco brethren; five hundred horse, as an escort, were sent for them, and a thousand camels for the women and children: they were kindly entertained in Tremecen, and admitted at once to all the rights and privileges of the natives; and this good report was carried back by the ten who, according to the king's orders, were taken back in the fleet. It contributed to bring about the submission of those who in some of the stronger parts of the country had taken arms, deluded by prophecies, and in the expectation that miracles would be wrought for them;—the appetite of belief being as strong in the Spanish Moor

as in the Spanish Papist. Some dreadful examples of despair were given in their weak and partial attempts at resistance. Mothers threw themselves into the Xucar, with their children in their arms; others, before they surrendered, were reduced to such extremity by hunger, that they sold their children to the soldiers for a handful of figs and a cake of bread. Great slaughter was made among them, and the number of children who fell into the hands of the soldiers, and were sold by them to the Spaniards, was so great, as to occasion great difference of opinion among statesmen and casuists how they should be disposed of. Philip, who would have been neither cruel nor unjust, if his conscience had been in his own keeping, followed the judgment of those who declared that these children could not lawfully be considered slaves; and he determined that they should serve those who had purchased them, and would give them a Christian education, as many years after they were twelve years old, as they were under that age when they were bought. The more difficult point to determine was, after what age might it be possible that a Morisco child should be made a true Christian? The viceroy would have retained all who were under fifteen, looking to the great and immediate evil of this extensive depopulation. The old patriarch contended that none above the age of seven should be suffered in the land; otherwise, in the course of two or three generations, it would again be filled with Mahomedans; and the king, in deference of this opinion, ordered that all above that age should be landed in Barbary. But the viceroy ventured to suspend the execution of this order till the king should be better informed: it would be less cruel, he said, to cut the throats of these poor helpless creatures at once, than to set them adrift on the coast of Barbary, their parents and friends having been killed in the insurrection, and there being none there to care for them. This remonstrance was not without effect, and the king permitted all who were below twelve years of age to be retained.

Humanity may have had its due weight in this decision; in the general desire for keeping as many of the Morisco children as possible, it may be questioned whether the Spaniards were more actuated by cupidity, or by what they deemed piety. Great numbers at every embarkation were kidnapped from their parents; and so far was this from being thought a crime by the most Catholic nation, that it was considered an act of Christian charity; and the Marquesa de Caracena, who was the viceroy's wife, employed men in this religious occupation! Her zeal extended further; she took measures for retaining women who were far advanced in pregnancy, that they might be delivered on shore, and the infants baptized against the parents' will. Whether the children were taken from them in consequence is not stated, no Moorish account of these transactions has appeared; it is from the Spaniards themselves that we derive the details; and Bleda, who more than any other individual exerted himself to bring about the expulsion, relates these things triumphantly, in their undisguised atrociousness, and with a feeling worthy of a Dominican and an Inquisitor. This personage had deserved for his zeal to be called, not reproachfully, but as the most eulogistic title which could be bestowed upon him—*unico cuchillo de los Moriscos*, the knife which had destroyed them! but he disclaimed it, humbly,



for himself; it was an honourable appellation, he said, which could belong only to the King and to the Duke of Lerma: the duke he called Anti-Julian, as having, by this great measure of his administration, rooted out that accursed generation whom Count Julian had introduced into Spain. Bleda boasted of his descent from a brother of Attila, to whom he traced his name: in Attila's whole host there was not a harder-hearted barbarian than this friar, who, nevertheless, was a man of some learning, and evidently not less sincere than zealous in his execrable calling.

Great credit in the management of this first expulsion was given to the government for its generosity in allowing the exiles to take their money with them; the king distinguishing himself thus honourably, it was said, from Philip Augustus, who, in his treatment of the Jews and Templars, had brought a doubt upon the purity of his motives. This praise was bestowed too soon. On the eighth day after the publication of the edict, they were prohibited from selling any more of their goods; and after the first deportation, they were made to pay for their passage. A certain sum per head was required; and those who had money were compelled to pay for those who had none. According to the official returns, more than one hundred and fifty thousand persons were deported from Valencia; those who were murdered, or who perished during the insurrection, by the sword or by misery and famine, are said to be out of number. "But though the exiles, says Bleda, had been conducted to the port, and treated on the passage, according to the king's order, with gentleness and Christian benignity (these are the friars's words!) our Lord God, who has appointed a reward of everlasting blessedness for this holy intention, and for its faithful performance, would not allow the punishment of these perfidious Moriscoes to be deferred till they entered upon their eternal torments. When they passed from under the gentleness and benignity of the Spaniards, he delivered them over to executioners of their own belief!" In fact, it was only those of the first deportation who experienced human charity among the African Moors. Those who followed were spoiled at will, by the Arabs, or by other wretches who were ready to profit by the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. They were plundered of the little which they had been allowed to take with them; the most beautiful of their women were taken from them to be sold; the men who attempted to defend their wives and daughters were killed; and so many perished by hunger, exhaustion, and misery of every kind, or on the voyage, some vessels sinking, others being wilfully cast away by the captains for the sake of plundering the wreck, that not a fourth part of the whole number who were expelled, lived to establish themselves in Africa. Bleda's humane reflection upon this statement is, that if they had all perished, it had been better for Spain!

Valencia having been thus cleared, those of Andalusia were next expelled, for the same alleged reasons of state and obligation of conscience. These were allowed thirty days to sell their moveable property; but they were forbidden to take the produce with them, either in money, gold, silver, jewels, or bills of exchange; they must vest it in commodities which were not prohibited to be exported, which should be of the growth of Spain, and must moreover be purchased of native Spaniards. The governor of Seville,

of his own authority, reduced this term to twenty days, which he might do with perfect safety, for there was now almost as little affectation of humanity as of justice in the proceedings. A further villany was used towards them: the edict ordered them to remove with their children; but instructions were given to take from them the children under seven years of age, unless they embarked for a Christian country. They who had the means, therefore, embarked for France or Italy, and when at sea, persuaded the captains, if they could, to land them in Barbary. Aragon and Catalonia suffered this depopulation next. The Aragonese pleaded in vain against the impolicy of the measure, and the breach of their privileges; those privileges were disregarded by an absolute government, and the great object of Spanish policy was, that the whole of Spain should be most Catholic; to effect which, its Catholic kings had surrounded it, says Bleda, through the great blessing and mercy of God, with the Inquisition's terrible walls of fire! The Aragonese were a brave and noble people, deserving a better government and a better church than those by which they were at once oppressed and depraved: but on this occasion they showed as little regard to mercy in their dealings with the Moriscoes, as the government had done to *fueros* and treaties in its transactions with them. All who had any demands upon the Moriscoes pressed them without remorse, as soon as they apprehended their expulsion; these poor people were plundered on the way by those who should have protected them; and such of them as were sent into France, were fleeced, on their arrival there, of the little which they had been able to retain so long.

There yet remained the Moriscoes of the Castilles, Estremadura, and La Mancha; hopes had been held out to them, that they were not to be included in the expulsion. Those who had been transplanted hither from Granada, had, from the circumstances of that removal, a right (if right availed anything) to expect that no further persecution of this kind would overtake them; the elder inhabitants were completely intermingled with the old Christians, and had, for the most part, been Christians themselves for many generations. There was now little danger of any serious insurrection. At the commencement of these measures, the Moriscoes, if they had acted in concert, might have shaken the throne of the Philips; but those in one kingdom had patiently looked on while the work of extermination was pursued in another. The Castilians had seen all their brethren successively driven out, and the reward of their patience was, that they must now partake of the same fate. After frightening as many as they could into what was called a voluntary removal, the Government published an edict, allowing the rest to sell their fixed property: as money, gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones, were not allowed to be exported, the edict added, that this prohibition would be suspended in their favour: for which suspension they were to pay half of what they should accumulate in this shape. Every endeavour was used by these unhappy persons to prove that they were entitled, as old Christians, to remain in the land; lawyers then came in for their share of the spoil; and these inquiries brought many families afterwards within scent of the familiars. It is, indeed, certain, that not here alone, but in every part of Spain, the Moriscoes would gladly have remained;



and, if the Inquisition had left them in peace, would soon have been distinguishable by genealogists alone. Guadalupe y Xavierr admits even that many of those who were burnt, as having apostatized to Mahomedanism, professed themselves Christians in the flames, and with their last gestures adored the cross.

The work was by this last expulsion accomplished, and the Spanish government effected its object by driving out of Spain a large portion of its inhabitants; the smallest computation making the Moriscos amount to six hundred thousand persons, exclusive of those who were killed, and of the children who were detained: other accounts estimate them at a million: and they were the working bees who were thus smoked out. The measure was loudly applauded, as a splendid act of piety; and the patience with which the Moriscos had submitted, being, it was now said, so able to have resisted, was represented as a miracle. Much of the merit was ascribed to the queen, who, when her husband was slow to perform the Lord's work, like another Zipporah, averted from him the displeasure of heaven by the forwardness of her zeal; and men who seemed to have read the Scriptures only to suck poison from them, found in the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael, a type of what they called this glorious event. The immediate effects were such, that a Dialogue of Consolation was written to comfort the Spaniards upon the wholesome consequences. Spain, it was there said, had been but too rich before, and now there would be no such rattling of coaches in its streets; the nobles must be contented to go on foot again, and once more pass the greater part of the year upon their estates, and eat the produce of the chase killed by their own hands, and the fruit of their own gardens. Eight years after the expulsion, a report was presented upon the state of the kingdom, wherein the depopulation was described as greater than had ever before been seen or heard of in that land; whole villages and towns being deserted, houses in ruins everywhere, and none to rebuild them! Lerma was saved from the punishment which he had deserved in this world by the court of Rome, which showed its gratitude for his services, by making him a cardinal; his brother and one of his near kinsmen holding at the same time the same rank. Whatever influence the consequences of his favourite measure may have had in bringing about his fall, they were too extensive to be concealed from Philip; and if the eyes of that poor king were not opened to the iniquity as well as impolicy of the expulsion, it was because, as in Cromwell's case, spiritual opiates were continually administered to stupify his conscience. The same sincerity to which we are beholden for full details of the Expulsion—in all its blackness,—has undrawn the curtains of his death-bed, and exposed to the world a scene as awful as that which Shakspeare imagined for his dying cardinal. From the very commencement of his illness, he feared that it would prove fatal; and when the physicians at length declared that they agreed with his majesty in the opinion which he had conceived of his infirmity, and delivered him over to his confessor, P. Florencia, he exclaimed repeatedly, "Oh, if it pleased heaven to prolong my life, how differently would I govern!" and he wished that he had been born in no higher station than that of a poor shepherd, that he might have kept sheep, instead of incurring the heavy responsibility of governing a nation. Florencia, by way of consolation, reminded

him how strenuously he had supported the holy Roman church, and what armies he had raised for its service; and how he had assisted the Catholics in Ireland; and how he had destroyed the heretics in the Valteline. No mention was made of the Moriscos; and this is worthy of remark, because it assuredly shows that the confessor dared not touch that wound. Philip replied to all this, that he could call to mind nothing which afforded him the smallest comfort; and he said, in spite of true contrition, which it may be hoped was not in vain, that he wished all kings could behold him in his present state, that they might be warned by his example. "Cry aloud, father," said he, "and proclaim what I now say unto you—that to have been a great monarch serves only, at the hour of death, to torment him that hath been so. Oh! that I had been a monk in the wilderness! Me miserable! I am in danger of hell! and then he besought the crucifix which was held before him, not to let him be condemned to eternal torments, but to deliver him after many ages of purgatory." Our lady of Atocha was carried in procession, all the counsellors of state attending. The body of St. Isidro the husband was brought to his bed-side, and he was advised to make a vow that, if by his intercession, he might be restored to health he would build him a chapel; this vow the poor king made, but with little faith, observing that it was now too late. By help, however, of the priests who surrounded him, of N. Señora de Atocha, of St. Isidro's body, and a host of other relics, particularly some set in a crucifix, to which the Pope had granted special indulgences, and which was the same that his father Philip II. and his grandfather Charles had used in their last moments; by help of these, and of a Tertiary's habit, which the general of the Franciscans provided, he was brought into a calmer state of mind, and this mummery operated as an anodyne in death! Miserable man! he had been the dupe and the instrument of a false and persecuting church; and had been taught to believe that in all the injustice which he decreed, the cruelties which he sanctioned, and the unutterable misery which he caused, he was serving his religion! Such and so great are the evils which that religion can produce!

## THE STORY-TELLER.

ANDREW THE SAVOYARD.

(Concluded.)

WE must now pass over several years, during which Andrew became a good scholar and a tolerable painter. Manette a lovely young woman, and Adolphine an accomplished and beautiful young lady. About this time the nephew of the Comte, who, with his valet Champagne, still lost no opportunity of mortifying and insulting the Savoyard, arrived on a visit. The young Marquis on first seeing Andrew, now a youth near twenty, said, looking at him, and leaning towards the valet, "Who owns this chap?" "Owns! what impertinence! am I then a slave?" Champagne replied in a low voice to the Marquis, who smiled dis-

dainfully, and said, sufficiently loud for me to hear, "Ah, it is the Savoyard my uncle spoke to me about!"

Savoyard again! the insolent tone in which the young man pronounced these words, brought all the blood to my face—I was ready to turn upon him—to ask him whether his intention was to insult me: I felt the pleasure I should have in fighting with this man whom I detested already. But he was gone—my blood became calm—I shuddered at the thought I had conceived—in the very house of my benefactress to seek a quarrel with her husband's relation! I repaired to M. Dermilly. "Andrew," said he, "I have a proposition to make to you; but, recollect, you are quite at liberty to act as you please. My health has not latterly been very good, and my physicians have recommended a change of air. I have determined on making a journey to Switzerland. I intend to start in a week: if you will accompany me we will travel together." "Will I?" said I, squeezing M. Dermilly's hand forcibly.

My haste to leave, and the warmth with which I expressed myself, appeared to surprise M. Dermilly. He looked at me as if he would have read my thoughts: "Andrew," said he, "I shall be delighted to have you for a companion; but, I must confess, your strong desire to quit Paris somewhat astonishes me. Are you no longer comfortable in the Comte's hotel, my friend? If so, why did not you mention to me what has annoyed you?" "Nothing annoys me, Sir; and Mme. la Comtesse is as kind as ever to me." "I know that Caroline loves you tenderly; and yet, Andrew, I have for a long time observed a great change in you. I did not mention it, as I fully expected you would confide your sorrows to your best friend." "Ah, Sir, had I any secrets, in whom but you should I place confidence? you to whom I owe every thing—I have no secret grief, Sir; and nothing ails me, I assure you."

The tone in which I said this, however, did not seem to carry conviction to M. Dermilly; he kept his eyes fixed on me. "You have had no new scene with M. le Comte?" "No, Sir." "You continue to be on good terms with Lucile?" "Yes, Sir." "Manette loves you as much as ever?" "Oh, yes, Sir; she will never cease to love me." So saying, I raised my eyes to M. Dermilly, who looked at me attentively. "And Adolphe evinces the same friendship for you?" The name of Adolphe disturbed me, and I stammered, "Mlle. Adolphe—is so good—so kind—" "I could say no more; I feared betraying myself. M. Dermilly ceased questioning, but still looked at me. After a moment's pause, he sighed: "Poor Andrew," said he, as he squeezed my hand. "You shall come with me, Andrew," said he; "the journey will do you good; and, instead of waiting a week, I will so order it that we may leave the day after to-morrow."

Before returning to the hotel, I repaired to Bernard, to inform him of my near departure, and prepared myself for Manette's burst of grief; but she heard of my journey with much more calmness than I could have expected, and it seemed that she was very well pleased at my departure from the hotel. "You ought not to leave M. Dermilly again," said she; "he is so kind and so good, surely you would be better with him than in that hotel, where the master hates the sight of you. You cannot think of returning there when you

come back." "Why—certainly—for a short time at least." "Surely, Andrew, now that you are a man, and a clever man, I think, if I were in your place, I would no longer stay in that hotel—how can it possibly end, but in giving you expensive habits and notions?" I felt that Manette was in the right; but I felt, also, that I was bound to obey my benefactress—and how could I ever separate myself from Adolphe!

One day shortly before this, that Andrew had visited Manette, he said to her, "Manette, I tell you everything I do and think, but you don't seem to have the same confidence in me."

Manette raised her soft eyes, which were not now so lively as they used to be, and looked at me with astonishment. "What do you mean, Andrew?" "That you don't tell me your little secrets.—At your age, Manette, the heart begins to speak." Manette blushed and appeared disturbed; at last she said: "Who told you my heart spoke for any one?" "No one told me, Manette; but I suppose so, because Mlle. Lucile thinks you of an age—to love some one." "Your Mlle. Lucile is very wise, no doubt! I don't pretend to know as much as she does, but it strikes me there is no great necessity for that." "But there is no occasion to be angry.—Surely there is no crime in having a lover with good intentions—who courts you for a wife." "No, Sir, I have none—I never will have any lover." "Never! how can you answer for that?" "Yes, Sir, certainly I can answer for it; and I don't know what business it is of your Mlle. Lucile, and why she puts such things into your head!" Manette held her apron to her eyes. "How!" said I, as I threw my arms about her, "Crying—what can I have possibly said to annoy you?" "Yes, Sir, it is very wrong, indeed, to say such things—that I have a lover—could it be possible! Would you be pleased at hearing that I had a lover?" "Why not! if he was an honest, hard-working lad, capable of making you happy."

Manette made no reply; she arose, drew her chair from me, and endeavoured with her handkerchief to stop the tears which flowed from her eyes. What could I have said to have hurt her thus? I could not comprehend it. But her father's arrival put an end to our *tête-à-tête*; and I soon returned to the hotel, without being able to imagine the cause of Manette's grief.

The travellers highly enjoyed their sketching tour in Switzerland, though Andrew often longed for intelligence of what was passing in Paris, and of Adolphe, and her cousin; and Manette, and Lucile sent letters; but Manette's was not the first read. It said all in one sentence, "Be happy, and do not forget us. As for me, neither time nor distance will ever efface your remembrance from my heart." M. Dermilly's health became worse, though he never tired of exploring the romantic and sublime scenery of Switzerland. While Andrew stood by his side admiring the same objects, the thoughts of the youth wandered continually to the hotel of the Comtesse, and the persons inhabiting it. Lucile again wrote that they were very gay, and giving balls; and that Adolphe laughed at her cousin's nonsense, who, giddy-pated as he was, now spent much of his time with her. Manette's letter urged her friend to watch over the health of M. Dermilly, an injunction that was not needed.

When the travellers returned to Paris, after an ab-

sence of nine months, Andrew remembered the happy hour when he first entered it, dancing with joy; but times were changed. "Andrew," said his friend as they parted, "you will return to the hotel of the Comte, but I do not think you will stay long there; remember that here you have a home,—that I look upon you as my son;" and Andrew, grossly insulted by the Marquis in the presence of Adolphe, soon availed himself of the generous offer; obtaining, without much effort, the consent of the Comtesse, to quit the hotel for ever. "Your education," she said, "is finished; and it behooves you now to acquire a more accurate knowledge of the world and men than can be obtained from books. You could not have a better mentor than Dermilly. He loves you as well as I do; and that is saying a great deal, Andrew. Before you go, Andrew," continued my benefactress, "I should wish you to know my intentions. I have formed a project of establishing you, my friend—of marrying you to her you love." "To her I love, Madame," said I quickly, whilst Adolphe lent an attentive ear, and cast a stolen glance at me. "Yes, Andrew, I am aware of your feelings—do you think I have not long since discovered them?" I blushed, and cast my eyes on the ground. Madame la Comtesse continued, "But I am aware you are as yet too young to marry. However, when you are disposed to wed with Manette, recollect, Andrew, the fortune is ready."

Manette!—she believed I loved Manette!—Adolphe might think the same! "Madame, I feel grateful for your kindness," said I, with animation, "but I cannot avail myself of it. You are mistaken as to my feelings; I shall never be the husband of Manette—my love for her is that for a sister alone." "Not love Manette!" cried my benefactress, with surprise. I made her no reply. "Enough, Andrew," continued the Comtesse, at length; "I am sorry to find myself mistaken. I thought Manette destined to have been one day your wife, and was convinced she would have insured your happiness—but perhaps you may change—" "Oh no, Madame, no; never shall I change—never shall I feel love for one—for whom—for—" "Enough—you may leave us;" but she shortly rejoined in a kinder accent, "Never forget, Andrew, that your youthful days were spent under my roof—that I love you as a son, and that your happiness will ever be dear to me." The kind-hearted Comtesse pressed me in her arms—Adolphe arose—a look from her mother seemed to arrest her steps, but she held her hand towards me, which I squeezed as it trembled in mine. It was done—I had left the house where I had passed eight years of my life.—Happier perhaps might I have been had I never entered it!

M. Dermilly was pleased with the return of his young friend. He said he should never leave him till he closed his eyes.

Andrew had not forgotten his old friends. He went to visit them, and they still lodged in the same place. Father Bernard stuck to his garret, which he might, however, have left, for the labour of himself and daughter had placed him above want. But the water-carrier was anything but a vain man; and when Manette had proposed to descend a flight, in order to fatigue him less, he would reply, "My legs are accustomed to carry me here, and my friends to come in search of me." "I am come to dine with you," said

I to them. "What! don't you go back to the hotel?" cried Manette. "No, I shall go back no more; I have left it for ever, and am now living with M. Dermilly."

Father Bernard asked me the reason of this change, and I related it all to him. Whilst I was speaking I was struck by the joy, the delight, displayed by Manette.

"Ah! father," cried she, "he'll not live any more at the hotel!—how pleased, how delighted I am! Ah! Andrew, how delighted I am—never go back there again." "Never!" cried Bernard; "is it thus you would advise him to repay the kindness of Madame la Comtesse." "Oh no, father; I know very well he ought to go there sometimes—but he will sleep no more in that great house, where I never dared set foot—and that might put things in his head."

I spent the entire of the day with my great friends; it appeared short, for they evinced so much kindness for me, that my heart was full. Whenever a recollection of Adolphe darkened my brow, or caused me to sigh, Manette, who seemed to read my thoughts, would take me by the hand, would speak to me of my mother, of my country, and she always found the means of restoring me to cheerfulness. Father Bernard, who, as he grew in years, no longer worked so hard, sat at table and hob-nobbed with me to the health of all those who were dear to me; whilst Manette whispered with a sweet smile, "Andrew, what a charming day I have spent—it is long, long indeed, since I have been so happy!"

Lucile sometimes visited Andrew at the house of M. Dermilly, and gave him news of her family; and at last he ventured to make a visit to the hotel, but was not permitted to see Adolphe. When he stammered out her name, the Comtesse coldly replied that she was well. "They will not let me see her again," exclaimed Andrew; and he relates, I hurried from the hotel as fast as I could—I was scarcely able to restrain the tears which almost choked me. I dashed into the alley of a house and there wept at my ease, whilst gazing at the window, and saying to myself, "I shall see her no more—speak to her no more! Never again shall I hear that sweet voice—never again encounter those charming eyes fixed on mine!" These thoughts redoubled my grief; but at least I could give free vent to my sorrow. To be obliged to conceal one's sufferings is indeed to add to their poignancy.

A young man of about my own age, and dressed as I was when I lived with Bernard, entered the alley, singing merrily. He was passing before me in order to ascend the staircase at the bottom, and I drew up to make room for him. Struck, no doubt, at the sight of a man dressed as I was, weeping like a child, he stopt at a few paces from me, and ceased singing. But he knew not how to address me; he made a few steps towards me and then held back. At length, no longer able to contain himself, he approached me saying: "Pardon, excuse me, Sir; but you look as if something ailed you. Did you fall down the staircase?—it is very dark—or perhaps some carriage in the street—It is very dreadful in Paris! They cry 'Take care,' but bah!—the noise prevents one's hearing. Shall I run and fetch you anything? I am quite at your service."

Situated as I was, it was death to be broken in upon—but I recognized the accent of my country. That

he who spoke was a Savoyard, there could not be the slightest doubt; and I turned towards him with more interest than I should otherwise have felt, saying, "Thank you, my friend, I don't want anything." The tone in which I said this did not carry conviction with it; for he turned towards me, and said, "Are you quite sure, Sir?" I could not help smiling, as I replied, "You are from Savoy?" "Yes, Sir—but how did you find that out?" "Oh, I recognised you by your accent." "Bah! is it possible that Monsieur is a Savoyard also?" "Yes, I am your countryman." "Upon my soul I should never have thought it—you haven't a bit of the accent—or of the appearance. You are the first from our country that ever I saw so well dressed. Egad, it is easy to be seen that you did not come here singing 'Yiou, Yiou, Pion, Pion.' Pray excuse me, Sir, for speaking so freely." I felt relieved by the *naïveté* and candour of the young Savoyard. "Is it long since you left Savoy?" said I. "Oh, yes, Sir; a very long time indeed. I was but seven years old when I came from the country with my brother. What a devil of a number of chimneys I have swept since then!"

Seven years! with his brother! a sudden thought struck me. I eagerly looked at the young man before me—I examined his features, and it struck me there was a degree of resemblance—and, besides, the time—nearly eleven years! Good heavens could it be him! My heart beat so violently at the idea, I could scarce find words to speak. "From what part of Savoy are you?" "From Vêrin, a little village near Mont Blanc." "From Vêrin! and your father?" "Oh, he died before I left home." "His name?" "My father's name! why Georget, like mine." "It's he, indeed! Pierre, don't you know me?" So saying, I opened my arms, whilst he looked at me with surprise. "'Tis your brother!" said I, "'tis Andrew, whom you see!" "Andrew! you! Good Heavens, 'tis impossible!"

I dissipated all his doubts by throwing myself on his neck. Pierre could no longer doubt that I was his brother, and we remained some time locked in each other's arms.

"And is it indeed you, Andrew, in these fine clothes—and crying, too?" "Is it really you, Pierre—still in your jacket!—but you are singing!" "Oh, 'gad, I never stop singing—but you have made your fortune, Andrew; you are dressed like a lord. What the devil can make you so low?" "I'll tell you all about it, my poor Pierre. I am so delighted at seeing you again, whom I thought dead." "No wonder, for we have never seen each other since I escaped from the rascal who wanted to eat me—hug me again, brother." "Come with me," at length said I to Pierre; "I will introduce you to my best friend—he will be yours also, I am sure." "Wait a moment—I must deliver a message at this house, and then give the answer, for d'ye see, there are ten sous to be earned, and that is no trifle for me." "Come, my brother, come, I will give you all the money I have." "Oh, no matter, I should not like to lose a customer—besides, a trust is sacred; have you forgotten it, Andrew?" "True, you are right—well then I will wait for you here." "Brother, give me your address, and I will join you when I am disengaged, for you might have to wait some time. It's a little clear-starcher, who sends me after her lover, d'ye see; and she is not at all unlikely to set me on the watch for him again."

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The little girl's as jealous as the devil—but she pays well. The women, I will say that for them, think nothing of sixpence, one way or the other, when love is in the question—they pay much better than the men."

I gave him M. Dermilly's address, desiring him to make as much haste as he could.

"M. Dermilly! why are you no longer called Andrew Georget?" "Yes, my dear Pierre, I shall ever feel proud of bearing the same name as my father." "Oh, I see you are as good a lad as ever, and you are not spoiled by your fine clothes." "M. Dermilly is my benefactor—it is with him I live." "Good, good, I understand." "Don't fail to come this evening, my dear Pierre. After so long a separation—But you shall never leave me again!" "Dear Andrew! he is rich, yet loves me as well as ever. But the little girl will be fretting herself; I will hasten to her, and join you again in a moment."

Pierre hugged me in his arms, then ran up the staircase, whilst I left the alley—but with what different feelings from those with which I had entered it! I was so delighted at having again found my brother, that I passed the hotel without once stopping or looking at the windows. I thought but of Pierre—I ran, I flew to M. Dermilly to make him acquainted with what had happened.

Pierre soon came back, and related his adventures since the brothers had lost each other. The generous painter insisted that he should remain with Andrew. Though rather awkward at first, when in Andrew's clothes, he had as kind a heart, and as gay and careless a temper as ever. The new character of gentleman, indeed, sat uneasily upon him.

Not long after the meeting with Pierre, M. Dermilly died. He left Andrew all his fortune, by a regular will, and also the handsome furniture of his apartments, and collection of pictures. Andrew was now master of six thousand livres a-year.

"Six thousand livres a-year!" cried Pierre. "Why you are a great lord, Andrew, and rich enough to buy the whole of our village!" "Is it true?" said Manette, with an anxious look, "is it really true, Andrew, that you are now as rich as—as people who own hotels?" "No, Manette, I am still very far from being on a par with those people; but I have enough to make my friends happy. My mother, brothers, and you, my friends, must share my fortune with me." "My boy," said father Bernard, squeezing my hand, "I neither want nor will have any thing. I know very well that six thousand livres a-year is not an immense fortune, but it will make you and your family easy for life. You deserve it, Andrew; and sure I am, your new riches will make no change in you." "Oh no, father Bernard; never!"

This assurance seemed to restore Manette to her tranquillity, which the news of my fortune somewhat endangered.

As Andrew, immediately after the death of his friend, was setting out for the hotel of the Comtesse to deliver to her a sealed packet entrusted to him by his dying benefactor, he received a letter from Savoy. Jacques was dead, killed by a fall from a precipice; and the sorrowing mother expressed the greatest anxiety to see her remaining children, and to embrace them before she died.

"Yes, certainly," said Manette, weeping; "you are quite right in going, Andrew, to see your mother—"



but you mean to return, don't you?" "Yes, Manette, yes; we shall soon meet again." "Ah! how delightful!" cried Pierre, jumping about the room; "we are going to the country in a travelling carriage—like the wind—with six horses. Heavens, how the people will stare—they will take us for princes—or for butchers retired from business!"

I requested Manette to prepare our packages—for my brother was so beside himself he was not fit to be trusted with any thing—and putting the little parcel for Madame la Comtesse into my pocket, I repaired to the hotel. On the way I could not help thinking on my altered situation, and giving birth to fresh hopes. Six thousand livres a-year! it is surely more than enough to live comfortably. With that, joined to some talent, (and although far from being equal to my master, I can use my brushes,) if I marry, I shall be certain of my wife's enjoying easy circumstances. To those who love, a moderate fortune is sufficient. Cannot one be happy without possessing an hotel, a carriage, numerous servants? Ah! did Adolphine but love me! But my cooler thoughts dispelled these chimeras. What was my moderate independence in comparison with the Comte's brilliant fortune? And, besides, though ever so rich, should I be the less Andrew the Savoyard.

I arrived at the hotel, and asked for Madame la Comtesse.

I sent in my name, and was at length ushered into that apartment which at one time had always been open to me. Adolphine is there—I have seen her—my whole soul was absorbed in that look. Our eyes met, and in that glance was expressed all that our hearts had felt since our separation. The voice of my benefactress called me to myself, and I advanced towards her; her countenance expressed the deepest sorrow, in testimony of the feeling which attached her to M. Dermilly, and with a faltering voice she addressed me: "Andrew, we have lost a real friend. He concealed his situation from me—he let me hope to the last moment, and I flattered myself that all would end well. I know what he has done for you, Andrew; he looked on you as a son—did he not give you something for me?"

"Excuse me, Madame—this parcel, which I was to place in your own hands."

She hastily took the packet, and, whilst she was opening it, I withdrew from a feeling of delicacy, and approached Adolphine. We might speak as we pleased—her mother saw us, heard us not. The sight of these letters, written perhaps some fifteen years before, brought, no doubt, vividly to her mind, the epoch of her first love. The present was lost to her, her whole being was absorbed in the past.

"How comes it we never see you in the hotel?" said Adolphine in a low voice. "You are wrong, M. Andrew, to neglect your friends in this way." "Ah, Mademoiselle, can you doubt the pleasure I should have in seeing you?—but I fear—I dare not—Monsieur, your father—your cousin—" "Well! did they forbid your coming? my cousin is a giddy-pate—just now he is at a watering-place; my father thinks of nothing but crying after his dog, that died a few days ago, and mamma is very melancholy at the loss of poor M. Dermilly—I wept for him, too. I hoped at least you would have come to comfort us, but we never saw you. You are going to Savoy!" continued Adolphine,—"don't you return to Paris?" "Excuse

me, Mademoiselle, but I am most anxious to visit my mother, whom I have not seen for nearly eleven years. My brother Pierre accompanies me, and we must endeavour to console our mother for the loss of Jacques, our younger brother." "Good, very good," said M. le Comte, who had come in—"Pierre, Jacques, Nicholas—we are not much interested in your family affairs, my boy—be off to Savoy. If marmots were eatable, I would desire you to send me one, but I am aware your country produces nothing—I recollect having once passed through it." "And for our parts, M. le Comte, we can never forget the honour of having received you." So saying, I kissed my benefactress's hand, and, taking leave of Adolphine with my eyes, I left the room.

When the returning Savoyard lads drew near the mountains, they modestly dismissed their post-chaise, and each carried his valise slung over his shoulder on a stick. At length they reached the angle of the mountain-path, whence they could perceive the spot where their mother had bidden them farewell; and from which little Jacques had blown kisses after his brothers.

We stopped, says Andrew, to dry the tears which trickled from our eyes. Alas! there is no such thing as perfect happiness! Ours would have been too great, could we have found in our village all that we had left there.

But our mother was awaiting us—let us fly into her arms. We rapidly gained the mountain height, from whence we knew our hut could be descried. Oh! we knew it at the first glance, though we were so young when we left it. "There it is, there it is!" was all that we could say. We no longer walked, we flew to our so much desired home. We reached it, at length; the door was closed—our mother was doubtless within—but should we thus suddenly throw ourselves into her arms? "It is said, that sudden joy is hurtful," said Pierre. But I was slow to believe there could be any thing so very dangerous in it. I could no longer resist, but knocked with a trembling hand—the door opened—it was she, it was our kind mother herself, who curtsied respectfully, saying: "What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

Gentlemen!—she no longer recognized the two children, who had left her when so very young! Eleven years had changed us into men, and our handsome clothes deceived her. We remained motionless before her—we smiled, not daring to speak, but we held out our arms, and her heart yearned towards us.

"Good heavens!" cried she, "is it possible?" "Yes, it is us, dear mother—it is Andrew and Pierre who are once more returned." We cried both together, throwing our arms round her neck, as we had been accustomed to do when children. If our mother ceased kissing us for a moment, it was but to admire us, which made her kiss us still the more.

"Heavens! what fine young men you are grown, my poor little fellows! and how well dressed you are—what a handsome appearance! you particularly, Andrew, you have quite the air of a lord, my boy. Pierre has still a little of his country look, his childish awkwardness—but as for you, Andrew, how easy you are—and always the same good heart! Many is the proof I have had of it. Thanks to you, I have never known want since your departure." "Pierre would have done as much, mother, but a rascal cheated him of the money he was sending you." "Oh, I

believe it, I can well believe it, my children, for you over loved me—happy, indeed, am I! Why could not my poor Jacques press you in his arms!—but you are here, and we will weep his loss together; I feel, as you are still preserved to me, that I am again a happy mother."

We entered our hut, where every piece of furniture, every object, recalled some scene of our childhood. "Stay, Pierre, there is the large chair in which my father died—'twas there we knelt on our knees around him—there is the place he used to seat himself by choice, where he was wont to dance us in his arms."

"Yes, my children, yes, it was so indeed," said my mother, wiping her eyes—"poor little things! they remember all—they have forgotten nothing." "Here is where we slept," cried Pierre; "but I think we should scarcely find room there at present."

Whilst my good mother was giving herself no little trouble in making cakes for us, my brother and I walked towards the village, to see if we could meet any of our old acquaintances. But our steps, in the first instance, were directed towards the church-yard as we wished to visit the graves of our father and Jacques, which were close to each other. There is little to attract attention in the interior of a village church-yard. No sumptuous monuments or splendid erections are to be met with there. A few crosses and stones, and some garlands of flowers, alone mark the resting-place of those who are no more; for there they are as simple in their deaths as in their lives. The villagers repair to the graves to weep for those whom they have lost, and not to gaze on a magnificent mausoleum or to read a flattering inscription.

After we had knelt before the tombs of our father and brother, we walked slowly towards the village, stopping often; for every path and every lane were witnesses of our youthful amusements. Here it was that we had given battle with snow-balls. "Stay," said Pierre, "there is the very spot that I received one right in my eye!" Ah! neither had I forgotten that happy time. No one in the village recognized us; we were obliged to announce ourselves, and they would then cry, "What! are these Marie's sons? why they have quite the look of gentlemen!" But they soon saw our hearts were unchanged, and they then embraced us and behaved in the most friendly manner towards us.

We returned to our mother, who had prepared a repast, most sumptuous for a village. I had not had so good an appetite for a long time, and did full justice to her frugal cheer.

Supper over, each of us recounted what had happened to him since we had left the maternal roof. Pierre's story was soon told; but mine was somewhat longer, as my mother had hitherto learnt but very imperfectly what had happened to me. She blest my benefactress; and melted into tears when I apprised her of M. Dermilly's death. "Tell her how rich you are," whispered Pierre; "that will soon console her, I'll engage." But I gave him a look which forced him to be silent, and he muttered between his teeth,—"Oh, very well, Andrew—as you please."

My mother took no notice of what he said; she enjoined me never to forget the kindness of my benefactress and the friendship of Bernard and his daughter. What annoyed me was, that she scarce ever

spoke of Adolphine, but dwelt with pleasure on Manette, whose character, it was easy to see, had won my mother's heart. Every thing in Manette pleased her; I had spoken only of her goodness, but Pierre expatiated on her beauty, figure, and appearance; and my mother often cried "What pleasure I should have in embracing the dear girl!"

There was a charming house, with a garden and little corn-field, to be sold in the neighbourhood, with a dairy, dove-cot, and green-house, a place where one might live snugly "within oneself," as it is called; and Andrew, while his brother was still asleep purchased this dwelling for their mother, and hired the old gardener to take care of it for her. In a very short time she was settled here, and a rural feast was given. And Andrew and Pierre dug, and planted, and transplanted, though the former still dreamed of the hotel of the Comtesse in Paris. He must return he felt, and his brother would not suffer him to go alone. At Paris he learned that Adolphine was on the point of a constrained marriage with her cousin, by whom he was insulted, and forced into fighting a duel.

Amidst the many scenes of distress which ensued, the pure tenderness of Manette was beautifully displayed. From the field, where he had left the Marquis severely, if not mortally wounded, Andrew drove to the apartment of Bernard. Manette was alone; she threw herself into my arms, and the tears trickled from her eyes.

"What is the matter then?" said I. "Pierre told us that you came in quite agitated—that you spoke of not returning; I was so uneasy that my father and your brother went out in search of you—but here you are, and I now breathe freely. Where have you been, Andrew? and why do you frighten us so terribly? How pale you are! heavens! shall I never see you again with a happy and contented look?" "No, my sister, no, never shall I know happiness again." "Never, Andrew! do not say so, I entreat you—what fresh event has happened, then?" "I have been fighting." "Fighting! you!—so kind, so gentle! heavens, had you been killed!" Manette seized my hands; her eyes ran over me, to assure herself that I was not wounded: her respiration was impeded. "And with whom have you been engaged? I can guess the cause of your anger. The Marquis paid his addresses to his cousin—you, too, love Mlle. Adolphine, and it is for her sake you have been fighting?" "I love Adolphine! Who could possibly have told you this?" "He thinks I have never observed it," replied Manette, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. "Ah! I made the discovery long ago."

The secret then which I believed buried in the recesses of my own heart was known to Manette—but, at least, I could now pour forth all my feelings to her. "You are not mistaken," said I, taking her hand: "Yes, I love, I adore Adolphine; and from this passion arises the grief so strongly expressed on my countenance. I am well aware there is no hope for me; but my love is stronger than my judgment, and for ever vanquishes my better resolutions. Ah! Manette, how unhappy I feel!"

Manette wept bitterly—dear sister, how she entered into my feelings!

Completely overcome by all the varied events of the day, I was seized with a sudden chill; my teeth

rattled in my head, my limbs shook, and I could scarce support myself. I determined to return home, and seek some repose. My sister entreated me to let her accompany me. "Dear Andrew, you are suffering, you are unwell," said she. "I am sure my father will consent: who but your sister so proper to take care of you! No, I will never leave you. If I weary you, speak to me of your love, of your Adolphe, and I will listen patiently to all."

How could I refuse her? Manette hastily made a little packet of all that she required, and we went down together. The fever was already mastering me fast, and my legs trembled under me; I leant heavily on my sister's arm, and in this way we at length reached my residence. Pierre and Bernard were waiting for me. They were frightened at the state I was in. A violent delirium soon set in, and I no longer recognized my friends. Far happier than those who surrounded me, I saw not the tears they shed; I was not aware of the misery which I caused them.

I remained for a considerable time in a very precarious state. One day at length my eyes opened to the light and my reason returned. I perceived Manette seated at the foot of my bed, and uttered her name in a weak tone of voice.

"He knows me," cried Manette, "he is come to himself at last!" "Dear sister, you are watching over me." "Oh, I have never left you a moment." "How long have I been ill?" "This is the eighteenth day you have kept your bed. You have been ill, very ill indeed—but, thank heaven, you will do well now." "And the Marquis, have you heard of him?" "Yes, make yourself easy; he is almost well, his wound is already closed."

This assurance did me good. I spoke no more, but smiled on Manette, and submitted implicitly to the directions of the physician.

Andrew was scarcely recovered from his violent illness, when yielding to a restless impulse, he went one evening after visiting Manette and her father, to gaze on the hotel of the Comte, the house in which he had spent so many happy years. There were lights blazing, coaches, servants,—a ball! He heard some one say the *bride*! He ran home in despair, took what money was in his desk, scrawled a line, giving his brother the power to dispose of his property, and, kissing the sleeping Pierre, fled no one knew where. It was at the hotel that the distracted Manette first thought of inquiring for Andrew. She raised the knocker of its great gate. Her heart failed. Again she seized it—"My Andrew is worth more than all those lords put together. What matters the anger of their menials, if I can gain intelligence of him." She heard of the wedding, and at once conceived the cause of the disappearance of Andrew. "Oh! my poor Andrew," she exclaimed, "he was in utter despair, what can he have done! Where can he have gone! What a wretch am I!" She refused to listen to the consolations of her father and Pierre. All the three went daily in different directions in search of the fugitive; but time passed, and increased Manette's misery, while it calmed the uneasiness of Pierre. She entreated permission of her father to set out in search of her brother, but he refused; and day after day she wept in silence, while Pierre, who had fallen into the clutches of the same merry knave that cheated Andrew, lived in a continual round of riot,

mirth, and extravagance; squandering the legacy of the good M. Dermilly among the most worthless characters, and bidding fair to become as dissolute as any of them. At times he complained that the money went fast, but his gay friend would reply, "You are now a devilish good stick at billiards, and a fair hand at Siam; you can drink your three bottles without turning a hair, and can smoke five or six cigars of a night; such advantages as these, my friend, are not to be acquired for nothing."

How different at the worthy water-carrier's! there they thought, they spoke but of Andrew. Bernard never ceased his inquiries for him, and endeavoured to console his daughter, for he saw with sorrow the change that grief was operating in Manette. Pale, melancholy, reduced in health and strength, his poor sister had done nothing but sigh since his departure.

"Do you mean to mope yourself to death!" said Bernard. "No," replied she; "but I must find Andrew—let me, father, let me go in search of him."

"Where could you possibly go, my poor child!" "To this Manette could make no reply; she sunk her eyes, and endeavoured at least to hide her tears.

Six months had elapsed since the disappearance of Andrew, when Manette one morning suddenly exclaimed, that she knew where he must be hid—at Fontainebleau, in the neighbourhood of the estate of the Comtesse! She was right; her father at last gave a reluctant permission to Manette to search for him there.

Her first efforts were quite unsuccessful, but she did not desist; and, one day, says Andrew, she raised her eyes on hearing my step, stopped, and, screaming with delight, flew into my arms. All had been the business of a moment; Manette's head was resting on my bosom. She called me, "Andrew, her dear Andrew!" and I had not yet recovered from my surprise. Manette in my arms! in this neighbourhood! could it be! Doubtless my eyes expressed my feelings, for she hastily said, "You are astonished, Sir—yes, I see you are—because you can do without us, you take it for granted we can do without you; because you have ceased to love us, it follows of course that we have ceased to love you." "I cease to love you! Ah! Manette." "Doubtless, when we love people we quit them in this way, don't we? we abandon them—we leave them a prey to the most frightful uneasiness—we fly them like the plague—without casting a thought on those who cherish us—who die of grief and despair!" "Manette, I have been wrong, I feel it keenly." "You are sorry—then I'll speak no more of it—Andrew, I have found you again! I am so happy! so delighted! I have already forgotten all the misery you have caused me."

I hugged Manette in my arms—I was pleased, and yet sorry to see her. Lovers are like children; when they have acted wrong, they are slow to confess it.

"But, what are you doing here?" said I to Manette. "A pretty question, indeed! I came in search of you." "In search of me! and how did you know where I was?" "My heart directed me—dear Andrew, what trouble you have given us!" "Ah! forgive me—but I have suffered too." "I know it: do you think we are ignorant of the cause of your sudden disappearance? Yes, Sir, we are aware that it is love which has made you abandon all—and forget your relations, your friends." "Manette!" "It is nothing but the truth—you may well turn away your head.

But time will console you, my friend—they say it cures men even sooner than women. My father will be delighted to see you again, and your brother, poor Pierre! who runs about from morning till night in the hope of hearing something of you. Come with me, let us be off at once, let us fly to console them." "No, Manette, no; I have sworn never to return to Paris." "How, Sir, you have sworn! Ah! such oaths as those should never be kept! My friend, can you have the heart to refuse me?"

Manette, since he would not return to Paris, said she would remain there.

She told his rustic hostess that she was not his wife—Oh, no,—only his sister; and she obtained a lodging under the same roof, and a place in the landlady's bed, in which the good woman vowed five people might have slept without touching each other. Manette, continues Andrew, was delighted, and I was annoyed. I bade her good night, and went up to my room. Manette's determination astonished me, I had not given her credit for so much strength of character. To stay with me in spite of myself! it was too bad—too bad! ungrateful that I was! I felt little inclination to sleep; I had purchased some books at Fontainebleau, and endeavoured to read—but my mind wandered—I could not divest myself of the idea that Manette was near me. These women! when they take a thing into their heads—and yet, Manette is so mild, so kind—she is not the less a woman though.

Night passed, and I had scarcely closed my eyes—thinking less of Adolphe, however, than usual—Manette's fault, doubtless, who had disarranged all my ideas. I went down with the intention of not speaking a word to her, and of letting her see, by my manner, how extremely disagreeable her conduct was to me. She had already finished dressing herself; she was in her hair, but that hair was so beautiful, and put up with so much taste, though without the slightest pretension! she dropped her eyes timidly when I appeared, and said in a doubtful tone, "Good morning, Andrew."

I determined not to reply to her—and I caught myself kissing her—doubtless, from custom; no matter, she must see how much I am out of temper. "You must have slept very badly with this country woman!" said I, after a moment's pause.

"On the contrary, I was very comfortable."

Manette took her work and placed herself behind a hedge, and Andrew took his crayons and sketched, resolved not to speak to her; he, however, snatched a stolen glance to mark her progress. There she sat, never raising her eyes from her work. Andrew coughed, called her; still she did not stir. He then was provoked to walk towards her, saying it seemed very absurd that they should sit a league off from each other. Manette rose and accompanied him to the place where he had left his portfolio, but still in silence. She said she feared displeasing him by coming nearer. The heart of her companion was smitten by a sudden sense of her gentle and patient tenderness, and of his own unkindness and ingratitude. "When I recollect," he said, "the cares you lavished on me in my last illness. Oh how I reproach myself with being sometimes rough, unjust, and so unamiable towards you."

"I have no complaint to make against you." "Because you are but too indulgent; you are blind to my faults. Ah! had Adolphe not seen me with your

eyes—but she loved me not. I feel that I ought now to banish her entirely from my mind, but we cannot master our thoughts, and in spite of me I never cease thinking—What are you so very busy about Manette! you never lift your eyes a moment from your work." "It is for that good creature—an apron; I had nothing to do, and I asked her for some work." "Are you in a great hurry with it?" "Oh no." "One would think so, from the way you work—but why are you so reserved?" "I am studying to please you." "One would think we had quarrelled, and I should be so sorry to quarrel with you, Manette." "As for me I could never be angry with you, Andrew, I promise you." "So much the better—well, thank goodness, we are once more as we used to be—we have known each other since our childhood. Do you recollect your father finding me at the entrance of his alley, and making me come up with him! How surprised you were at the sight of me." "I recollect it well—you were bespattered all over, you were crying for your brother." "Yes, and you immediately gave me my breakfast—you were always the same, as kind then as now—and when we danced the *montagnard*—what a noise we made—how we did jump!" "The dear dance! I have quite forgotten it, however." "I recollect it as well as if it was but yesterday;" and I made a movement to rise—in fact, I believe, I was about to essay the *montagnard*, on the very spot where I had been sighing for the last six months.

But it was time to return to the hut; I collected my drawings, Manette put up her work, and offering her my arm, we returned together. Dinner was ready for us, and, for the first time since I left Paris, I eat with an appetite.

Andrew had now begun to recover his senses, and everything was in a fair train for Manette. That night he took a long review of his past life. He felt that he must ever love Adolphe, but melancholy was slipping away.

Next morning, says Andrew, we repaired to the height, as on the preceding day. I resumed my crayons, whilst my sister busied herself with her work—but I now seated myself opposite to her, so that I compelled her to look at me whenever she raised her eyes. We chatted together, and Manette seemed in higher spirits. She smiled as she looked at me—and what a delightful smile it was! When I had drawn for some time, I went to show her my work, and in order to do so, it was absolutely necessary I should come close to her. Sometimes I forgot to go back to my own place, it was so pleasant to be seated close to Manette. The day passed still quicker even than the preceding one, and yet, I think, we scarce once mentioned the name of Adolphe.

Other three days passed in a similar manner. I could scarcely define my own feelings; my heart dilated, and everything wore a pleasanter aspect.

On the sixth day, while sitting with my portfolio before me, and looking about for some point of view that I had not yet sketched, my eyes fell, as they often did, on my companion. Never had she looked so lovely—graceful, blooming, and that sweet smile—she is certainly a delightful girl! At this very moment, when seated against a tree and bending over her work—an idea struck me—I am puzzling what to draw, but can nature offer me any thing better than Manette? I caught up my crayons, and sketched her portrait. "Look at me then," said I, whenever she



shrunk from my gaze. Manette would obey me, and I took the greatest care with my work.

"Why don't you show me your drawing?" said Manette. "It is not yet finished, you shall see it to-morrow."

Next day I had completed the portrait, and I thought it like, extremely like—she had not the slightest suspicion of what I had been about. When I had given it the finishing touch, I seated myself by her side, and put it to her eyes. "What do you think of it?" said I. She uttered an exclamation, then turned her eyes full upon me—never had I before encountered such a glance from her. "You are pleased with it?" said I. She was unable to reply—she wept. What childishness—and yet, I believe, I wept myself.

We returned to the hut to dinner, and then went out to walk again. We spoke but little, though our eyes met more frequently. When going to my room for the night, I kissed Manette. It is odd, I had kissed her a hundred times, and yet it seemed as if I now did so for the first time.

Next day, I thought it was useless enough to be always visiting the eminence. "Your father," said I to Manette, "must be uneasy at your absence." "No, I have written to him." "But he must be uneasy at not seeing you—he was never separated from you so long before Manette—you must return to Paris." "You know very well what I have told you—I will never go back to Paris without you." "Well, then, we will go together."

Manette jumped with joy; our preparations were soon made. We left the hut in which Manette had resided for eight days: I had spent six months, and looked to end my life there; but should we ever resolve on anything at twenty years of age?

"Here he is, father, here he is! Did not I tell you I would bring him back?" "Indeed you did, my dear Manette—well, my boy, I hope this is the last trick of the kind you will play us—you nearly drove us all out of our senses."

Sad havoc met the eyes of Andrew at his apartments, of which the vagabond companion of Pierre had now taken full possession. His linen, clothes, pictures, plate, all were gone. Andrew severely lectured his brother, who appeared thunderstruck, and withdrew in silence; but speedily reappeared in his original dress of an errand-boy, with his knot on his back.

"Andrew," said he, "I have been guilty of nothing but folly since I became a fine gentleman.—If I continue rich and idle, there is no saying what I may sink to. I'll return to my old trade; as long as I was a messenger, I conducted myself well. Let me take to my knot again, and you'll see that you'll never more have occasion to blush for your brother." "Poor fellow!" I could restrain myself no longer; I threw myself into his arms.

Pierre shook me heartily by the hand and went off, his knot on his back, humming the very same air he was singing on the day I met him in the alley opposite to the hotel. I felt I had done my duty, and that now I might forget, in Manette's company, the annoyance Pierre had given me.

She was awaiting me with an impatience which increased every moment, for she felt I was in Paris, and was doubtless afraid of my relapsing into my old train of thoughts; and that I might yield once more to the desire of visiting the spot where I had dwelt so

long; and that, perhaps, I might even encounter Adolphine. She breathed not a word of this to me, but I read it all in her eyes, on which I now gazed with the greatest delight.

They talked of Pierre.

"Poor Pierre!" said Manette, "Why don't you send him back to Savoy?" "I hope in a short time he will return with me," said I, fixing my eyes on Manette, who blushed deeply. "With you, Andrew! do you think of returning there?" "Yes, and never again to leave it."

Manette sighed—I said no more, but had formed my plans. I wished to improve myself in painting before my return to Savoy; and not only that, but it was necessary that Pierre should have time to get rid of the bad habits he had contracted with Rossignol. Then would I set out, but I flattered myself I should be accompanied by a sweet amiable companion, who would form the happiness of my life. Thanks to the fortune I still possessed, I might purchase a handsome property in my own country, where I could unite all that might embellish solitude, might give myself up freely to my tastes for the fine arts, and be blessed in Manette's love.

As time passed away Manette's happiness increased. My countenance had lost its miserable expression; the names of the inhabitants of the hotel never escaped my lips; I never passed before the house, and in Paris we may live and die without ever meeting those of whom we are not in search. Manette was quite content with seeing me every day; she asked for nothing more. Pierre had resumed with his knot his love of employment, and with it returned his high spirits.

As Andrew was one day going to Bernard's he met Lucile the waiting-maid of his patroness, who informed him, among other matters, that the Comte was dead of eating too much lobsters, and that the Marquis, from neglecting, had now completely deserted his young wife. He was also drowned in debt, and had ruined his mother-in-law, who was reduced to pecuniary difficulties, and obliged to take a cheap obscure lodging, where she was now living with her daughter. Andrew flew to Manette. He had formed his plan, and he was sure she would approve of it.

"Manette, listen to me. I have learnt from Lucile that my benefactress and her daughter have lost the whole of their fortune in consequence of the misconduct of the Marquis; that they have been obliged to leave their hotel for a poor lodging on the fourth story; that they have no longer any resource but in their trinkets, dress—" "Good heavens!" "All that I am worth I have derived from M. Derrilly; he was my benefactor, but he was no less Mme. la Comtesse's sincere friend. Were he alive, do not you think he would part with all he possessed to make his adored Caroline comfortable?" "Oh! yes, doubtless." "Well then, what he would have done I ought to do; I cannot retain his fortune whilst my benefactress is in want. I have talents, education, and can work; but she—she cannot, ought not, whilst I am in existence. If I feel any regret at ceasing to be rich, it is because I have nothing but my hand to offer to her whom I wish to take into Savoy; Manette—will you marry me—when I have nothing left?" "What says he! Good heavens! is it then I—Andrew, is it true you wish to marry me? Say so once again—I am so happy—Andrew, you love me

then?" "Do I love you, Manette? are you not aware of it?" "Yes, as a sister—but that is not the love one should feel for a wife." "Make yourself easy, it is love—yes, the most tender love, that I feel for you—I could not live without you, Manette." "Wicked wretch! and yet you never told me so; and you—have you never read what was passing in my heart? Ah, never did it beat but for you."

I caught Manette in my arms, and pressed her to my heart; the tears trickled from her eyes, but they were those of joy and happiness, and I made no attempt to stop them. "And my benefactress!" said I, after a moment's pause. "My friend, you must give her all that you are worth—sell, quickly sell every thing. It seems to me, that in ceasing to be rich you are dearer to me. What do you want of fortune? you have talents—we will work—we shall be so happy. But Mme. la Comtesse, were you to leave her in her destitution, it would be the basest ingratitude and selfishness—make haste, my friend, and get rid of your riches. You must have seen that they are far from bringing happiness; they almost ruined your brother, and might for ever have separated you from me. How delighted shall I feel when you have done with them!"

I kissed Manette again, and was leaving her, when her father returned—Manette ran to him, and cried and laughed in a breath. The honest man was puzzled to know what it all meant.

"Father, he loves me—he'll marry me—he told me so—he no longer loves another—I shall be his wife. You'll consent, won't you? Ah! speak, say you'll consent." To all this Bernard replied, "Eh! what the devil makes you jump about in this way! who is going to marry you in such a hurry!" "Why Andrew, to be sure, father—d'ye think I would ever marry any other?" "Yes, father Bernard," said I, in my turn, "it is I who ask Manette's hand from you, and who promise to love her all my life. At the same time, it is right I should tell you that my riches are gone, and that I no longer possess the fortune M. Dermilly left me."

I related to him all that I had learnt. When I had finished my recital, Bernard took his daughter's hand, placed it in mine, and then pressed us in his arms. Honest man! On learning that I was worth nothing, how many fathers would have desired me to think no more of their daughter!

Without losing a moment, Andrew realized his fortune, took a cheap, small lodging, and began to finish some pictures by the sale of which he hoped to defray the expenses attending his marriage, and to purchase the wedding clothes of his Manette. The pocket-book containing his whole fortune was given Lucile to be conveyed to her lady, as if an entire stranger had presented it.

Andrew now worked hard all day, and spent his happy evenings with Manette; but when his paintings were finished, he unfortunately could no longer find customers. With his expensive lodgings, his fashion and fame as an artist had vanished. While he was thought rich, his pictures sold fast enough; but now no one came near him, and his spirits sunk. Manette was ever his consoling angel.

"Why annoy yourself? what occasion have we for money? Let us go live with your mother; there we will work, cultivate your field and garden, and we shall be happy, for we are devoid of ambition."

Andrew returned to his lodging, where Pierre waited him, once more bitterly accusing his own mad extravagance. He drew forth a bag containing eighty francs, his rigid savings since he had resumed his knot. While they talked a gentleman entered, who, after pointing out many faults in the paintings, which Andrew readily allowed, offered twelve hundred francs for two of them. When he was gone, Pierre and his brother danced round the table on which this sum was spread. Pierre carried the pictures home, and then joined the group at Bernard's, where Andrew threw his twelve hundred francs into the lap of his bride, saying proudly, "I have earned it all myself—it is the price of my paintings. Ah! Manette, how grateful ought I to be to those who gave me a good education, the surest of all fortunes. I now can marry you in comfort, certain of being able to support my family. I was well aware my mother's house was always open to us, but what happiness could I have expected idle and unemployed—and the hand that has long been covered with a glove is but badly adapted for handling a spade. Now I have a sure resource in my talents, and I shall cultivate my art with renewed ardour; and in your company, dearest Manette, find the sweetest and best reward for my labour." Manette was to the full as delighted as myself. Father Bernard came in, I ran towards him: "Now shall I be your son," said I, "in name as well as in affection." "Yes, father, yes, it is all settled at last—Andrew has sold his pictures."

Poor Bernard could only look at us; we did not give him time to speak, we were so full of our plans and projects. I was dying to make up for lost time; I wished to marry Manette to-morrow—that very evening; but there are certain forms which must be gone through.

I was on foot next morning at break of day, in order to hurry the wedding preparations; but my impatience had no effect on the customary formalities. It was necessary to wait ten days before I could become a married man. These ten days seemed longer than the ten months which had preceded them, for the nearer we approach our aim the more anxious we become. But I had purchases to make which would occupy me for the moment. I wished to present a *corbeille* to Manette; it must necessarily be a very plain one, for I had not more than five hundred francs to lay out, as I kept the rest for the wedding and travelling expenses. Once settled at home I would resume my brushes, which would always procure us enough, as we should not be living at Paris, and were not possessed with the mania of cutting a figure. Five hundred francs now-a-days will hardly purchase the *corbeille* or *sultan*, which holds the marriage presents; but I had no idea of playing the great man—besides, I had no diamonds, cashmeres, nor rich presents to offer. A merino shawl, another plain-er, one silk, and some figured muslin gowns, a veil, ear-drops, and a few rings, were pretty nearly the whole of what I had to offer Manette; but never did the most magnificent *sultan* give greater delight than did my unpretending *corbeille*.

Manette spread out the presents, gazed delighted on them, and showed them all to her father. The worthy man was obliged to be in raptures with every object she produced. At each new gift she looked at me and squeezed my hand, which plainly said, it is not the presents which cause me so much pleasure, it

is the hand that gave them me. Amongst the rings was a plain one in which the word, "Fidelity," was worked with my hair. This ring pleased Manette more than any thing else: the shawls and dresses could stand no comparison with this valuable ring. Ah! Manette loves me truly.

The eve of the day fixed for our marriage had at length arrived. Manette's dress was ready—Lovely girl, she would set off her dress, as much as her dress could possibly adorn her. Bernard had ordered a new coat; Pierre, without altogether resuming the dress he wore while with me, had laid aside his working jacket. How could I be so heedless; Bernard had some acquaintances, Manette a few young friends, and I had never once thought of the wedding feast. I hastened to invite the party; we should not be above twenty, but it was better to be few and well acquainted with each other. Manette was fond of dancing, as what young girl is not? Well, we will dance: we shall have but a single fiddle; but if that produces gaiety—better than an orchestra without it. Manette often said, "Don't go to any unnecessary expense, my friend—no useless show—we don't require that to make us happy."

On going home, Andrew received a letter in the hand-writing of Lucile, which changed his plans. New misfortunes had overtaken the Comtesse and her daughter; and the worthless husband of the latter had appropriated Andrew's little fortune to the purposes of his own selfish profligacy. Andrew stooped all his bridal preparations. He could no longer afford to be expensive in festivity. At daybreak he went to Bernard's. Manette, says he, welcomed me with a smile; the happiness she was looking forward to was strongly expressed in her countenance. I scarce knew how to break the intelligence to her. She saw at once that something was wrong, and I gave her Lucile's letter to read. Dear girl! it was easy to see she sympathized with my friends. She had scarce cast her eyes over the letter, when she exclaimed, "No more party, no more ball, my friend—they are unhappy—they have need of your assistance. How could you better employ your money than in being useful to them?" "Dear Manette—I have already anticipated you, but I dared not tell you."

Manette made breakfast for us, and then went out, as she said, to make a few indispensable purchases. I remained with Bernard, who thought no more of the wedding party. "We will dance together; and not the less gaily," said he, "I'll engage."

Worthy man! he never hesitated a moment when there was a question of his being useful. "You have done but your duty," said he, "in showing your gratitude to your benefactress." Pity that sentiments such as these should be too often found only in a garret.

Manette stayed out late, and time was passing away—I might now with propriety call on the ladies, but did not wish to go out before seeing Manette. At length she came in, her colour heightened, and panting for breath, but looking so delighted and happy, that she was more lovely than ever. I arose, caught her in my arms, kissed her and withdrew, saying, "At two o'clock I shall be here." She followed me to the staircase, and shutting the door after her, hesitated for a moment, and then put several pieces of gold in my hand, saying, "Here, my friend, add that

to the sum you intended spending on the wedding party—it is not much to be sure—however, it will increase it, though ever so little." "Where did you get this money, Manette?" "My friend—I am sure you will not scold me—but all those presents you gave me were quite unnecessary—what did I want with fine shawls and silk gowns—you told me you liked me better without them. I carried them all back again, my friend, excepting one plain gown which I spent the night in making, and this ring—with your hair, and that dear word 'fidelity'—you'll forgive me, won't you, Andrew, for having done so without your permission!"

Forgive her! I could not find words to express the delight I felt—I pressed her to my heart, and kissed her a thousand times. "Enough, enough," said the blushing girl, "or you will think, Andrew, I did this from an interested motive." At length I tore myself from her arms, and ran to the house of Madame la Comtesse.

He now first saw Adolphe, who looked sick and miserable; but he saw her with calmness and firmness. He threw himself at the feet of the Comtesse, entreating her acceptance of the little all he had again to offer. Tears trickled down her cheeks.

Amidst these affecting scenes, Andrew did not forget Manette. He ran back to her every step; he found her in the dress he had given her, which she had spent the night in making.

I read in her eyes all she had suffered during the time I was with Madame, and in the company of Adolphe; and I ran to her, pressed her to my heart, and a smile once more decked her lips—she seemed to ask pardon with her eyes for the doubts to which she had given way.

Everybody was ready. The everybody, however, consisted only of Bernard, my brother, and two old friends of the worthy Auvergnat. Each was dressed in his best clothes, and Pierre, in order no doubt to console himself for not dancing at night, did nothing but hop and jump about the room. For want of a glass-coach, we put up with a modest hack; as we were only six, one was sufficient. Pierre had gone in search of it. I took Manette's hand; as we descended the five flights of stairs, all the neighbours were at their windows, or on their landing-places to see us pass—natural enough—and I had no objection to their gazing on Manette.

We ascended the hack, and were somewhat crowded, but as I was seated near Manette, so much the better. We had a gay time of it, for our wedding was not one of those where every one looks at his neighbour to see if he may venture to smile.

We had at length consecrated our union at the foot of the altar. She is mine, she is my wife! How delightful it seemed to me to give her this name! and how happy Manette was at receiving it! Dear Manette, what love in a single glance!

We returned to father Bernard's, where a good-natured neighbour had insisted on preparing dinner for us. We seated ourselves at table, laughed, drank, and sang; Manette and I sometimes sighed, but they were far from being sighs of sorrow. Bernard and his friends pledged each other, whilst Pierre sang, and Manette and I exchanged glances. They entreated us to dance a *bourrée des montagnes*, and we regained once more the liveliness and vivacity of childhood. But we left them early, and at ten o'clock we

From the Athenæum.

## HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1838.

THE publishers of "The Comic" generally contrive so to time their offering, that it shall arrive at the last moment of the last hour of the most hurrying, worrying day in the week. Here it is, however, and we must "stop the career of laughter with a sigh," and go to work, that we may give our readers a taste of its quality. It opens capitally with "The Carnaby Correspondence." We must pass over some excellent letters, that we may come to the touching and affectionate epistles of Master Robert Carnaby. The first is what, at school, is called "the holiday letter."

"Honoured Parent,—As the sight of his native Terra Furma to the hardy Mariner on the pathless waste of the vast expanse of Ocean, so are the filial affections of a Son and School boy to inform we break up on Friday the 21st instant; when I hope to find yourself, comprising all my Relations and Friends, enjoying that greatest of Blessings, a state of salubrity.

"When we add to this the pleasing Sensation of scholastic Duties fulfilled with Attention, Industry, and Diligence, accompanied by a preponderating Progress in all juvenile Studies, Objects, and Pursuits, a sanguine expectation is indulged that the parental Sentiments of Satisfaction will be spontaneously conferred on the present half Year, participating however with a due regard to health, comfort, and morals. Indeed it would be precocious to anticipate otherwise by the unrelenting Vigilance and Inculcation evinced by our Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, Doctor Darby and Assistants, as likewise the more than maternal Solitude betrayed by Mrs. Doctor D. who begs leave to cordially unite with the Same in Respectful Compliments.

"I am happy to say the improvement I have made in the Latin and Greek Tongues, including French and Italian, has been very great and such as I trust to deserve and obtain his Parent's, Master's, Friend's and Wellwisher's warmest approbation and Esteem. And this Reflection will be enhanced to reflect, that by being impressed upon by pious, virtuous, and loyal Principles, every juvenile Member of the Establishment is a firm and uncompromising Supporter and Defender of King, Church and State.

"I will now conclude by giving my best Love to all Relations and Friends, and accept the same from

"Honoured Parent,  
"Your Dutiful and Affectionate Son,  
"ROBERT CARNABY."

Master Robert, however, writes with a patent manifold,—a great improvement on the old one, for even the duplicates are original.

"Dear Father,—I hope you wont be angry at writing of my own Accord, and if you like you may stop the postage out of what you mean to give me next time, but the other letter was all a flam and didnt speak my real mind. The Doctor frumpt it all up out of his own head, and we all copied it out for all our fathers. What I want to tell you is as the holidays is so nigh, I do wish you would make up your mind for me to be took away for good and all. I dont like the virtuals for one thing, and besides I am allmost sure we are not well taught. The table beer always gives me the stomach ake if I dont tie a string tight round it, and I

wished the company good night. Pierre remained at Bernard's, and I took Manette to my home—to her home—to our home—we were now but one.

Manette and Andrew had now been married for three months. He painted diligently to earn money for his benefactress, and Manette cheerfully worked to defray the household expenses. She even stole hours from her sleep to labour, that she might not encroach on his gains. No display of love or virtue could now surprise Andrew in his Manette; but he thought not the less how sweet it would be to reward her. Animated by her example, he worked with new ardour; and was so successful in his next painting, that he obtained a high price for it. He would now have given his wife some dress or ornaments; but she refused them, requesting him to take the money to Madame, and saying, "Do you then no longer love me as I am?"

It was not long after this that Adolphine, torn by many conflicting feelings, and crushed by many sorrows, was seized with mortal illness. Her last moments were consoled by the promise of Andrew never to forsake her mother. He immediately carried the Comtesse to his own house, and to the soothing sympathy and affectionate care of the generous Manette.

A plain marble slab soon covered the remains of Adolphine—of her who had boasted birth, beauty, and accomplishments, and who, at eighteen, had closed her eyes on life, regretting nothing in it.

The Savoyard and his friends were now done with Paris, for the Comtesse gladly accompanied them to his native village in the mountains.

At length, concludes Andrew, we caught a glimpse of the dear mountains of Savoy; we kissed our hands when we passed the swinging gate, as if we had met an old friend. Manette was almost as much delighted as Pierre and myself, for, as she said to me, "It was my country—it was here that I had been born." I had spoken in praise of my mother's pretty house, but they had not thought it so good as it really was. "It is quite a *château*," said Bernard to Manette. "It is a delightful retreat," said the Comtesse; "surrounded by all I love, it will be all the world to me, and my wishes will never wander beyond the mountains which bound the horizon."

I can't express the delight of my good mother at our arrival—"Is it for good?" said she; "won't you leave me again? for ever?" repeated she. "What! my children, you go no more to Paris?" "No; we remain with you."

I introduced my mother to Madame la Comtesse, and they soon appreciated each other; for virtue is of no rank. We were soon settled in the pretty house. The best room was assigned to Madame la Comtesse; she would fain have resisted, but, for this once, I acted against her wishes. Pierre cultivates and improves our ground, in which he is sometimes assisted by Bernard, who then rests himself by my mother's side. From time to time I send my pictures to Paris; and I am become sufficiently rich to make myself useful in the neighbourhood. Manette has made me the father of two little boys, whom I idolize, and when the wintry blast sends the mountaineer to his chimney corner, I live over again the first bright days of my life in playing at snow-ball with my little ones.



only wish you see some of Mr. Murphy's ruling when he smells so of rum. Another thing is the batter puddings which the fellows call it putty, because it sticks pains in our insides, and sometimes we have stinking beef. Tom Spooner has saved a bit on the sly to show parents, but it's so strong we are afraid it wont keep over the three weeks to the holidays, and we are treated like gally slaves, and hare and hounds is forbid because last time the hare got up behind the Chelmsford Coach and went home to his friends in Leadenhall Market. As for sums we know the ciphering Master has got a Tutors Key because theres a board at the bottom of his desk comes out with a little coaxing, and more than that hes a cruel savage and makes love to Masters daughter, and shes often courted in the school room because its where her father dont come so much as anywhere else. The new Footman is another complaint. The Doctor dont allow him nothing a year for his wages except his profits out of the boys with fruit and pastery, and besides being rotten and stale, hes riz burnt almonds twice since Micklemas. \* \* Jackson saved enough to buy a Donkey and then divided him into shares and I had a shilling share but the Doctor were so unjust as seize on him altho theres was no law agin bringing asses to the school. \* \* Its not my fault then if I am backwards in my Greek and Latin though I have got a Prize for Spelling and Grammar but we all have prizes for something to please our parents when we go home. The only treat we have is reddishes out of the garden when they are got old and burning hot and popgunny and them wont last long as masters going to keep pigs. I suppose then we shall have measey pork to match the stinking beef. The fellows say it is because the Doctor swops Stokes's schooling agin butchers meat and as the education is so very bad old Stokes on his part wont send in any better quality. Thats whats called mutual accommodation in the newspapers. Give my love to Mrs. Rumsey with thanks for the plum cake only next time more sweetmeats, and say I am almost sure I sometimes sleep in a damp bed. I am certain sure Mrs. Rumsey would advise you the same as I do, namely for me to be took away, without running more risks, if it was only for fear of Mac Kenzie, for hes a regular tyrant and hectors over us all. Hes three parts a nigger and you cant punch his head so as to do any good, and only last Monday he was horsed for wanting to googe little Jones's eyes out and for nothing at all but just looking at his towel to see if the black come off. \* \* Philip Frank says theres a capital school at Richmond where the Master permits fishing and boating and cigars and gunpowder and poney chaises for only sixty guineas a year. I often think if my poor dear late Mother was alive it is just the gentleest sort of School she would like me to be finished off at. But thats as you prefer, and if you will only promise upon your honour to remove me I wont run away. I forgot to say I have very bad head akes sometimes besides the stomach akes and last week I was up in the nussery for being feverish and spotty, and I had to take antimonious wine but nothing made me sick except the gruel. Precious stuff it is and tastes like slate pencil dust and salt. I was in great hopes it was scarlet fever or something catching that I might be sent home to you."

The poor perplexed father, upon receipt of this touching epistle, writes immediately to consult his brother; he acknowledges, at staring, that he is "truly sorry to arrow up his relative feelings," but "the pore fellars two letters the last jist cum to hand, And were sieh a blo to fathurly felings I have nevvver bean my hone Man evver sins. It appear he hav

wel ni bin Starvd. Prays God his pore Muther ie coald under the Hearth, it wud spile the rest of hir hashies if so be she cood read his tail of pewtered meet. If she ad a delite hear above it were childrins legs state And there Bellis well fild partickly groin up Yuths." He makes sure of his brother's sympathy:—"You too I no you will blead at Art for the mizriz of yure pore Nevy But I hop you will hold up under it tho it be as it war a thunderboul on us boath."

The brother, however, a retired boatswain, is made of sterner stuff, and the following is an extraet from his reply:—

"As for harrowing up my feelings, or ploughing them up either, thank my stars it's a stiffer soil than that comes to. \* \* Likely it is, that a man who has rammed his head, as I have in Africa, into a stuck camel for a secondhand swig at his cistern, would come within sixty degrees of the notion of pitying a lubberly schoolboy for having as much as ever he could swill of sour swipes! Then for bad food, the stinkiest beef I ever met with was none to be had, good or bad, except the smell of the empty barrel. That's something like what you call being pinched in my fud. \* \* It's all very well for pap-boating mothers to admire fat babbies while they're on the lap; but the whole human breed would be spoiled, if Mother Nature did not unspoil it again by sending us now and then to the School of Adversity, without a knife and a fork and a spoon. I came in for a quarter's learning there myself, in the Desert as aforesaid, and one of the lessons I learnt was from the ostriches; namely, when you can't get a regular cargo of food, you must go in ballast with old shoes, leather caps, or any other odd matters you can pick up. \* \* That your dear Bob has got a rare sweet tooth of his own is as plain as the Pike of Teneriffe, for it sticks out like a Barbary wild boar's tusks all through his precious complaints."

The learning, however, is another matter:—

"As for the Latin and Greek, mayhap they're no loss to take on about. \* \* Still, considering they were paid for as work done, in common honesty my nevy ought to have had them put in his head; or at least something in lieu, such as Navigation or the like. His own mother tongue is quite a different matter; and thereupon I'll give you my mind, upright and downright, of the two School-letters. To be sure the Doctor likes weight of metal, and fires away with the high-soundingest words he can get, whereby his meaning is apt to loom bigger than it is, like a fishing-boat in a fog; and where there's such a ground swell of language, a seaman is apt to think there's no great depth of ideas; but bating that, there's nothing to shake a rope's end at, but quite the reverse, especially as to teaching the youngsters to give three cheers for their king and country. Now, Dear Bob's letter-work on the other hand, with its complaints of hard fare, is only fit to be sung by a snivelling Swias beggar boy to his hurdy gurdy; besides many a chafe in the grammar and orthography, and being writ in such a scrambling up and down fist as a drunken purser might scrawl in a gale of wind. Now it's my opinion a landsman that hasn't his hands made as hard as horn with hauling home sheets nor his fingers as stiff and sticky as pitch can make 'em, has it in his power to write as fine penmanship as copperplate except for the want of good will. So that the fault may be set down to my nevy's own account."

The father, who cannot comprehend these figures of speech, indignantly remonstrates: "As for pore Bob,

he hav no more sweat tath than all boys is born with, and if he do rite with a bad hand, I never eud rite any grate shacks miself on an emti stummach. But that's what you can't or wont inter into, no moor then I can inter into cammil's insids or hostridges eating their old shues and lether caps."

The boatswain at length determines to visit the doctor, and examine the pupil; and here is his report:—

"Dear Brother, I made this place, namely Rumford, yesterday morning about 10 A.M., and immediately bore away to Socrates House, and asked for my nevy,—but you shall have it logged down all fair and square.

"Well, after a haul at the bell, and so forth, I was piloted into a room, on the ground tier, by the footman, and a pastryfaced son of a land cook he looked sure enough. Where, as soon as may be, Mrs. Doctor Darby joins company, a tight little body enough, all bobbing up and down with curseys like the buoy at the Nore, and as oily tongued as any rat in the Greenland Docks. By her own account, she rated a step above Mother to six score of boys, big and little, and every man jack of them more made of, and set store by, than if they had been parts of her own live stock. All which flummery would go down with you, and the marines, mayhap, but not with old sailors like me. As for dear Bob, she buttered him of both sides, thick and threefold, as the best, sweetest, darlingest, and what not young gentleman of the whole kit, besides finding out a family likeness between him and his uncle, which if it's any feature at all, is all my eye. Next she inquired after you, the worthiest parent she ever knew, not excepting her own father, whereby I blest my stars you were not within hail; or you would have been flabbergasted in no time, with your eyes running like scuppers, and your common senses on their beam ends. At long and last in comes my Nevy himself, as smooth and shining as a new copper; whereby says she, 'I hope you will excuse untidiness, and so forth, because of sending for him just as he stood.' That's how he came no doubt in his Sunday's breeches; besides twiggling the wet soap-suds in his ears. 'Here my sweet love,' she sings out, 'here's your dear kind uncle so good as to come to inquire after your welfare.' So dear Bob heaves ahead, and gets a kiss, not from me tho' and a liquorish lozenge for what she called his nasty hack. Nothing, however, but a cholic with parched peas, as he owned to afterwards. 'Now, then, Nevy,' says I, 'what cheer—how do you like your berth?' when up jumps madam like a scalded cat; and no or yes, I must drink the favour of a glass of Sherry. Rank Cape, John, as ever was shipped. Then Master Robert, bless him, must have a leetle glass too, but provided I approve, and a ration of sweet cake. Whereby says she, 'Now I will leave you to your mutual confidences'—as looked all fair and above board enough, if I had not made out a foot near the door. And in the twinkling of a hand-spoke in sails Dr. Darby himself, with as many scrapes to me as if I was Port Admiral: and as anxious about my old gout,—for I've got an easy shoe for a bunion—as if he'd been intimate with it in my great-grand-father's time. Well we palavered a bit about the French news, and the weather, and the crops, whatever you like let alone book learning; but that was not my course, so I ran slap aboard him at once with an ask to see the school. As I looked for, he was took all aback; however, Madam wasn't thrown so dead in the wind, but jumped up to the bell tackle, and after a bit of a whisper with the servant, we got under weigh for the school; but contrived to land somehow in the kitchen,

with a long row of quartern loaves drawn up on a dresser to receive us, like a file of marines. Then Madam begins to spin a long yarn about plain food, but plenty of it, for growing youths—dear Bob's very lathy, John, for all that,—and then comes the Doctor's turn to open with a preachment on animal foods, and what will digest, and what won't; tho' for my own part, I never met with any meat but would do it in time, more or less. So by way of clapping a stopper I made bold to remind that time is short tho' life is long, and thereby luffing slap up to my Nevy, 'Bob,' says I, 'what's the variation of the compass?' So Master Bob turns it about abit, and then says he, 'Why, it's one leg shorter than t'other.' Which is about as nigh it, Brother, as you are to Table Bay! Any how it gave the Doctor a bad fit of coughing, which his wife caught of him as natural as if it had been the hooping sort—at last says she, 'may be Master Robert has not progressed yet into navigation.' 'Maybe not, Ma'am,' says I, 'and so we'll try on another tack—Nevy, what's metaphysics?' 'Brimstone and Treacle,' says Bob, as ready as gunpowder, and the lady looked as satisfied as Bob did—but the Doctor had another bad fit, and good reason why, for there's no more physic in metaphysics than a baby might take in its pap. By this time we were going up stairs, but lay-to awhile alongside a garden pump on the landing to have a yarn about dowsing glims, and fire guards, and going the rounds at night; and as dear Bob hung astarn, I yawed, and let fly at him again with 'What's religion?' 'The colic on Sundays,' says he, as smart as you like; tho' what he meant by colic the Old Gentleman knows. However, both the Doctor and Madam pulled a pleasant face at him, and looked as pleased as if he had found out the longitude; but that was too fine weather to last, for thinks I, in course he can carry on a little further on that board, so says I, 'Bob, what's the main-top-gallant rule of Christianity?' 'Six weeks at Christmas,' says he, as bold as brass from getting encouraged before. So you see, John, he don't know his own persuasion. In course we were all at wry faces again; but the Doctor had the gumption to shove his out of a window, and sing out an order to nobody in the back yard. As for Madam, she shot ahead into the sleeping rooms, where I saw half a hundred of white dimity cots, two warming-pans, and nine clothes baskets—Master Robert's berth among the rest. Next we bore away by a long passage to the kitchen again, where two rounds of boiled beef had been put to officer the quartern loaves, and so through the washery and pot-and-pannery into the garden ground, where I came in for as long a yarn about the wholesomeness of fresh vegetables and salads, as if the whole crew of youngsters had been on the books with the scurvy. From the cabbages we got to the flower-beds; and says the Doctor, 'I don't circumscribe, or circumvent, one or t'other; I don't circumvent my pupils to scholastical works, but encourage perusing the book of Nature.'—'That's very correct, then, Doctor,' said I, 'and my own sentiment exactly. Nevy, what's Natural Philosophy?'—'Keeping rabbits,' says Bob; which sounds likely enough, but it's not the thing by sixty degrees. I can't say but I felt the cats' paws coming over my temple; but I kept it under till we fetched the paddock, to look at the cows; and that brought up another yarn about milk-dieting; and says Madam, 'when summer comes, our Doctor is so good as to permit the young gentlemen to make his hay.'—'No doubt alive, Ma'am,' says I, 'saves hands, and good fun too, eh nevy?—What's Agriculture?' However this time dear Bob chose to play sulky, and wouldn't answer good or bad; whereby the Doctor crowds up, with a fresh question.

'Now, then, Master Robert,' says he pretty sharp, 'I will ask you something you *do* know. What is Algebra,—Al—gebra?'—'Please Sir,' says Bob, 'its a wild donkey all over stripes.'—'There's a dear boy!' cries Madam, the more fool she; but old Darby looked as black as thunder at midnight. 'I'm afraid,' says he, letting go the tophits, as one may say, of his eyebrows: 'I'm afraid there has been a little slackness here with the cat; but, by your leave, Sir, and so forth, I will investigate a little into it myself. Now Master Robert take a pull at your mental tackle, for I'm going to overhaul your Mathematics:—How do you describe a triangle?'—'Please Sir,' says Bob, 'it's the thing that tingle-tangle to the big drum.' Well, there was the devil to pay again, and no pitch hot! Old Darby looked as if he meant either to drop down dead on the spot of apoplexy, or to murder dear Bob. \* \* Then came my turn, so I asked who was the discoverer of America? and may I never break biscuit again, if he didn't say 'Yankee Doodle!' Well, to cut off the end of a long yarn, \* \* I prepared a broadside, with a volley of oaths to it, by way or small arms; but before I could well bring it to bear, the Doctor hauls out his watch, and says he, 'it's extremely bad luck, but there's a voting this morning for a parish beadle, and I make a point not to let my private duties get to windward of my public ones.' So saying, with a half-and-half sort of a bow, to me, he cut and run; Madam getting athwart hawse so as to cover his getting off. In course it was no waste to waste speech upon her; but I made bold to d—n the whole covey of under-masters, in the lump, as a set of the sharkingest, logger-headed, flute-playing, skulking, lubberly sons of grinning weavers and tailors that ever broke bread. So the finish over all is, that I took my nevy away, traps and all."

We have no time this week to be critical, and must therefore take what comes to hand; but it is not often that we stumble in this way on anything so good as—

#### THE GREEN MAN.

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man  
As ever lived—at least at number Four,  
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,  
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.  
The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers,  
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—  
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers,—  
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers—  
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—  
Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—  
Still on one failing tenderly to touch,  
The Gentleman did like a drop too much,  
(Tho' there are many such)  
And took more Port than was exactly portable.  
In fact,—to put the cap upon the nipple,  
And try the charge,—Tom certainly *did* tipple.

Once in the company of merry mates,  
In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,  
So sure as Eating is set off with plates,  
His drinking always was bound up with cuts!  
Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels  
Bring very sad catastrophes about.

Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!  
'Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before,—  
Like Baxter, who so "went beyond his last"—  
One bottle more, and then one bottle more,  
Till oh! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was pass'd!

And homeward, by the short small chimies of day,  
With many a circumbendibus to spare,  
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,  
To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,  
And all the nerves—(and sparrows)—in a twitter,  
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:  
The hands, o'er all, are members that make motions,  
A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,  
Which has its swell, too, when it's getting up—  
An awkward circumstance enough for elves

Who shave themselves;  
And Simpson just was ready to go thro' it,  
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—  
He jump'd—and who alive would fail to do it?—  
To see, however it had come to pass,  
One section of his face as green as grass!

In vain each eager wipe,  
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,  
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye  
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!  
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,  
Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—

But verdant and not brown,—  
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?  
Indeed it was a very novel case,  
By way of penalty for being jolly,  
To have that evergreen stuck in his face,  
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

"All claret marks,"—thought he—Tom knew his  
forte—

"Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!"

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,  
'Twas quite impossible to ever greet  
Good Mrs. Brown.

—So he tied up his head,  
As with raging tooth, and took to bed:  
Of course with feelings far from the serene,  
For all his future prospects seemed to be,  
To match his customary tea,  
Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown  
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,  
And sent the maid up stairs to learn the why;  
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,  
Returned an answer so mysterious  
That curiosity began to fry;  
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch  
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,  
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,  
Got over-night of course—"Harm watch, harm catch,"  
From Watchmen in a boxing-match.

So, liberty or not,—  
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in  
A suicidal coffin—  
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot;  
Appearance,—"fiddle-sticks!" should not deter  
From going to the bed,  
And looking at the head;  
La! Mister S—, he need not care for her!  
A married woman that had had  
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—  
Her own dear late would come home late at night  
And liquor always got him in a fight.  
She'd been in hospitals—she wouldn't faint

At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep;  
She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—  
Turlington's Drops she made a pint to keep.  
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand—  
Such skull's japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd!

Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,  
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—  
"Preserve us all! He's going to gangrene!"

Alas! through Simpson's brain  
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;  
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,  
And brought a groan,  
To move a heart of stone—  
A sort of farewell to the land of living!  
And as the case was imminent and urgent,  
He did not make a shadow of objection  
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a "surgent."

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!  
And in as short a time as he could race it,  
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,  
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*,  
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,  
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—  
Poked, strok'd, pinch'd, kneaded it—hemm'd—shook  
his head—

Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,  
(Thinking, it seem'd, in Greek.)  
Then ask'd—'twas Christmas—"Had he eaten grass,  
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper  
To boil them up with copper,  
Or farthings made of brass;  
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,  
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat  
There's turtle, and green fat?"  
To all of which, with serious tone of wo,  
Poor Simpson answered "No."  
The Doctor was at fault;  
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.  
Cases of other colours came in crowds.

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;  
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,  
From saffron tints to sallow.  
Ev'n those eruptions he had never seen  
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,  
As "*rashes* growing green"—  
"Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!  
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke!"  
Then as to flaming visages, for those  
The Scarlet Fever answer'd, or the Rose—  
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!

So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without,  
Growing in going like all other rumours,  
The modern miracle was buzz'd about.

"Green faces!" so they all began to comment—  
"Yes—opposite to Druggists' lighted shops,  
But that's a flying colour—never stops—  
A bottle-green, that's vanish'd in a moment.  
Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind—  
Nothing at all to match the present piece;  
Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—  
Green-grocers are not green, nor yet green geese!  
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors  
Of such a case had never heard,  
From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;  
"Or Greenland!" cried the whalers.

All tongues were full of the Green Man, and still  
They could not make him out, with all their skill;  
No soul could shape the matter, head or tail—  
But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,  
Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle;  
He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought,  
and thought—  
And still it came to nought,  
When up rush'd Betty, loudest of Town Criers,  
"Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door!  
It's B, Ma'am, Twenty-four,—  
As brought home Mister S. to Austin Friars,  
And says there's nothing but a simple case—  
He got that 'ere green face  
By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's!"

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE CRANBERRY MEADOW.

A SIMPLE STORY.

It was a clear morning in April. The ground, bushes, and fences, sparkled with their frosty covering. The bare hills and leafless trees looked as if they could not long remain bare and leafless, beneath a sky so bright. A robin here and there ventured a short, sweet note, and earth and sky seemed to rejoice in the scene. The path that led to the village school was trod by happy children, whose glowing cheeks and merry voices testified that they partook of the general gladness.

In the same path, at a distance from a group of neatly dressed and smiling children, was a little girl, whose pale, soiled face, tattered dress, and bare feet, bespoke her the child of poverty and vice. She looked upon the laughing band before her with a wistful countenance, and hiding behind her shawl the small tin pail she carried, lingered by the fence till the children were out of sight, and then, turning into another road, proceeded to perform her usual errand at the yellow shop. The bright calm morning had no charm for her. Her little heart felt none of the lightness and gaiety the hearts of children feel when nature is beautiful around them. She could not laugh as they laughed; and as the sound of their merry voices seemed still to linger on her ear, she wondered that she could not be as happy as they. And then she thought of the dreariness and poverty of her home, of the cruelty of her father, of the neglect and unkindness of her mother, the misery of the long cold winter through which she had just passed, of the hunger her little brothers and herself often felt; she thought of the neat appearance of the children she had just seen, and then looked upon her own dress, torn and dirty as it was, till the tears filled her eyes, and her heart became sadder than ever. Mary, who possessed a degree of intelligence above what her years would seem to warrant, knew what made those children so different from herself; she well knew that they would spend that day in school, learning something useful, while she would spend it in idleness at home, or in trying to quiet the hungry baby and please the other children while her



mother was picking cranberries in the meadow. Mary knew she was, that very morning, to carry home something that would make her mother cross and wholly unkind of her destitute children.

When she had reached the spirit shop, its keeper was not there; but his son, a bright intelligent boy of thirteen, stood behind the counter, playing with his little sister. Mary asked for the rum with a faltering voice, and as she offered the jug, our young tradesman, looking upon her with mingled contempt and pity, said, "What does your mother drink rum for?" Mary felt ashamed, and looked so sad that the boy was sorry for what he had said. He gave her the liquor, and tied up the scanty allowance of meal; and Mary, with a heavy heart, but hasty step, proceeded upon her way. When she reached her dwelling—and who needs a description of a drunkard's dwelling!—her mother met her at the door, and hastily snatching the jug from her hand, drank off its burning contents. She then took the meal to prepare breakfast, and Mary was sent to gather some sticks to kindle the fire. The dough was then placed before the smoky, scanty fire, and the impatient children hovered around to watch its progress. Long, however, before it was sufficiently baked, they snatched it piece by piece away, till nothing but the empty tin remained.

The little boys, with their hunger scarcely satisfied, then left the house to loiter, as usual, in the streets, while Mary, as she saw her mother becoming every moment more incapable of attending to the wants of her infant, took the poor little creature into her arms, and in trying to sooth its sufferings, half forgot her own. She had just succeeded in lulling the baby when her father entered. He had been in the meadow picking the cranberries, which had been preserved during the winter under the snow, and which could now be sold for a few cents a quart. Though once a strong and active man, so degraded had he become, that few persons were willing to employ him; and he resorted to picking cranberries as the only means left him of obtaining what his appetite so imperiously demanded.

On entering the room, and seeing the state his wife was in, he uttered a loud curse, and at the same time bade Mary leave the crying child, that his entrance had awakened, put on her bonnet, and hasten to the village to sell the cranberries, and on her return call at the yellow shop.

Mary left the child, put on her bonnet, and with a trembling heart commenced her walk. On her way she met her brothers, and stopped to tell them, that as their father was then at home, they had better keep away from the house till her return. She then called from door to door; but at every place her timid inquiry, "Do you want any cranberries here?" met the same chilling answer—"No."

At length wearied out, and fearful that she could not dispose of them at all, she sat down by the road-side and wept bitterly. But the sun had long passed its meridian, and was gradually lowering in the western sky. She must go home; and what would her father say if she returned with the cranberries unsold? This she could not do; and she determined to try to exchange them at the shop, for the spirit her father wanted.

After waiting some time at the counter till the wants of this and that wretched victim were supplied, she told her errand, and after much hesitation on the part of the shopkeeper, and much entreaty on her own, the

cranberries were exchanged for rum. Mary then rapidly retraced her steps homeward, and with a beating heart entered the cottage. Her father was not present, but her mother was there, and, on inquiring where she had been, insisted on Mary's giving her the spirit. Mary refused as long as she dared, for she knew how terrible would be the anger of her father, should he find the quantity diminished on his return. But the mother, regardless of every thing except the gratification of her own appetite, seized the vessel from her child, and drank a large portion of its contents.

It was scarcely swallowed before her husband entered; and, enraged at seeing the spirit so much lessened, he reproached first Mary, and then his wife, in the most bitter terms. The provoking replies of the latter excited his rage almost beyond control; and Mary, fearing for the safety of herself and brothers, crept with them into an empty closet, where, with their arms around each other, they remained almost breathless with alarm, trembling at their father's loud threats, and the fearful screams of their mother.

At length the discord was hushed, and all was silent, except the low groans of the suffering wife, and the cries of the helpless babe. The children then crept from their hiding-place, to seek for some food before they laid themselves down upon their wretched bed, to forget their fears for a while in sleep. But in vain did they look for a crust of bread or a cold potato. Mary could find nothing but the remainder of the meal she had procured in the morning, but it was too late to attempt baking another cake. The fire was all out upon the hearth, and it was too dark to go in search of wood. So the hungry children, with their wants unsupplied, were obliged to lay themselves down to sleep.

In the village in which Mary's parents lived, the wretched condition of the family had often attracted attention; but the case of the parents seemed so hopeless, little exertion was made to persuade them to abandon their ruinous habits, till Mr. Hall, an energetic agent of the cause of abstinence from intoxicating fluids, visited the place. The husband and wife were then induced to attend the temperance meeting, and listen to his address. Whispers and significant looks passed between the acquaintances, when Thomas and his wife entered the church; and scarcely one among the number thought they could be at all benefited by what they might hear. But they did not see Thomas's heart, or know what a wretched being he felt himself to be. Through necessity neither he nor his wife had tasted spirit for several days, as their means of obtaining it had failed. The cranberries were all gathered from the meadow, and persons of their character could not obtain employment. Thus situated, Thomas knew he must take a different course, or himself and family would be sent to the work-house. It was on account of these circumstances that he this evening consented with his wife to attend the meeting.

When the speaker commenced, Thomas, feeling himself uneasy, wished himself away. But by degrees he became more and more interested, until his eye fixed upon the speaker, and the tear that rolled down his bloated face proved the depth of his feeling. He heard his own case so well described, the remedy so plainly pointed out, so affectionately urged, that new light seemed to break upon his mind, and he inwardly exclaimed, "I can do it, I will do it, if I die in the attempt;" and at the close of the service, going

boldly up to a group of temperance men, who were surrounding the speaker, he requested that his name and the name of his wife might be added to the temperance list. A murmur of approbation followed his request, and hand after hand was presented for a shake of congratulation. Nancy pulled her husband's coat as she heard her name mentioned, and said faintly, "Not mine, not mine, Thomas." But the words were unheard or disregarded, and he bent steadily over the shoulder of the secretary till he actually saw the names of Thomas and Nancy Milman among the names of those who pledged themselves to abstain from all use of ardent spirits.

As he turned to leave the church, William Stevens, a sober, industrious man, a friend of Thomas in his better days, but who had long abandoned the society of a drunkard, took him by the hand, and, after expressing his satisfaction at the course he had pursued, invited him to call at his house on his way home. After some hesitation, Thomas and Nancy consented; the latter being exceedingly pleased at being again invited to call on Hannah Stevens.

As William opened the door, Hannah rose from her seat by the cradle, and glanced first at her husband, and then at his companions, with a look of astonishment and inquiry, which yielded, however, to one of kind welcome and glad surprise, when her husband said, "I have brought you some friends, Hannah." "Yes," said Thomas; "and may we henceforth merit the title." Nancy hung down her head as if ashamed of the thoughts that were passing through her mind. Hannah, noticing her appearance, feared she did not sympathise much with her husband's feelings. I must encourage the poor woman, thought she, or her husband will be undone. If Nancy does not encourage him by her example, all will be lost.

The company then seated themselves round the cheerful fire, and while Thomas and William were engaged in conversation, Hannah threw aside the quilt to let Nancy see the baby. It was just the age of her own, but, oh! how different! The rosy, healthy little creature before her, in its clean nightgown, sleeping so soundly, recalled to her mind her own pale, sickly, neglected child at home, in its ragged, dirty dress, so seldom changed; and the tears started into her eyes at the sad recollection. Hannah saw the effect produced upon her feelings, and wishing to increase it still more, asked her to walk into her bedroom to see her other children. Hannah was a kind, careful mother, and, knowing the strength of a mother's love, she wished to make use of this strong principle to recall the wretched wanderer before her to a sense of her duty. Nor was she disappointed in the result of her experiment. Nancy was evidently affected at a view of the neat, comfortable appearance of her neighbour's house, and Hannah seized this opportunity to point out to her her dreadful neglect of duty. It was a kind, but a plain, faithful reproof, calculated to awaken in her bosom every feeling of a mother that yet remained. Nancy did not leave the room until she had promised by her own example to encourage her husband to return to the uniform practice of sobriety. Thomas and his wife then took leave of their kind neighbours.

We will leave this happy fireside, and just accompany Thomas and Nancy to their desolate abode. As they approached the house, the faint cries of the neglected baby first met the parents' ears. Poor Mary

was endeavouring, as usual, to quiet the little sufferer. There was no fire upon the hearth, no light upon the table, but the moonbeams through the changing clouds were sufficient to reveal the gloom and wretchedness of the drunkard's home. Thomas and Nancy could not but perceive the contrast between the home they had just left and their own. It was a contrast most sad and humiliating.

Early the next morning, the first person the family saw coming down the lane was little William Stevens. He had in his hand a basket of potatoes, which his father had sent Thomas Milman, with a request that he would call at his workshop after he had eaten his breakfast. This unexpected present gave much joy to this destitute family; and Mary, with her little brothers, will not soon forget how acceptable were their boiled potatoes that morning, though eaten without butter or salt. Thomas called, as he was requested, at William Stevens' work-shop, and found there a job which would employ him for a day or two. It was joyfully and speedily undertaken; and, after an industrious day's work, he received at the close a part of his wages to lay out in food for his family. Thomas had little to struggle with this day, and on the whole it passed by easily and pleasantly. Not so with poor Nancy. Having less to employ her mind than her husband, she was sorely tempted, more than once, to send Mary to the yellow shop to exchange what remained of her kind neighbour's gift for rum. But the thought of Hannah's kindness, and her own promise, so solemnly made, restrained her.

At last the day wore by, and it was time for Thomas to return. As soon as the children saw him enter the lane, they ran, as was their custom, to their hiding-place, for, knowing nothing of what had recently transpired, they expected to find him intoxicated as usual.

"Can that be father?" whispered they to each other, as they heard a steady step and calm voice. The youngest boy peeped out his head to see.

"Come here, my poor boy," said Thomas, kindly; "you needn't be afraid; I am not drunk." "Oh, he isn't drunk; he isn't drunk!" said Jemmy, clapping his hands in great joy; "he isn't drunk; come out; father won't hurt us." Half faithless, half believing, the other children left their hiding-place, and came around their father.

"Mother hasn't sent you for any rum to-day, has she, Mary?" "No, father; I hope I never shall go to that shop again." "You never shall, to buy rum, Mary, I promise you. Do you believe me?" Mary looked as though she did not quite believe, but she said nothing.

A year has passed by since the period when our history commenced. It is as fine a morning in April as it then was. The children of the village are pursuing their way to school as pleasantly as they then were. But where is the little girl with soiled face, tattered dress, and bare feet, that then attracted our attention? Look for one of the happiest girls among that gay, laughing group, and you will find her. Her dirty tattered garments are exchanged for neat and comely ones; her bare feet are covered with tidy shoes and stockings, and in her hand she carries not a tin pail, but a basket containing her school-books and work. The scenes through which this day will carry her will be very different from those through which she passed a year ago. A great and blessed change has indeed

come over this once wretched family. They have left the miserable habitation which was once theirs, and are now living upon a small but excellent farm, the owner of which is not afraid to rent it to so sober and industrious people as Thomas and his wife have now become. Within the year, Thomas has been able to purchase comfortable clothing for his family, decent furniture for his house, and has besides partly paid for two yokes of oxen, and four cows.

Look at Thomas at work in his fields, and managing his little farm—thriving at home, and respected abroad—and say, what would tempt him to come again under the influence of his former ruinous habits? Look at Nancy, too, superintending her dairy, and supplying the wants of her now happy family; does she wish for the return of those days, when she was the intemperate mother of hungry, neglected children? But live there not hundreds of mothers who are at this time what she formerly was? and can they not, will they not, be induced to become what she now is?

"Finish your work as early as you can this afternoon, Thomas," said Nancy to her husband, as he rose from the dinner table; "Hannah and William Stevens have promised to take tea with us." "Yes, that I will," he replied; "for had it not been for the encouragement they kindly gave us, we might have been as miserable as we once were, spending this day either wretchedly intoxicated, or, in order to make ourselves so, at our old task in the Cranberry Meadow." \*

From the Literary Examiner.

*The Book of the Cartoons.* By the Rev. R. Cattermole, B. D. The Engravings by Warren. Rickerby.

THE purpose and the execution of this volume are alike admirable. In Mr. Cattermole's *Raffaello* has found a critic not unworthy of him, whose heart's core glows with his subject, and in whose fervent words we have little difficulty in "reading" even these wonderful Cartoons, the greatest efforts of the divinest of painters. Mr. Cattermole's criticism is not a tame or glib reiteration of the old truisms or sophistications about art, including a sort of vague consciousness of the fine and true which may or may not rank with the common-places; but is the result of that genuine and unforced spirit of love which always includes high conception of the spiritual and the beautiful, and is in itself made up of poetry, philosophy, and of religion. It is reserved only for a spirit of this kind to do justice to *Raffaello*. For the least considerable of that great man's claims, are those which may be strictly called artistic; and hence the professed artists have been his worst critics. "We behold in him," Mr. Cattermole truly says, "not only the Italian of the sixteenth century, but the contemporary and denizen of all enlightened times and Christian lands—not the painter merely, but the historian, the poet, the philosopher, the ennobling expounder of human character and emotions in their

universal elements." It is high praise to say of the *Book of the Cartoons* that in every line of it *Raffaello* is so considered, and it is praise richly deserved.

We should be at a loss to determine which class of readers Mr. Cattermole's volume will be most acceptable to—those who have the power of looking at the Cartoons themselves, or the larger number of persons who cannot possibly procure access to them. To the latter class its value is obvious, but it is equally if not more deserving of the attention of those who can make the journey to Hampton Court, for all who have ever done so will at once feel the justice of the author's remark—

"The Cartoons do not, in general, at first view delight the spectator, or extort unthinking admiration by superficial and alluring beauties. Without any of the obvious artifices of arrangement—without striking brilliancy of colour, or violent contrasts of light and shade—without extravagance or exaggeration of any kind—they are calculated to disappoint those who seek nothing further in this highly intellectual art than the mere gratification of the eye; while into the mind even of the patient and reflective student, a sense of their supreme excellence only finds its way by degrees: commencing in something like a chill of surprise, that to performances of such a sober character the first place in the first rank of the art should have been assigned, but increasing in brightness by its own light, as it proceeds, it can scarcely, nevertheless, stop short, in such a mind, of an ardent and affectionate though calm admiration."

We may quote as a specimen of the treatment of the volume even in the more strictly artistic sense, from the description of the death of Ananias—

"The head fallen backward on the shoulder, as if from apoplectic dizziness and insupportable weight—the distorted eyes, and the countenance darkening in death—the failing of the muscular limbs, express with such lively truth the suddenness and violent progress of the terrible infliction, that the spectator almost expects to behold the miserable being stretched, in one instant more 'a blackened corse,' on the pavement, and to hear his expiring groan. In common with all the principal characters in these compositions, truth of expression—not in the features only, but diffused in just gradation over the whole person, distinguishes this admirable figure. Its excellence is hardly less striking, as regards anatomical correctness of drawing: we would refer, in particular, to the throat, the shoulder, and the arms, especially the wrist of the right arm, doubled beneath the supine weight of the body. Nor are the coarseness and vulgarity of the features without a meaning; and a deeper meaning than the mere display of picturesque contrast to the nobler countenances of the apostles. *Raffaello*'s taste was too pure, and his observation of human nature too accurate, to suffer him to adorn such a character as Ananias with even the attractions of physical beauty. As comporting with a deed of cunning and impiety, he has chosen

'That base aspect  
Apt, liable to ill:—'

an example worthy the consideration, not only of those artists who ambitiously lavish on all their personages indiscriminately, a kind of conventional *academic* beauty; but also of certain poets and novelists, who delight in the monstrous alliance of an angelic exterior with the moral qualities of demons."

\* The above lately appeared in the *Irish Temperance and Literary Gazette*, into which it had been quoted from a publication called the *American*.

The "engravings by Warren" are not in all respects what we could have wished, but they have at least as much merit as many of higher pretensions. Mr. Cattermole, we may add, furnishes the print collector with a hint which we have reason to know the truth and value of—

"Dorigny's are still the best engravings that have been executed from these inestimable performances, notwithstanding the more careful labours of the late respected and ingenious Mr. Holloway, and his able coadjutors. For though Dorigny's prints may occasionally fall below those of his modern rivals, in accuracy of outline, as they unquestionably do in elaborateness of finish, yet they are superior in regard to the expression of that exquisite freedom of handling, which distinguishes those parts at least of the originals which were actually executed by the pencil of Raffaello. After the publication of Dorigny's, his assistant, Dubose, likewise produced a set of prints from the Cartoons, of considerable merit, on a scale between that of Dorigny and the miniature size of Gribelin."

We cannot imagine a more beautiful or a more appropriate gift book for this season than the *Book of the Cartoons*.

From the Same.

*Morals from the Churchyard; in a Series of cheerful Fables.* With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Chapman and Hall.

THIS neat little volume is a very pretty companion to Mrs. Austen's "Story without an End," written in the same agreeable style of mixed liveliness and tenderness, and illustrated with several charming engravings on wood from designs of a very superior character.

The object of the fable is to exhibit a moral estimate of human pursuits adapted to the minds of children, and to show that, finally, nothing can stand the test of that universal leveller, the grave, excepting virtue and religion. There is a slight touch of Calvinism here and there in the execution, but it is excellent on the whole. The manner is healthy and cheerful, as a child's book should be, and a vein of actual human interest gives life and shape to the allegory.

But a short passage from the "History of the Little Child's Grave," will illustrate the contents better than our description—

"Now, in a corner of the churchyard, under the stone wall, and by the side of a China rose, was a young child's grave. A little grave it was, lying by itself; yet was there a small path up to it; for the child's mother oftentimes came thither in secret of an evening, when the place was still. Many daisies also grew upon it, for, albeit the mother knew it not, yet did many young angels consort thither, bringing live daisies, which they love, and causing them to blow in the same place many times over again. This little grave was loved by the old grave under the yew, for he perceived how it was visited by angels; therefore he bade it speak to the other graves, that they might learn its excellence. So the little grave spoke and said—'Behold, I am the last made of you all, and ignorant of

many things! yet do the angels visit me, and oftentimes I hear the rustling of their wings about me. I am the resting-place of young Christian innocence. My tenant, gathered like a virgin rose, felt not the blight of the world ere it died. Sweet was the last sigh of the little Christian on his mother's breast; pleasant his smile, as he sank smoothly away without a stain. Remember ye not his baptism at the holy font, and the sacred cross on his small forehead? How tenderly his mother bore him along to his second birth. She folded him close in her arms, close from the rude wind. The angels followed behind unseen. Now his young limbs are decayed; his bright blue eye has been eaten by worms; therefore do mortals blame me, who cover so sweet a thing; albeit, in truth, I am nothing else than the garner of its immortality; for the time shall come when the graves shall be opened, and then I also, who am but a little grave, will reveal my treasure. Judge, then, if I be not equal with you, inasmuch as I am the grave of innocence.'

"Thus spoke the little grave; but the other graves answered and said, 'The grave of innocence is a worthy grave, but innocence which hath never been tempted, equalleth not the innocence which hath survived temptation. Justly, then, do the angels deck thee with daisies; yet more justly would be decked the grave of one, who, after much tribulation, had reached heaven.' And the old grave said, 'My friends, I remember the little child. His mother carried him about. She made for him a red cloak. When it was summer his sister drew him along in a little cart. His face bloomed with health, the glad promise of many years. He knew not the meaning of a grave. But God took him to himself: so the little child died. Yet does the mother take care of the cart still, and the little red cloak hangs on the peg.'

Mr. H. K. Browne is the artist of the *Pickwick Papers*, and as such happily associated with the enjoyment of many thousands of readers. His designs in this little volume show a charming power of a graver cast, and one which needs only to be properly cultivated to raise him very high in his profession.

From the Spectator.

#### BURNET'S ETCHINGS OF THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.

IN noticing the Reverend R. Cattermole's *Book of the Cartoons*, we regretted the want of faithful and spirited engravings of these sublime works, not being aware that the desideratum was actually begun to be supplied. John Burnet, who is both painter and engraver, and whose treatises on painting prove that he has studied his art theoretically as well as practically, is following out his precepts by a series of illustrative examples from the works of the great masters; and he very properly commences with the Cartoons of Raphael. The plates are on a large scale, and engraved on steel, in a free and vigorous style, so as to convey the spirit and meaning of the originals in a broad and effective manner; and they are published so cheap as to put them within the reach of the working classes—four shillings being the price of a print that allows only a needful margin to a sheet of paper 34 by 24 inches.



This is the first attempt that has been made to give to the public at large a taste for really fine art, by making them familiar with the noblest productions of the pencil. As the enterprise of an individual, it is highly honourable to him; and it would be a reproach to the country if he should not be encouraged to proceed. It cannot be from motives of gain that an undertaking like this is begun; and its success will not only advance the cause of art in England, but benefit the moral and intellectual character of the masses. Pictures have never yet been sufficiently employed as a means of instruction: the multiplication of good ones has hitherto been a costly process; and the cheap prints intended for nurseries and infant schools have been so bad that they either puzzled children to make out their meaning, or excited ludicrous ideas. But here we have really fine engravings, that the student may learn from, and the uninformed and the enlightened lover of pictures alike derive intellectual gratification of the highest kind.

It is not every *chef-d'œuvre* that is suited to popular understanding: graceful composition, correct drawing, and powerful effect, are of little value in the eyes of the many, unless they combine to tell a story: the value of a picture in this point of view consists in its intelligibility—in its power of interesting the beholder, by the vividness with which the subject is brought before the eye. It is this, the rarest and the finest quality of art, that so eminently distinguishes the Cartoons of Raphael. The dramatic force with which every subject is presented to the mind, strikes one more than even the simple grandeur of the conception or the beauty of the design: it produces the effect of the actual incident: you may suppose the painter to have witnessed the scene and drawn the characters and their expressions as they appeared, so strong is the impression of reality produced by the most refined art aiding a lofty and pure imagination.

To take only the two Cartoons before us. In *Paul Preaching at Athens*, the Apostle stands like a tower, with hands lifted up, as if the fervour of his faith alone enabled him to sustain the weight of his great argument; while the faces and attitudes of his hearers express their various characters and emotions in the most lively and impressive manner. The very folds of the mantles of the three sages before him bespeak their different sensations,—one shrouded in doubt, the other restless with disputatious impatience, and the third yielding dispassionate. How naturally the stern and frowning aspects of the more distant and casual bystanders are opposed to the animated looks and gestures of the group seated, who have entered into the spirit of the discourse, and are keenly discussing its doctrine; and how beautifully the rapacious ardour of the man and woman in the foreground contrasts with the ferocious glare of the three listeners behind the Apostle!

Again, in *Elymas the Sorcerer Struck Blind*, the column-like figure of Paul is steadfast with power, as in the first; but, as if to denote the unpremeditated character of the act, he holds a book in one hand, while the other is extended with the upraised finger pointed towards the miserable man,—whose doom may be read in the inspired indignation of the Apostle's countenance, no less legibly than in the blinded sense expressed in every feature, limb, and action of the stricken wretch. The instantaneousness of the event is also apparent in the horror and astonishment

of the man who looks into the face of Elymas; the terror and rage of the woman appealing to the bystanders; and the awe of the Proconsul, which is mingled with feelings of pain and aversion. Thus the reflection (so to speak) of the miracle in the faces and gestures of all around, is concentrated in one focus by the momentariness of the point of time: the mandate has scarce gone forth from the lips of the Apostle, when it is fearfully executed, and calls forth the various feelings depicted in the persons present.

This is dramatic painting, to which is superadded the elevation and grandeur of epic dignity. The highest praise of the engravings is the fact that the impression here attempted to be conveyed to the reader, we have taken from the prints before us. Without comparing them with the originals, it is not possible to enter into a minute examination of their merits or defects; but, so far as our recollection of the Cartoons serves us, the character and expression of the heads are preserved with remarkable fidelity—certainly far greater than in Holloway's engravings, or in any others that we have seen. Mr. Burnet, indeed, seems to have caught the spirit of Raphael, and transfused it into these copies. The drawing is sufficiently accurate for the purpose of giving an idea of the figures; though in some points, as well as in the tints, improvement is desirable. The roughness of the etching—which is a new and peculiar method—is not a material objection, however serious it may be deemed by those who are accustomed to regard executive means as of more importance than results, and whose admiration is limited to smoothness and finish. These prints are not to be looked at microscopically, but mentally. Their appearance is something like that of a sepia drawing heightened with touches of the reed pen—for they are printed in a brown ink. The effect of atmosphere and space might be increased with advantage, even if the aerial perspective were carried further than in the originals; and the same may be said of the details of form and colouring; for be it remembered, that the Cartoons are not pictures, but tinted drawings made to work from, and grievously injured by time and ill-usage.

We cannot refrain from urgently recommending this noble undertaking to the support of every lover of art. The good to be effected by the diffusion of these works among the cottagers, the mechanics, and among the middle and higher classes also, is incalculable. Dr. Bowring happily alluded to the Italian image-boys as the little missionaries of art: Mr. Burnet has shown himself to be an apostle; and in such a cause we hope he will find many disciples. We never anticipated that in this day engravings that will be prized above all others by artists and amateurs, would be circulated among the working classes.

We commend to Mr. Burnet's attention the majestic picture of Leonardo da Vinci, "The Last Supper." The engraving of it by Raphael Morghen, beautiful as is its execution, is not only feeble, but incorrect in the character and expression of the Disciples. An opportunity is now afforded by the Cartoons of the heads in the possession of Messrs. Woodburn, (are not these treasures yet secured to the nation?) for correcting the inaccuracies of the print: by comparing them with the Academy copy of the picture, an approximation to the spirit of the now defaced original might be attained.

From the Monthly Magazine.

From Chambers's Journal.

DEATHS OF SCIENTIFIC TRAVELLERS  
SINCE 1830.

We cannot, without pain, reflect on the number of individuals who have distinguished themselves for a zeal in promoting knowledge, and in their ardour became victims. Many have died of late in foreign countries, where they went to make researches for extending our knowledge of the various branches of philosophy. Some died from the various influences of the climate, or by plague prevalent at their destinations, or upon their routes; some from fatigue and incident hardships, some by accident, and others have been drowned inland or by shipwreck. We will here enumerate the names of several who have been lost to science since 1830:—

M. M. Beyrich and Frank\* died in South America. The former had completed his journey over the Brazil; and the latter was enriching our country and his own from the Flora of the Ohio; his collections of specimens were exceedingly abundant. M. Schiede, an indefatigable collector in the Mexican Flora, died in Mexico of typhus fever; Mr. Drummond in the island of Cuba; M. M. Zippelius and Van Raalten in the Moluccas; M. Brocchi died at Dargola, in Nubia; and M. Raddi in Egypt; another eminent person died of pestilence in Cairo. M. M. Michaelis, Berger, and Decker, all naturalists of Bavaria, became victims to malignant fevers; the first two in Greece, and the other in Palermo. M. Jacquemont, after travelling during three years across the high plateaus of Asia and Hindostan, ceased to exist when at Madras, and at the moment he was to have returned to Europe. M. M. Mertens, Eschholz, and Rengger, after having nearly traversed the known world, died from long endured fatigues, almost immediately after their return home; and the same fate befel M. Montbrett, who had visited the oriental countries. Several died by accident:—Mr. Sellow was drowned in the river San Francisco; the enterprising M. Bertero was shipwrecked on the Atlantic; Mr. Douglas, who discovered in California, and brought away from thence, many beautiful plants now flourishing in Britain, fell into a pit in the Sandwich Islands, designed to entrap wild beasts, and was there killed by a wild bull, which was ensnared soon afterwards; M. Van Hasselt lost his life in nearly the same manner—he was trampled to death by a rhinoceros; lastly, Mr. Allen Cunningham was murdered by savages in the interior of New Holland, during the expedition of Major Mitchell—it is conjectured from the informations procured upon the subject, that the unfortunate travellers had all erred in their courses, and separated; that they must have wandered in the wilderness for several days, and then, enfeebled by fatigue and want, yielded to a troop of natives.

*Fine Arts: Newcastle.*—A Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts has been formed at Newcastle, under the presidency of the Bishop of Durham, and patronised by many resident men of rank and influence.

\* The present list is adapted from the scientific annals of the university at Munich.

## MAJOR ANDRE.

JOHN ANDRE, a youth descended from a respectable family long settled in the British Channel Islands, commenced life in a mercantile capacity, but soon after entered the military service of Britain, about the commencement of the war of independence in North America. Endowed with all the qualities which render a man useful to his country and dear to society, André rapidly acquired distinction, and made himself a favourite with the whole British army, in which he ultimately held the posts of major and adjutant-general. General Sir Henry Clinton, commander-in-chief of the forces in America, appointed him one of his aides-de-camp, and did not disdain him as a bosom-friend and counsellor. Such was the character and position of the unfortunate soldier whose sad history we are about to relate to our readers. To enable them to comprehend the tale, it is necessary for us to advert to the state of the war at the period when the tragedy occurred, and to the doings of a man of a very different stamp from John André.

In the early part of the war between Britain and her revolted colonies, no man on the American side distinguished himself more highly than Benedict Arnold. Though of obscure birth, and in depressed circumstances, he had quickly risen to a command under Washington, who, after witnessing frequent displays of Arnold's military skill and daring, rewarded him with the government of Montreal. Here the faulty points in his character stood prominently forward for the first time. Lax in principle, greedy of money, and unscrupulous about the means of acquiring it, he no sooner had it in his possession than he squandered it at once in frivolous expenses, or mere ostentation. Under his command, Montreal became a continual scene of flagrant injustice and rapacity. This occurred, however, amongst a foreign, or rather a conquered people, and was not widely known or observed; but Arnold had the insane folly to behave in the same oppressive manner to his own countrymen, when ordered by Washington to occupy Philadelphia, on its evacuation by the British. In this city, General Arnold habitually prostituted his authority to feed the rapacity and extravagance of himself and his accomplices, and set at defiance both justice and the laws. All his services, his wounds, and his intrigues, could not save him from the storm of indignation which such conduct brought down upon him. Charges were preferred against him before Congress, and by that body the matter was referred to a court-martial. Arnold was sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief, who performed the unpleasant duty with all that calm firmness for which he was so remarkable, and at the same time, with as much gentleness as was consistent with the proper execution of the task. At the conclusion of his address, Washington generously promised to put opportunities in the erring soldier's power of regaining the lost esteem of his country. Arnold's heart was untouched by this mark of favour shown to him by his general. He quitted the army immediately afterwards, and from that day forth nourished an implacable hatred of the cause which he had so brilliantly defended. Unfortunately, his wife, whom he passionately loved, was of a royalist American family—one of those which

gave all the help they could to the British in the revolution, without actually engaging in the contest. She was but too well inclined, therefore, to encourage the feelings which had taken possession of her husband's breast. The refusal of Congress to acknowledge certain claims of Arnold for pecuniary compensation, gave the finishing stroke to his meditated defection. Confiding his scheme to his wife alone, he opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, and became a traitor to the cause for which he had formerly bled.

At this period (the beginning of the year 1780,) the greater part of the British forces lay in New York, while the American army was stationed on both sides of the Hudson, at no great distance from that city. The chief object which Washington had at this moment in view, was to block up the enemy in New York. Foreseeing and dreading this, Clinton revolved in his mind the possibility of defeating the scheme by getting possession of the Hudson, and thus cutting off the communication between the two banks, when it would be comparatively easy to overcome separately the two halves of the American army. The arrival of the French auxiliaries, however, made Clinton almost give up all hope of affecting such an enterprise, which was, in truth, hopeless enough before, from the great strength of the fortress of West-Point, recently erected on the river by the Americans. West-Point is the name of a hill or eminence, situated twenty leagues from New York, and projecting into the middle of the Hudson, which it narrows at this spot to less than half a mile in breadth. The navigable portion of the river here passes between West-Point and an island called Constitution Island, and on both these places the Americans erected strong works, connecting them by an immense chain, which no vessels could attempt to pass or cut without exposing themselves to utter destruction from the cannon on both sides.

Such was the position of the contending parties, when Arnold's offer to betray his country reached the British commander. Seeing at a glance all the advantages that might be derived from the connexion, Clinton at once grasped at it, and entered into a correspondence, in the course of which he urged the traitor to endeavour to get himself appointed to the command of West-Point. So artfully did Arnold now conduct himself, with so much address did he veil his true sentiments, and with so much apparent sincerity did he represent himself as anxious to re-establish his credit with his country, that Washington, at the request of several of the American leaders, placed him in command of the great stronghold, on which the welfare of America depended.

The English general's aid-de-camp, Major André, was the person to whom the management of the correspondence with Arnold was entrusted. After the latter had entered into his command at West-Point, the hopes of the conspirators, as may well be imagined, were raised to the highest pitch. Towards the middle of September 1780, things grew ripe for the execution of the enterprise. Two obstacles, only, stood in the way. Arnold insisted on the necessity of a secret interview with André, at all risks; and to this Clinton was altogether adverse. The other obstacle was the presence of Washington with the army. It was known, however, that the American commander was about to depart for five or six days to hold a meeting

with the French admiral at Hartford, in Connecticut. Arnold apprised Clinton of this fact, and appointed the 17th of the month (September,) the day on which Washington's departure, it was understood, would take place, as the time when André should come up the Hudson to a conference. Clinton was also to hold every thing in readiness for receiving West-Point into his possession before Washington's return.

Burning with impatience to distinguish himself, and excited by the magnitude of the enterprise, André prevailed on Clinton to give his consent to the interview sought by the American. Washington did not leave the army on the 17th, and this became known to the English general; but André's ardour induced him to leave New York on the 19th, trusting that the American commander-in-chief would then be gone. The English officer embarked on the Hudson, in the *Vulture* sloop of war, having with him Colonel Beverly Robinson, an American in the British service, and the person through whom Arnold had made his first advances to General Clinton. On the 20th, the *Vulture* cast anchor in sight of Fort Montgomery, situated five miles below West-Point. The sloop was beyond the reach of the small guns of Fort Montgomery, and its appearance on the river was not so uncommon a circumstance as to attract much notice, or at least to excite alarm. In order to pave the way for a free communication with Arnold, André put in execution a stratagem arranged beforehand with the commander of West-Point. Beverly Robinson, having an estate within the American lines, wrote to the American general Putnam, proposing an interview on business relating to his property. In this letter was inclosed another addressed to General Arnold, wherein Robinson solicited a conference with him, in case Putnam should be absent. The packet, being directed to Arnold, would be opened only by him; but if, perchance, it fell into other hands, the whole could be read without exciting suspicion of a plot.

A flag of truce landed with this missive on the very day, as it chanced, which Washington had fixed for his departure. After Arnold had received the letter, the commander-in-chief arrived at West-Point, in order to be conveyed across the Hudson in his traitorous countryman's barge. While they were on their passage, Washington observed the English sloop, and after examining it with his glass turned to an officer near him, and made some remark in a low tone, which Arnold could not overhear. Arnold was guilty, and every thing which he could not immediately penetrate, alarmed his fears. He supposed that the general could not long remain ignorant of the circumstance of the flag of truce, if he had not indeed heard of it before, and took the resolution of showing to him the letters that had arrived. Washington read them, and dissuaded Arnold from granting the interview desired. As their conversation on this point closed, the barge touched the shore, and the American took his way for Hartford.

Being delivered in the presence of several persons, the advice given by Washington effectually prevented the conspirators from openly meeting under the flag of truce; which meeting, be it observed, would have been a flagrant perversion of the sacred character of this last and most sacred tie of nations—the olive-branch of war. A secret interview was now the only way in which Arnold and André could meet. On the morning after Washington's departure, accordingly,



the American conspirator despatched a man, named Joshua Smith, an American whom he knew to be a devoted adherent of the English, with passports for André (under the name of Anderson) and Robinson, to be delivered to themselves on board of the sloop. By means of a boat, Smith executed his charge at nightfall. Robinson would not consent to go on shore with Smith, as Arnold desired, and urged his companion also to refuse. But André could not brook the idea of pausing in so great an adventure. Throwing a grey surlout over his uniform, he accompanied Smith on shore. Arnold was waiting there to receive him, and they walked together towards the house of Smith. Engrossed by the conversation, André did not at first perceive that he was no longer on neutral ground. The challenge of the American sentinels soon made him aware of his situation, and perhaps brought before his mind, for the first time, the full extent of his peril. But to draw back could now be of no avail, and André followed the traitor into the house of Smith. Arnold laid before his visiter, plans of the forts, and minute instructions relative to the measures to be adopted by the British in taking possession of them, after he had opened the way. The manner in which he meant "to open the way" was this:—On the English making their appearance to attack West-Point, he would march the greater part of the troops out of the fort, and entangle them in gorges and ravines, where he would pretend to wait the assailants, while these would make their way by other passes left unguarded, and attack the weakened fort at certain points where they would find an easy admittance; he had also taken away, on pretence of getting it mended, a link in the chain across the river, so that it would give way on the slightest shock, being very insecurely put together for the time. These and other preparations would inevitably have given the English an easy possession. André, moreover, projected the capture of Washington on his return, and it is believed that to this, the betrayal of his chief, the betrayer of his country gave an unreluctant assent. André then secured his papers, and set out on his return.

An unforeseen change in the situation of matters, however, had occurred during the conference. Colonel Livingston, governor of Montgomery fort, disliking the continued proximity of the Vulture, had caused a four-pounder to be dragged to a point of land from which the shot could reach the vessel, and had begun such a serious cannonade, that Robinson, after considerable injury had been sustained, was compelled to move the sloop some miles lower down. The boatmen whom André expected to row him down would not undertake the increased distance, and at Arnold's request, André staid all the day of the 22d at Smith's, with the view of attempting to return by land. Before setting out, he took off his uniform-coat, and put on one belonging to Smith. This unhappy step he only acceded to after much entreaty, knowing well that the laws of war regarded a disguised foe as a spy. Smith and the English officer were then provided by Arnold with passports, and they commenced their journey on horseback at twilight of the 22d, that being considered the safest time.

By means of their passports, André and his guide passed all the American posts with safety, crossing the Hudson on the 23d. At last they beheld the English videttes, when Smith, looking all around, and seeing no one, said, "You are safe, good-bye," and retook,

at full speed, the road by which they had come. André, on his part, believing all danger over, put spurs to his horse, and rode other four leagues in safety, and was about entering Tarrytown, the border village, when one or two armed men, not in uniform, started out and seized his bridle, crying, "Where are you bound?" Believing himself out of the American lines, André answered with another question, "Where do you belong to?" "To below," was the reply, indicating the English side, down the river. "So do I," cried André, confirmed in the mistake that they were English; "I am an English officer, on urgent business, and do not wish to be longer detained." "You belong to our enemies," was the stern and fearful answer, "and we arrest you." When the unfortunate officer saw his error, he heaped offer upon offer of rewards—permanent provisions for them from the British government—every thing or any thing—if they would let him escape. His captors, young country lads, had not drawn the sword for love of lucre, and were but animated the more in their duty. They searched the captive, drew off his boots, and detected the deadly papers. When taken before Colonel Jameson, the commander of the outpost, André, incited by a generous hope of saving Arnold, requested the colonel, as a favour, to send word to West-Point that Anderson (the assumed name), the bearer of the general's passport, was arrested. Jameson at first thought the best way would be to send the prisoner to Arnold himself; but recollecting that all the captive's papers were in Arnold's own handwriting, he became suspicious, detained André, and sent an express account of the matter to Washington. Next day, however, the colonel became ashamed of his suspicions of Arnold, and wrote to him that the bearer of his passport was detained. This and the courier's missing of Washington, by this time on his return home, saved the wretched traitor. Jameson's missive, which reached on the morning of the 25th, threw him into a condition of indescribable alarm. Still the hope of success did not entirely forsake him. The commander-in-chief might yet be absent for a day or two, and Jameson might easily be cajoled or browbeaten into silence. While he was thus buoying himself up with hope, two officers entered, and announced the near approach of Washington. The traitor could scarcely conceal his agitation sufficiently to mutter a plea for leaving their presence. He then rushed to the chamber of his wife, exclaiming, "All is discovered—André is taken—the commander-in-chief is at hand: hark! the cannons already salute him: burn my papers: I fly to New York." Embracing his wife and infant, Arnold then mounted his horse and rode at full speed to the river, where he kept a barge, always well manned, and which conveyed him in security to the English sloop. Washington arrived at West-Point, and found that Arnold had absconded, but no one could explain matters until Jameson's packet arrived. On reading it, the American leader said to those around him, to their horror and dismay, "Arnold has betrayed us!"

Indignation at the conduct of Arnold was the first feeling excited over the states when this momentous affair became known. When the first burst of feeling was over, and the high and excellent character of the officer involved with the traitor became known, then did the interest of all in America, English and natives, centre in the unfortunate André. He himself was the first to reveal his name and rank to Colonel



Jameson, and subsequently by letter to Washington, from which the following passages are extracted:—"It is to vindicate my fame that I now write, and not to solicit security. The person in your possession is Major John André, Adjutant-General in the British army." After stating that he came undisguised, for the purpose of meeting, upon ground not within posts of either army, a person who was to give intelligence, he says, "Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Thus was I betrayed into the vile condition of an enemy within your posts. . . . Though unfortunate, I am branded with nothing dishonourable; as no motive could be mine but the service of my king, and as I was involuntarily an impostor." Alas! André was found, in a disguised habit, within the American lines, and the laws of war universally regarded a person so found as a spy, whose doom was the gibbet. Besides, to do the Americans justice, if ever any belligerents were entitled to follow rigidly the rules of justice, they were; because the British, on many occasions, had scornfully affected to hold the colonists in the light of rebels, with whom the courtesies of civilized warfare were not to be exchanged. To their credit, however, the whole population of the states compassionated André, and from Washington and the leaders of the army he received every indulgence compatible with the performance of their duty. The captive's fate was not long undetermined. Within four days after his seizure, a court-martial, of which the Marquis La Fayette was a member, sat upon the case, and the decision was, that Major André, being found in the condition of a spy, "ought, agreeably to the law of nations, to suffer death."

The prisoner heard his doom, (a just, undeniably, though a lamentable one) with far less emotion than was displayed by the president of the board in pronouncing it. When the sentence was communicated by Washington to the British general, that commander, who had already made the strongest exertions for his friend by letter, sent General Robertson with a flag of truce to renew the trial, but every argument proved fruitless. As a last resource, Robertson put into the hands of General Greene (the American deputy on the occasion) a letter from Arnold, in which the traitor threatened to retaliate the death of André on the head of every American who might afterwards fall into his hands. After reading this menacing epistle, Greene threw it at Robertson's feet, and walked away without reply. The conduct of André, both before and after his sentence, was calm, manly, and brave, and in every respect such as to extort admiration and pity from those around him. One only request he made of Washington—not to close his life on a gibbet. Though this petition could not be acceded to, André's mind was not shaken by the refusal. He met his fate in a manner corresponding with the high and honourable character of his life. His death was a beatitude in comparison with the life of Arnold. Thirty thousand pounds, and the grade of a brigadier-general in the British service, constituted the price for which he sold his country. Only a portion of the debasing stipend of an abortive treason was ever paid to him, and, though he did hold the stipulated rank, and act in the capacity for the rest of the war, all honourable men shrunk from intercourse with the betrayer of his native land. His after-days were mis-

erable, and o'er his obscure grave no tears fell. To André's memory, his country raised a tribute of affection and regret, which is placed amid the tombs of the great of the land.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE PASSING-BELL:

AN EPISODE OF 1648.

*Letter from Emma Gartenberg to Marie Herwart.*

Do not be angry with me, my dear sister, for having kept you so long in suspense for my reply—I, whom your husband so often complimented on the dexterity with which I handled my pen. You will think, perhaps, that the fêtes which have taken place on occasion of the peace, and which have been celebrated here, as in the rest of Germany, with so much pomp, have prevented me from writing to you. It is true that I was present at these solemnities, but really and truly my heart and mind were less moved by them than were those more advanced in years, and more given to reflection than myself.

You know well that I was born during the siege which was so fortunately raised, and that I have grown up in the midst of the continued troubles of war, so they do not intimidate me. Besides this, our city was, after all, never badly treated by foreign soldiery, and I cannot figure to myself that all the horrors which are recounted of war are true. That every one should now rejoice in the calm we possess, appears to me of course both natural and just; but at the same time we are continually receiving sad intelligence from all parts as to the misery and famine which desolate whole countries. How then can one give up one's heart entirely to joy and happiness?

The fêtes then, my dear, cannot serve me as an excuse for not having written to you for so long a time, but, in spite of your laughing at me, I must tell you that the cause has been of another character—domestic occupations; and, in one word, the direction of the house, which is left entirely to me at the present moment.

You will doubtless ask me how all this has come to pass, and how it has fallen out that our good cousin Cunégonde has voluntarily deprived herself of the custody of the keys! This, my dear Marie, is precisely the great piece of news I have to tell you—but which I shall measure out to you in as small quantities each time as nurses and doctors do wine to their patients when getting convalescent—so that I may thus have the pleasure of speaking to you at greater length. I laugh myself at the comparison I have thus made, but one necessarily identifies oneself with the subjects of which we are constantly hearing. Now, the good cousin Cunégonde, during the last few weeks of her sojourn here, did nothing else but talk to me of miraculous cures and wounded generals; and to have heard her talk, any one would have thought her a head surgeon to a hospital or a regiment.

But enough of this. My preface is a long one; and now my letter will be short. You know how it

came to pass that the good Cunégonde came to our house, and how she refused everything for herself in order to bring up the son of her deceased husband—that son-in-law whose eulogium she was ever pronouncing with all the enthusiasm which naturally belongs to her character. You also know perhaps that she obtained for him some years since the *grade* of Licentiate in medicine, and then of private surgeon to one of the Imperial colonels. He used to send her from time to time little packets of good gold coin—but Cunégonde never spent one of them. For some time past she had not received any news from him, and I often heard her weeping in the night, and sighing so sorrowfully that my young heart was rendered quite sad. But imagine, my dear Marie, the joy of poor Cunégonde the other day, when at last a letter came from him. She had never till then shown me even one of his letters—but that one I was allowed to see. He told her that he had been offered a place at the Imperial Court if he would change his religious opinions, which he refused doing; and that he intended soon to return to be near her; and that thereafter she should no longer be at the charge of her rich relatives. I confess to you this last phrase in his letter gave me pain, as you know well we never thought of Cunégonde but as our equal and friend. Yes, Marie, he said all this, and a great deal more too; but in order to repeat the very beautiful and kind things he wrote, and expressed so well and so elegantly, I confess it requires more talent and memory than I possess.

But to be brief. The good old Cunégonde evidently no longer wished to stay, and every now and then she quietly and timidly gave my father to understand that it did not suit her any longer to eat our bread, so that at last he consented that she should give up to me the charge of the house. This cost us, my dear Marie, many a tear; but she has left us, and her son-in-law has arrived.

In a very few days I am about to perform a promise I made her, that of going to see her new residence—and the *miraculous Doctor*; and, believe me, I will not fail to give you a detailed account of all I see and hear.

Our father is in good health—he is gay in his way of being so—and begs me to say all sorts of kind things to you all for him. I hear him moving about his money-bags in his chest, and so he will soon be wanting me, and I must close my epistle.

I commend you, and all your dear children, to the protection of God. Adieu!

*Letter from Marie Hertout to Emma Gartenberg.*

I thank you much, my dear little Emma, for your interesting letter, and for all the news it contained; and although I was pretty well informed as to the change which had taken place in our family-house, yet I was delighted to learn all the particulars from your gentle hand.

We are all in good health, for which really we cannot be sufficiently thankful to Heaven, considering how humid and unhealthy is the season. This is all I have to say of ourselves, who love you dearly, and are delighted to hear of your happiness.

But now let me say a few words about your Doctor, and the miracles in curing he has performed. I advise you, my dear Emma, to take care of your heart. I remember perfectly that the young *Palmer*, whom we used to call *Cousin Max*, in former years, when you were quite a child, carried you in his arms whenever we went out to walk, and amused you, and was most kind to you; and I recollect that when your doll vexed you, or when your little bird was ill, your tears were soon dried up the moment you heard the kind voice of *Cousin Max*. All this is now present to my recollection as if it had passed yesterday; and yet many a summer has gone over your precious head since that day, my dear sister.

From those halcyon hours to the present time I had never seen the young *Palmer* but once, when he had a *congé* for some days; but about three weeks since, going through our city, he came to see us. Oh Emma! what a splendid creature has this *Cousin Max* become! He wore the Hungarian costume, and the people in the street stopped to see him pass. His pelisse of black velvet, adorned with gold, looked splendid upon him. As to my husband, who, as you know, is not very loquacious, he was so much pleased with *Cousin Max*, that he made him stop very late in the evening, and wanted to persuade him to come and live here.

If I were to write a book about all he told us, I should soon fill it. As for myself I could do nothing but listen—he is so eloquent and so handsome. Even the little *Adelaide* would not go to bed, but prayed to sit up to hear the “fine gentleman” tell us his stories. Ah Emma! Emma! I repeat, my dear sister, take care of your heart!—take care of your heart!

*Letter from Maximilian Palmer to the Imperial Captain Gaspard de Geismar.*

Here I am, arrived in my natal town, my good friend! I have just finished arranging my books and my instruments, and the first sheet of paper on which I write in my new abode is to write to you, my dear Geismar, whom Providence has given me for a friend, and who in ill as in good fortune, in the difficult career of favour and popularity, as on the field of battle and death, was always my counsellor and my faithful companion.

Accustomed as you have been from your youth to the tumult of war, and to the noise and bustle of camps, you will scarcely be able to understand the indefinable sentiment which fills the soul of a peaceful student in science, when he returns to his tranquil abode after long years of absence and fatigue. I, who have travelled with indifference over so many countries, was seized with an inexpressible emotion on seeing once more the towers and steeples of the city where I was born. How many times have I not walked on the field of battle in the midst of the dead and the wounded with courage and firmness,—and yet at the sight of the wall which surrounded the cemetery of my natal town, my eyes were suffused with tears. I thought of my father and my mother; and then I thought that I also should have my little niche in this sepulchre of many generations.

But I was aroused from these sad reflections by the

cordial, affectionate, and delicious reception which I experienced from my good mother-in-law; and I should have profoundly afflicted this excellent woman if she had suspected that my heart had even one pulsation which was not joyous and happy. It is impossible to depict to you, my dear friend, her transports of tenderness and happiness; and scarcely had she become a little calmed than she again threw herself into my arms, and wept again and again for joy. Then she showed me most deliberately, and in great order, all the arrangements she had made in the house for my happiness and comfort; and then she drew me to the windows that her neighbours might be witnesses of her happiness.

The first day I gave myself up wholly to answering her questions, and in listening to her recitals, and I assure you that it was only towards evening that I could get out for a few minutes to respire the air, and to abandon myself to the emotions with which my heart was filled. I walked up and down many streets. Everywhere I saw some object which was a souvenir of my past youth; and well-known, though now more aged, faces passed before me. Some of them looked at me a long time, as though first of all to be sure they knew me, before they returned my bow of recognition and respect. I at last found myself on the *Place de la Tour*: an old painting covered the wall. It represents a whole family prostrated before a crucifix. On the right is the father and his sons by his side; on the left, the mother and her daughters—all in descending lines or steps like the pipes of an organ. And then there is the grandfather, who seems to have risen from the grave, and who with a severe and aged countenance points with his finger to the hand of the dial. This image, which often used to trouble my gaiety when as a boy I passed before it to go to school, carried me back again to bygone days. The son of the ringer was standing at the door of the Tower; he took me for a stranger, and asked me if I would visit the "Tower of St. Peter!"

The sight of this vast country, in which the evening light fell calm and majestic, could alone quiet the agitation of my heart: so I ascended the Tower, and walked round the balustrade. Already the mist rose from the surface of the river—the dew was forming on the green prairies—the sun disappeared behind the mountains—and not far from me a bell sounded, which invited to the evening prayers.

My heart, affected by all these scenes and recollections, rose towards Heaven, when the old ringer arrived and invited me to visit the belfry. I was not much pleased to have my pious meditations thus deranged.

The bells of the Tower of St. Peter are renowned for their musical sound and for the beauty of their fount. The good old man was quite inexhaustible when he talked of their history, when he taught me their names, and smiled with real satisfaction when I admired their sculpture and the verses which were written upon them. But that which he thought the most curious, the most interesting, he kept to the last. It was the "PASSING-BELL"—the Bell for the Dead—the "*Cloche des Morts*!" He assured me that this was all silver. It is curiously ornamented by heads of angels and leaves beautifully interspersed in perfect sculpture. All around it is an inscription in very old letters, which I succeeded, though with difficulty, in deciphering; but it was to the effect, "That this

bell was founded by Henri Rosler, and that, at his death, it was rung for the first time." This was a new subject of reflection for me. I imagined to myself this laborious handicraftsman, as he formed the heads of these smiling angels, contemplating his work with interest amounting to love, satisfied with his labour, and looking forward at the same time with the calmness of a good conscience to his last hour.

But I am forgetting the essential part. I wish to tell you that I have good reasons for hoping to establish myself in an advantageous career. My old master, the Grand Vicar, received me in the most cordial manner, and the excellent philosopher, Doctor Baer, who formerly recommended me to the Count de Palfy, wishes once more to become young with me, and to study together.

Adieu, my dear Geismar. Adieu.

*Letter from Emma Gartenberg to Marie Herwart.*

You tell me, my dear Marie, to take care of my heart! Ah! why did you delay so long in giving me this counsel! How came it to pass that your letter did not reach me till it had made a long journey I know not where, being many days in arrear! If anything shall happen to this heart of mine, you and chance will be the only causes.

You see I have still all my gaiety; and I hope you will banish all uneasiness on my account. So I do not intend to deprive myself of the pleasure of giving you all the details of the visit I projected, when I last wrote to you, to make to the good Cunégonde in her new habitation.

She has hired a very pretty lodging in the *Rue St. Jean*; and, as you will readily believe, she has ornamented it most charmingly, and with all the taste and love of which she is susceptible. Her dear son had gone out, so she had leisure to show me everything. Of course she began with the kitchen, where the utensils shone as bright as gold; then she conducted me to her bedchamber; and finally to the study of our cousin Maximilian, which, I assure you, except for its size, yields in nothing of luxury and beauty to our own splendid room, notwithstanding a combat of Amazons at full length is represented in tapestry on our walls: but, in the midst of all her joy, there is one source of sorrow to dear Cunégonde, though she would not have her son know it for the world, and that is, that in the midst of all this magnificence, and even amongst vases of flowers and Chinese figures in porcelain, Maximilian has placed skeletons of men—real skeletons—and the tables and closets are covered and filled with skulls and bones of all sorts, whose society can really only be tolerable to a surgeon.

Cunégonde showed me all this with her eyes lowered, and sighing whilst she showed them; but all of a sudden she passed to gayer subjects, and produced for my examination all the marks and presents of honour and respect which her son had received—gold chains and precious rings. She likewise showed me a large book full of dried herbs and plants, costly carpets, and rich Turkey silks and stuffs, boxes full of the balm of Mecca, and Heaven knows what besides. At the end of all, of course, I had to look at the Hungarian costume, sabre, and boots, in which our Licentiate found favour in your eyes, my dear Marie; and

at the moment when Cunégonde was spreading out the velvet pelisse which you know, who should enter but Palmer himself! I believe I coloured up prodigiously, and I rushed from the closet with as much of fright as if I had been surprised in the act of stealing his costume. Yes! my dear sister, you are quite right: this cousin Max, who used to nurse me, has indeed become a very handsome man.

My father has just sent in to know if I have finished my letter. I am almost sorry now that I have filled it with such nonsense, for I had matters more essential to have told you—and now I am uneasy—my heart is oppressed, and that because my father hastens me to conclude. Ever thine.

*Letter from Sylvani, the Secretary, to the Licentiate in Medicine, Palmer.*

It is impossible for me at this moment, my dear Licentiate, to fulfil, as I would wish, the orders of our quarter-master; and yet I cannot avoid performing this painful duty.

The letter you wrote a month since to Captain Geismar you will receive, enclosed, without its having been opened. The brave warrior whom you one day drew from a mass of dead bodies, when he was dangerously wounded, has just died—not from the ball of an enemy, but from a disease which carried him off in a few days. Considering the intimate friendship which existed between you he has named you his heir. Nevertheless our quarter-master has not thought fit for the moment to send you the effects of the defunct. I cannot conceal from you that a frightful mortality is desolating the environs of this place. Some attribute it to exhalations from the dead—others to a flight of locusts who, in the East, had been driven to sea by the wind, and were then driven back on the land. It is from that country that the contagion has come to us. Up to the present moment this place is not affected; but every hour it may reach us.

*Letter from Cunégonde to Marie Herwart.*

You will, doubtless, be much astonished, my dear cousin, at receiving a letter from me; but its contents will explain my motive and at the same time supply my excuse.

This sweet child, our dear Emma, has certainly already told you that my son has returned. Some days after his arrival she came to see me, and to visit my new habitation. Maximilian had gone out when she called; but he returned whilst I was engaged in showing her all the curious and rare objects he has brought back with him from his long travels. The charming girl became as red as the fire, and cast down her beautiful large blue eyes. The first movement of Maximilian, when he entered, was to rush to her with his arms opened, ready to receive and kiss her; but he suddenly stopped on seeing her embarrassment, and merely took hold of her hand. They drew near to the window—still having hold of each other's hands. The sun shed on them his beams; and really they had, in my eyes, the aspect of two beautiful and

glorious angels; whilst I looked at them my eyes filled with tears, and I was obliged to leave the room to conceal my emotion. When I returned he was showing her his large book of dried herbs, and explaining to her the nature and the properties of the plants. I know not whether I was mistaken, but Emma appeared to me confused; and what even Maximilian said did not seem to me very clear. "It was love at first sight."

When Emma wished to leave and return home, my son took me aside, and begged me to offer her a splendid silk shawl from Turkey, which he did not dare to present her himself—so much did he fear a refusal; but she accepted it with joy, and since then has never ceased to wear it, though she takes the greatest care of it.

From that day forward she has often returned to see us—morning, noon, and in the evening—and my son has been to see your father, who received him very kindly and consulted him as to his cough.

Well! you will say, I see nothing very sad in all this. Patience, my dear cousin! bad arrives always quite soon enough.

All was joy and satisfaction, when Maximilian received one day a letter from Hungary, informing him that his most intimate and dearest friend had died of a putrid fever. This sad intelligence quite overcame him, and, in spite of all his manly efforts to resist the impression which it made, it was easy to perceive that he was becoming much changed and even ill.

I told all this to my dear little Emma, and requested her to exhort my son to manly courage. She consented so to do, and came the same day early in the afternoon. The dear child wept as if her own brother were dead. Maximilian wept also and kissed her hands. I had only left the room a moment, when Emma followed me, threw herself round my neck, and, shedding a torrent of tears, exclaimed, "Thou! thou art my dear mother, and Maximilian is mine—never will I marry another!"

I wished to converse with her seriously on her resolution; but what could I have said! My son, is he not a virtuous and excellent man? His father was a worthy clergyman; he is himself a man of profound acquirements, and might have become surgeon-in-chief to the Imperial Court, if he would have changed his religion. So I left in the hands of God the fate of my dear children, who, in my presence, embraced each other before they parted for the day.

But now comes the worst part of the affair. Emma, the next day, told all to her father, who became most violent with rage and indignation, and prohibited her from ever again crossing the threshold of my door. This resolution of your father's is, then, the subject of my letter, dear cousin. You, as the eldest daughter, have some ascendancy over your father. You know, also, what it is to be constrained to renounce the man of your choice, and you have not forgotten your grief and chagrin when you were compelled to marry your husband, though you would have so much preferred your gallant Swedish officer. The scene is still fresh in my recollection, when you appeared decked out as the bride for the marriage ceremony, when you threw yourself into my arms, as Emma does now, and crying, said to me, "Well, my good Cunégonde, as it must be so—as I must be married, we will think no more of him I loved—we will weep no longer."



Do, then, all that is in your power to cause the old man to alter his resolution. Do so, for the sake of Emma, and for the love also that you bear to me. Money alone, you know, will not confer happiness, and my dear Maximilian is worth all the treasures of the world.

May God bless you, my cousin, and inspire you with such words and thoughts as shall effectually move the heart of your father!

—  
*Letter from Adam Gartenberg to Marie Herwart.*

I have read thy letter, my dear daughter, and have well reflected, as thou hast requested I would do. Still, however, I must tell thee that I shall not change my resolution; for it is my duty, as father, to watch over the prosperity of my children, and to prevent the property which I inherited from my grandfather and father, and which I have augmented by the sweat of my brow, from being thrown away in the purchase of books, and other such like futile and absurd things. I made known my way of thinking to the Licentiate Palmer, and I entreat thee, my daughter, to spare me hereafter thy prayers and thy reflections. Thy husband will tell thee that this proposed marriage ought not to take place: he understands these matters better than thou canst do; and he will tell thee that there are plenty of relations in the world who are always willing to contract alliances with the richer members of thy family. On this point I say no more.

A great number of persons die in the environs of this city. If this shall continue and shall become more serious, I shall leave the care of my house to my old and faithful head clerk, and shall withdraw to my country farm, or perhaps proceed to my manufactory at Bergstad. In the mean time let us pray and work, and trust that God will keep us from this terrible plague.

—  
*Letter from Maximilian to Emma.*

I am not to see thee, my well beloved! I ought not to do this, even if the rigorous orders of thy father did not, of course, wholly prevent me. Fly, Emma! Fly as quickly as possible from the walls of this city. To-morrow morning the gates will be closed! Fly! and thus give me the moral force of which I have, at such a moment, so much need.

My dear mother, Cunégonde—Oh! how will she bear to hear such deplorable intelligence! Already she is the victim of the epidemic disorder, and perhaps will not live through the night. Then I shall be alone in the world. Adieu! perhaps I shall not see thee again in this world of sorrow and of exile. But no—God in his mercy will protect us both. Again I say, Emma, fly—fly to-night, and let not the rising sun find thee in this city of the plague.

—  
*Letter from Leonard Schnell to Adam Gartenberg at Bergstad*

My respected Patron,—I take the liberty to inform you that since you departed from this city nothing new has occurred in your establishment nor at the ex-

change; but immediately after you had left, the Licentiate Palmer came here at a very early hour in the morning to learn if you had left with Miss Emma, your daughter, the night before. When I replied in the affirmative, he raised his hands and eyes towards heaven and embraced me many times, exclaiming, "God be praised! All is right now!"

At the break of day, on the morning after your departure, the gates were closed, and no one can go out or come in without a permission from the authorities in writing. The *Rue de l'Ecluse* and the *Rue des Juifs*, where the malady showed itself with the greatest intensity, were barricaded, and no one was allowed to go in or to come out, except the two chosen *Pestiaris*, that is to say, Doctor Baer and the Licentiate Palmer.

The wife of the first judge, Doctor Storr, and two senators died suddenly, and were buried in the night without the bells sounding, and as quietly as possible, as well as many others who were also instantaneously called away to another world. Of course, this created the greatest terror, and paralyzed all business and affairs.

It is said that a great number of bad fellows and Bohemians (gipsies) have got into the city for the purpose of pillaging the houses and taking the city by surprise. I will not, then, leave the house of my much-honoured patron, unless it should be the will of God that I should be carried out to my last home, which, indeed, I ought now soon to expect and resign myself to as a Christian.

—  
*Letter from Emma to Marie.*

I send you, dear Marie, a letter from our old and respected Leonard Schnell, which will give you all the information we possess of our unfortunate city. Do not think me insensible to the misery of my fellow-citizens and to the public calamity, if I say no more on that subject, and if to-day I devote my letter to pouring into your kind and sisterly bosom my personal sorrows and griefs. Ah! if you knew all, my Marie! If you could but see me. I no longer recognise myself. All the joys of youth have forsaken me, and in a few weeks I have become as old as if I had lived in trouble for many years.

You have, no doubt, heard tell of the heroic resolution of my Maximilian. Oh, how much good it does me to speak of him to some one who knows him, and to call him *my* Maximilian. Even our father eulogises him; and when I showed him a letter he wrote to me to beg me to fly from the city—a letter so full of tender solicitude—he was not at all angry; and, shaking his head, said, "Truly his intentions were good. Well, I will show him that my intentions towards him are not bad either, though I cannot show my friendship and respect for him in the way he would desire."

We left the city without my being able to see him again. Alas! perhaps I shall never more behold him. All the letters we receive are full of his praises: but he himself does not dare to write to us. Oh! if I could but have one line from him—only one—to know if the refusal of my father—if, in fine, despair is not the cause of his coming to the terrible resolution of visiting all the sick and dying, and even of being one

of the two "pestiarii." He, so good, so generous, lives now in the midst of the dead and the dying, without having near him a being to console him, to take care of him. And all this *he* is suffering, while I breathe a pure and healthy air, am surrounded by the most ravishing scenes of nature, and adored by all the working people who labour at this lace manufactory;—these good lace-makers—such fresh, generous, healthy, candid girls who surround me, and look at me with a sad and pitying air. They would make me gay if they could; but they do not understand my grief. But what do I say? I ought not to be ungrateful. There is *one* who suffers with me, who understands me, although she cannot express with facility what she thinks and feels. I really must speak to you of her, in order that this letter may not be wholly filled with my own sad complaints.

Christina is the daughter of a miner, and the very best workwoman of our manufactory. She is a pale girl, very interesting, and her large black eyes are no longer brilliant, and her head is always hanging forward sorrowing on her bosom. Unfortunate being! Her intended was taken from her by the falling in of a mine. He was crushed to death! Since that day, she appears amongst the other young creatures like a drooping or a dying lily—dying in the midst of roses—the mere phantom of the bride—who rises, as it were, from her tomb to appear as a shadow in the midst of the dance of her gay companions.

These happy girls sing very often to amuse me. They sing the songs of the miners, and accompany themselves on the mandoline. Then they tell me stories of what has happened in these mountains, and which stories have come down from generation to generation. Christina also the other day wished to recount me one; but soon she got again to the old story of her André, and repeated all the sweet words he had said to her before he went down into the mine. Then all of a sudden she stopped: she was overwhelmed with tears, and throwing herself into my arms, she said, "Oh! pardon me, pardon me; you know and feel, do you not, for my misfortune? You also have shed such tears."

From that moment I took her entirely into my service and to wait upon me, and she will remain with me as long as I shall live. And now, dear Marie, I find I am getting back again to my own sorrows and my own sad thoughts, which I desire as much as possible, for the sake of my health and life, to banish from me; but, like poor Christina, I am sure to return to them.

Adieu! may God protect thee, my good sister!

—  
*Letter from Leonard Schnell to Adam Gartenberg.*

My respected Patron—you will not be angry with me for not having written to you during the last two months. The cause has been that during that time all circulation, and all business, and all means of communication have been entirely interrupted, and nothing has entered the city but some provisions over the walls, and nothing left, except the carts which carried out the dead, and the wheels of which were covered with thick cloth so that the living might not hear their sound as they went along the streets. Tomorrow the first bag of letters will leave this city,

and I would not lose this opportunity of informing you of all that has passed, as much at least as my memory, which is impaired less by age than by recent anxieties and calamities, will admit of my doing.

I must say, then, to my much-respected patron that the plague which afflicted our unhappy city was frightful. In the first place, the contagion has completely depopulated all the quarter of Saint Laurent. Then the famine became terrific. Nevertheless the measures adopted by the authorities soon remedied this evil. But all of a sudden a new disaster arose. The rumour was spread among the people that the individuals charged to bury the dead, had, from cupidity and wickedness, in order that they might have more burials and more money to receive, distributed poisonous powders and even poisoned the fountain of St. Jacques. So the grave-diggers and all their agents to save their lives were obliged to take to flight. This occasioned new deaths, new anxieties, and new calamities, until the Licentiate Palmer succeeded in prevailing on many poor citizens, as well as their wives, to take the charge themselves of watching and nursing the sick, and of carrying away and burying the dead. But he persuaded them on condition that they, and their descendants, should have thereafter the right of always appearing at the ceremonies in the city of marriage and of baptism.

This being accomplished, order was restored. When I went to the window I only saw in the deserted and gloomy streets some ecclesiastics, who were carrying the holy sacrament to the dying; and the two doctors, all of them looking anxious and alarmed, as the priests carried along with them the spiritual food for the suffering and dying. They all wore masks and large cloaks of oilskin, and the priests were supplied with long sticks, which served them to tie to the end of them the holy bread and wine which they caused to be taken at the windows of the most infected houses, as well as by this means they supplied the medicine which was administered. Towards the evening the men and women came who fulfilled the duties of grave-diggers, and a little time after the carts passed by full of dead bodies, and which, on going over the pavement, were only heard indistinctly, like very distant thunder, for the wheels were muffled.

Afterwards, in a few days, I only saw *one* doctor, and having spoken to him from the window in a low tone of voice, he told me that Doctor Baer was dead! He asked me with great kindness after the state of my health, and exhorted me to have courage. I knew afterwards that this worthy young man, the Licentiate Palmer, had nursed his departed colleague with the greatest kindness and care up to the very last moments of his life.

Some weeks after this sad event the number of sick persons sensibly diminished, and no new case occurred. The inhabitants then began to show themselves here and there at the windows, and to give signs of friendship and recognition.

The Licentiate Palmer has remained in good health, through the special mercy of God, for, after the death of his colleague Doctor Baer, all the duties had to be performed by him alone. So whenever he appeared, the common people left their houses, threw themselves on their knees, and called him their saviour, their benefactor. It is said that our gracious Sovereign has sent him a gold chain of honour and a diploma of "Doctor of Medicine."

Public thanksgivings will be celebrated on Easter-day, and from that day forward the dead will be once more buried to the sound of the *passing-bell*, and the canticles and psalms will be sung as heretofore. I hope, then, that soon I shall have the happiness of once more seeing my much respected patron, and that into his hands I shall deliver, as a faithful servant should do, all with which he was pleased to entrust me.

—  
*Letter from Emma to Marie.*

How sad it is to me, my dear Marie, not to be able at this moment to press you to my heart! and how sad, also, is it that I cannot see him, my noble, my generous Maximilian, and tell him how I love, how I venerate him! But, after all, what language, what words could express half that I feel!

Where shall I begin, dear sister? how shall I be able to tell you all that during the last few days has oppressed my heart! Such feelings as mine must surely resemble the sentiments of one who, dying, sees Heaven open before him.

You are doubtless aware that the horrible plague is now leaving our city, and that, a few weeks hence, public thanksgivings will be offered up to Heaven. But are you aware that it was my Maximilian who was the saviour of the city, the tutelary angel of the place? Are you aware that our Sovereign has recompensed him? and that even our father no longer pronounces the name of Palmer but with profound respect? and that for the first time he has made mention of our relationship? Oh! I shall see him—yes, I shall see him very soon! Patience! patience! my poor heart.

I really no longer know what I am writing. Pardon me, my dear Marie. My soul is quite disturbed—my head distracted—my heart bursting with agitation. I must tell you, however, that we are to enter our city on Easter-day. My father is much more occupied as to the state of his health than he used to be, and he will not leave this retreat before that day.

Adieu, Marie! adieu!

—  
*Conclusion.*

The old chronicle informs us, that, although the wealthy merchant cared little for the sciences, and had refused to Palmer the hand of his daughter, yet he changed his mind on learning, on Easter morning, that the Emperor Ferdinand II. had conferred the honours of *nobility* on the young doctor. "Since the Emperor," he said to Emma, "thinks him worthy of being a gentleman, I will consider him worthy of being my son-in-law."

These words filled the heart of the young Emma with inexpressible joy. She ran to her room and shut herself in to pray to God, and to shed tears of happiness and of hope. Then she prepared a crown of myrtles and *immortelles*, dressed herself in her gayest attire, and covered her head with a precious lace veil, which the lace-women of the manufactory had worked as a token of their love and gratitude for all the benefits she had conferred on them. Thus arrayed, she set out on the journey with her father, and all the servants accompanied her to her native town, to pro-

ceed to meet and fold in her arms her well-beloved Maximilian.

On approaching the gates of the city, their ears were gladdened by the sounds of trumpets and cymbals, which from the top of the Tower of St. Peter were engaged in playing the praises of God. Then the "*PASSING-BELL*," was heard for the first time since the invasion of the pest—which appeared to be a good omen, since from the time when the malady had reached the city, the dead had been carried off in the night, without singing, without bells, and thrown into large fosses filled directly after with burning lime. All the assistants fell down on their knees to thank God, and, forgetting the past evils which had afflicted them, they mutually embraced and felicitated each other. But when the people learnt *for whom* it was that the "*passing-bell*" was now first sounding to accompany him to his last home, the public joy was changed to sorrow, and the sobs and cries of the people were heard as the coffin slowly advanced to the cathedral.

At the moment when the cortège approached the great door of Notre Dame, Emma Gartenberg also arrived with her father, and alighted from the old family carriage to proceed across the streets on foot. On perceiving the Grand Vicar at the head of the funeral cortège, she accosted him, and asked him "*Where is Maximilian Palmer?*" The old Vicar turned pale, moved away his head, and pointed with his hand to the bier covered with red velvet, and to the armorial bearings with which it was ornamented. Emma fainted away in the arms of the venerable ecclesiastic, and although by degrees her senses returned to her, yet from that moment she never spoke one word. Her father died some years afterwards, and left her heiress of immense wealth. She employed her fortune in doing good; but it was always in *writing* that she gave her orders. She never spoke a word. Every day, winter or summer, fine or rain, she proceeded to the cemetery accompanied by her faithful Christina, and whenever the "*passing-bell*" was sounded, she was seized with shuddering, and then threw herself on her knees and prayed inwardly. The children used to love the dear sad Emma. They used to wait for her when she went out, and offer her little *bouquets* of violets and other sweet flowers; and she, in her turn, would give to each of them a little piece of silver money, and would smile at their kind and happy faces; but she never spake a word.

At last Heaven had pity on her. She died at the age of twenty-eight, after having founded and enriched a hospital, and left all her goods to the poor. The day she died, the "*passing-bell*" rung most mournfully.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MONUMENT TO MILES COVERDALE.

The following is a copy of the inscription on a monument to the memory of the illustrious Miles Coverdale, lately erected in the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, London:—

To the Memory of MILES COVERDALE:

who, convinced that the pure Word of God ought to

be the sole rule of our faith and guide of our practice, laboured earnestly for its diffusion; and, with the view of affording the means of reading and hearing, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God, not only to his own countrymen, but to the nations that sit in darkness, and to every creature wheresoever the English language might be spoken, spent many years of his life in preparing a translation of the Scriptures.

On the 4th of October, 1535,  
the first complete English printed Version of

#### THE BIBLE

was published under his direction.

The Parishioners of St. Magnus the Martyr, desirous of acknowledging the mercy of God, and calling to mind that

#### MILES COVERDALE

was once Rector of their Parish,  
erected this Monument to his Memory, A. D. 1837.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of Peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."  
—ISAIAH, lii. 7.

The arm-chair of the pious Miles Coverdale is now in the possession of George Weare Braikenridge, of Broomwell House, near Bristol.

From the Spectator.

### LIEUTENANT WHITE'S VIEWS IN INDIA.

EDITED BY EMMA ROBERTS.

SINCE the territory of the Ghoorkas has been added to the British possessions in India, the wonders and beauties of the Himalaya have been explored in various directions by officers of the Indian army, and other enterprising European residents. The present series of views were made by Lieutenant White in the course of a journey to the sources of the Ganges and Jumna: they are twenty-nine in number, and have received the pictorial dressing of Turner, Stanfield, and other less eminent artists; Miss Emma Roberts illustrating them by descriptions drawn from the notes of several tourists, and her own experience of Indian life.

"Travelling in the Himalaya," says the editress, "combines all the pleasures of savage life with the luxuries of civilization;" though mixed up of course with a due share of fatigue, inconvenience, and even danger. The scenery, we may add, combines the desolate grandeur of "Alps and Appenines," with the verdurous freshness of more temperate regions, and the prodigal luxuriance of vegetation and gorgeous hues of a tropical climate. The prominent features of the scenery of course are the mountain-ridges, spreading around on every side, a billowy sea of hills, with the white pinnacles of the snowy range rising like a barrier of icebergs from a polar ocean, and seeming as their glittering summits are lost in the clouds as if they sustained the heavens. Clothed with forests of large trees, bushes of rhododendron, and creeping plants to the height of 11,000 or 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, the immense undulations are intersected by precipitous ravines, opening into rich valleys watered by mountain streams; the roads winding along the sides of the heights, whose

rocky surfaces are varied by smooth terraces of turf, enamelled with violets, primroses, and cowslips, or carpeted with strawberries; while fruit-trees and currant and raspberry-bushes are found in profusion. The sportsman is furnished with abundance of game: antelopes bound across his path, leaping over the clefts of rock with winged lightness, and the hill pheasant and partridge spring up at his feet.

The charms of this romantic scenery are on a scale of such vastness that they defy the power of the pencil to convey an adequate idea of their immensity without the aid of reflection and fancy: even Turner, who has rendered the outline and details of Lieutenant White's sketches into the grandest pictorial character that a miniature size will admit of, "makes Ossa like a wart;" and his splendid colouring, if it were not lost in the engraving, could hardly equal the gorgeous effects of light, thus vividly described—

"The skies of England, though not without their charms, and producing occasionally some fine effects, do not afford the slightest notion of this mountain hemisphere, with its extraordinary variety of colours, its green and scarlet evenings, and noon-day skies of mellow purple, edged at the horizon with a hazy straw-colour. It is impossible, in fact, to travel through the Himalaya, without perpetually recurring to the rich and changeful hues of its skies; every day some hitherto unnoticed state of the atmosphere producing some new effect, and calling forth the admiration of the most insensible beholder. This is particularly the case at dawn; for, while the lower world is immersed in the deepest shade, the splintered points of the highest range, which first catch the golden ray, assume a luminous appearance, flaming like crimson lamps along the heavens,—for as yet they seem not to belong to earth, all below being involved in impenetrable gloom. As the daylight advances, the whole of the chain flushes with a deeper die; the grand forms of the nearer mountains emerge; and night slowly withdrawing her obscuring veil, a new enchantment decks the scene. The effects of the light and shadows are not less beautiful than astonishing, defining distant objects with a degree of sharpness and accuracy which is almost inconceivable: and until the sun is high up in the heavens, the lower ranges of the mountains appear to be of the deepest purple hue, while others, tipped with gold, start out from their dark background in bold and splendid relief. A new and sublime variety is afforded when a storm is gathering at the base of the snowy chasm; and dark rolling volumes of clouds, spreading themselves over the face of nature, give an awful character to the scene."

This extract gives the tone of the landscapes of the Himalaya; and it may serve also as a specimen of Miss Roberts's style. The engravings from Turner's drawings convey a feeling of sunny warmth that seems to belong to the atmosphere, and also represent the solidity and expanse of the scene; without any of that confused exaggeration which he is prone to run into. The frontispiece, a view of the Ganges—where the steamboats now ply, astonishing the natives by the swiftness of the "fire-ship" with its trail of surf and its smoky crest, while the marble hall of the Moguls is used as a coal-cellar—is luminous with sunlight reflected on the smooth surface of the stream; and in the mountain views the eye travels over each successive wavy ridge before it reaches the lofty and distant horizon. The "View near Jubbera" seems as if the



forms were the same as when Chaos subsided. Stanfield's views have great force and distinctness, but they have not the golden atmosphere and immeasurable space of Turner's. The ascent of the Choir mountain, a snow-scene by moonlight, is strikingly real; wanting, however, the elements of vastness and grandeur. The engravings are not always worthy of the originals.

MR. CHARLES MACKAY'S *History of London*, is a pleasant compendium of the origin, growth, state, and fortunes of our metropolis, from the time of the Romans to the visit of Queen Victoria on Lord Mayor's Day. The public characters and commotions—the leading historical events in which the city, personified by its corporation, was engaged—with the pastimes, reputation, wealth, manners, and morals of its citizens of all degrees are plainly told; but the compiler might, we think, have caught some of the characteristics and spirit of the old chroniclers, his authorities, without being infected by their diffuseness. Mr. Mackay's graphic quotations tell strikingly against his own measured and rather common-place style.

The following charter of William the Conqueror to the City of London, is a specimen of one of the quotations; and a capital one it is for distinctness, brevity, and pith. The term "law-worthy," means exempt from feudal authority.

"William the King salutes William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you to be all law-worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir, after his father's days; and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God save you."—*Ibid.*

MR. D. GAVIN SCOTT'S *History of the Rise and Progress of Joint Stock Banks in England*, is a brief analytical view of the whole subject, as regards its history, laws, and practical management; the last springing out of an examination of the Report of Mr. Clay's Committee, the leading suggestions of which are considered and discussed. As a manual, it is clear and judicious; but it will convey little new information to those who have perused other books already. The leading novelty, and one less startling than it seems, is Mr. Scott's assertion that the much-abused Joint Stock Banks of issue have saved the country from a crisis as terrible as that of 1825-26, by the counteraction their issues offered to the crippling system of the Bank of England. If the Old Lady had only had to deal with private country bankers, whom she could have frightened, or crushed if stubborn, her sudden contraction of the circulation would have had the effect of bringing gold into her coffers at the slight expense of the ruin of the greater part of the trading community. The large capital, the extensive connexions, and well-established credit of the majority of the Joint Stock Banks, enabled them to furnish the public with accommodation which they could not otherwise have obtained, and thus saved the really solvent traders from the gulf into which the reckless conduct of the Bank Directors would have plunged them.

The other points to be noticed are facts. Mr. Scott accuses Mr. Macculloch of misstatement, in asserting that the increased circulation of the Joint Stock Banks in 1836 was 50 per cent., whereas the real increase was only 8 per cent. From the three stoppages that have occurred amongst Joint Stock Banks no loss will arise; whilst the number of failures of private bankers have been more numerous, and the losses very considerable. And finally, the issues of these Companies cannot be considered very large, when their circulation was only £3,500,000, and their paid-up capital £6,000,000.—*Ibid.*

The *Scenic Annual* is made up of a number of views in Switzerland, America, and Scotland, by Bartlett and Allom, selected from various publications of Mr. Virtue; who has been fortunate enough to secure the name of Thomas Campbell as editor, and a few contributions in prose and poetry from his pen, to enrich the otherwise mediocre effusions that illustrate the plates. We are sorry to see the honoured name of one of our best bards in the front of a rifacimento of this kind: but Fisher's *Scrap-Book* has L. E. L. for a bait, and Virtue's reward is Campbell. The subjects of the verses are interesting, and the views have a kind of common-place cleverness, that pleases by its seeming fidelity: we say *seeming*, because grandeur and beauty are essential characteristics of most of the scenes here portrayed, and we have only prettiness. In task-work such as this, even Campbell's nervous powers must languish: but the verses that open the volume flow freely, though carelessly, and are the offspring of feeling.—*Ibid.*

The *Ages of Female Beauty* is a capital idea for a picture-book; but, instead of showing us one example of feminine character under all the various aspects that age, education, and circumstances would produce at each successive stage of life, we have a medley of ill-assorted and not very interesting faces, accompanied rather than illustrated by verses and tales, only indirectly tending to elucidate the different phases of woman's life. Miss Fanny Corbaux launches the infant on the stream of time, in a cradle-shell, with a troop of attendant spirits hovering over the little sleeper; and Barry Cornwall wakes a strain prophetic of her future career. Other painters and poets then present to us other heroines, in whose fate they would interest us: but we look in vain in the pictured faces for the character developed in the narratives. Richard's "Maiden" is not eminently loveable; and Chalon's "Coquette"—notwithstanding the string of hearts that she wears as the American warriors do the scalps of the slain—seems much less a coquette than his "Bride"—who, to tell the truth, looks too bold for her situation; and "the Mother," by Miss Corbaux, has the air of a morning visitor to the "lying-in-room." The intense delight, the rapturous fondness, with which a mother gazes on her first-born, is not depicted in this handsome-featured face, with a complacent look vacant of meaning. Mrs. Norton, inspired by some more powerful impression than this picture would produce, has told a tale of a wife and a mother's sorrows, with the simple pathos that belongs to suffering alone: the story may be fiction, but the

incidents and feelings are evidently heart-felt. "The Widow," by John Wright, is at once the most real and lovely picture of the series: it is a sweet girlish face, with a retrospective glance of such mild sorrow that we may augur a second husband in prospect, and some little playfellows for the noble boy she clasps. The unaffected style of this portrait, so true to nature and so genuine in character, is most refreshing after the meretricious mannerism of the flimsy fancies that abound in these pattern-books of painter's beauties.

[*Ibid.*]

A THIRD volume of the *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, completes the series of these exciting stories. The extent of their popularity may be inferred from the fact of the two first having reached a fifth edition, in the separate form of publication, besides being translated into foreign tongues. The narratives, always highly wrought, have been latterly a little overstrained; but the actual nature of the incidents rivets the attention to the seeming facts; and that which in avowed fiction would be deemed exaggeration, is regarded as the effect of extreme emotion on the part of the relater.

The name of the author, Samuel Warren, F. R. S., though generally known, appears now for the first time in the title-page, as a measure of protection; the credit having been claimed by more than one of those literary daws who strut in borrowed plumes. In his preface, the author tells us he has long since relinquished physic, which he had followed for six years; during which time it was that he collected his materials. The first "passage" of the *Diary*—"The Early Struggles"—was offered to the editors of three leading Magazines in London, who successively declined it; and it was in a fit of desperation that the writer ventured to send it to *Blackwood*, who at once detected its latent popularity. Mr. Warren pays a well-deserved tribute to the memory of William *Blackwood*: to whose tact and sagacity in recognizing talent, and vigour and liberality in securing it, the success of his Magazine was greatly indebted. Other periodicals boast of fashionable names—that prides itself on able "articles."—*Ibid.*

From the Examiner.

## CRUELTY TO MOTHERS.

MR. SERGEANT TALFOURD has brought in a bill (the same in substance as that which was introduced by him last session and conducted to a second reading) to give mothers access to their children in cases of the separation of husband and wife. In a very able and eloquent speech, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd quoted instances of the cruelties practised under the existing law:—

"By the law of England the custody of all legitimate children from the hour of their birth belongs to the father; but what is the situation of the mother with respect to them, if circumstances, however urgent, should drive her from his roof, or to what moral torture she may be legally subjected even if she should linger beneath it. (Hear.) Not only may she be prevented

from bestowing upon them in their early infancy those solitudes of love for the absence of which nothing can compensate—not only may she be prevented from tending upon them in the extremity of sickness, but she may be denied the sight of them; and, if she should obtain possession of them by whatever means, may be compelled by the writ of *habeas corpus* to resign them to her husband or to his agents without condition—without hope. (Hear.) That is the law—at least such is its recent exposition by the highest authorities; and how is it enforced? By process of contempt, issued at the instance of the husband against his wife, for her refusal to obey it, under which she must be sent to prison, there to remain until she shall yield or until she shall die. (Hear.) And let it not be supposed that this law is one which is rarely brought into operation. The instances in which it is brought before the public cognizance may be few, but it is ever in the background of domestic tyranny, and is felt by those who suffer in silence. There are, however, examples which are recorded in our law books—cases in which all the miseries of public exposure have been already endured, and the parties are beyond the reach of their renewal—to which, and to which only, I shall allude in detail, and which sufficiently exemplify the workings of this hideous injustice. One of these cases is that of the King v. De Manville, reported in 5 East, 221, which related to a female child, of eight months old, receiving nurture from its mother. She was an Englishwoman, who was, unhappily, married to a foreigner, who had quitted him after gross ill-usage, and who had quitted him taking her infant with her. The husband, by stratagem or force, obtained admittance to the house where she had taken refuge, seized the child at the breast, and carried it off, almost naked, in an open carriage. As the child had been violently removed she applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The case was heard on her own statement, as the Court of King's Bench were so clearly of opinion against her that they did not hear the affidavit of the husband in answer, and refused the application, as it did not appear that the child was physically injured for want of nourishment, nor that the husband intended to take it out of the kingdom. And though the Court of Chancery subsequently restrained the father from taking the child abroad, it was wholly without reference to the mother's claim. In Skinner's case (9 Moore, 278) the husband had treated his wife with barbarity; they were separated, he cohabited with a woman named Deverall, and his child, of six years of age, remained in its mother's care. He sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* to take it from her, and on the case being heard before Mr. Justice Best, then one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, a recommendation was made that the rigour of the law should not be enforced, and the child was, by arrangement of the parties, placed in the care of a third person agreed on by them. From this person the father took it by fraud, and gave it into the care of the woman with whom he cohabited, while he himself was a prisoner for debt in Horse-monger-lane jail, to which place this prostitute resorted with the child. In this state of things the mother applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*; the case was heard, and the Court ordered the child to be delivered to its father. (Hear, hear.)"

Other examples to the same shocking effect were cited by the Learned Sergeant, and amongst the miseries of private life there must be many cases of the same revolting nature. In the bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd the mitigation of the barbarity of which the law permits is so moderate, the concession to human-

ity, the occasional boon to the purest and strongest of the affections, is so limited, that we can hardly imagine any opposition to the measure. The father's right to the custody of his children will be left undisturbed; the grace craved for the mother is but the occasional privilege of seeing them, and keeping herself alive in their affections." Mr. Talfourd eloquently concluded—

"In palliation of these miseries I do not seek to alter the law of England as to the father's right—I do not ask you to place the unspotted matron on a level with the frail mother of illegitimate children, who is by law entitled to their custody while of tender age—I do not seek to restore to infants those habitual influences of maternal love, which, through all classes of society, mould the early affections to virtue, and are now felt and blessed in its most exalted region; but I do ask some mitigation of the mother's lot—some intervals in which forsaken nature may be cheered and waning strength repaired by the sight of the objects of far-looking hope—some slight control over the operation of that tyranny which one sex has exerted over the helplessness of the other."

Mr. Talfourd's motion was ably seconded by Mr. Leader.

From the Christian Observer.

#### THE DOUBLE-FACED CLOUD.

COULD we but scale the azure height  
To skies serene and clear,  
Arrayed in gorgeous robes of light,  
Our globe would thence appear.

The clouds that roll in darkness dun  
As from below espied,  
Would show illumined by the sun  
Upon their farther side.

And so the sorrow which appears  
All dark to worldly eyes,  
To faith which mounts above the spheres  
Is tinged with brilliant dyes.

And why?—the earth-ward side alone  
To worldly eyes is given,  
While to the eye of faith is shown  
The side that turns to heaven.

H. L. W

From the same.

#### A SUNDAY AT SEA.

How soft upon the lonely air  
Breathed o'er the watery way,  
The weekly voice of praise and prayer,  
On God's well-favoured day.

How sweet to see the Sabbath dove  
The wings of morning gain,  
And hovering on her plumes of love,  
Perch on the distant main!

To meet the language of our home,  
Clothed in its Sunday dress,  
Far off upon the billow's foam,  
On the blue wilderness.

The steering-sails now open wide,  
To catch the favouring breeze—  
The bark spontaneous seems to ride  
Upon the willing seas.

Now mounts upon the shining deck  
The Sabbath group to pray,  
To Him whose wrath their bark can wreck,  
Whose smile can cheer their way.

What though no spire may meet the eye  
Embosomed in the tree,  
Their only house of prayer, the sky  
Supported by the sea.

Yet could my glance, methinks, behold  
Some hearts now beating there,  
'Twould many a rural scene unfold,  
Crowned by the house of prayer.

For sure some eyes in secret stray  
Far o'er the billows' foam,  
Unto the village-temple's way,  
Trode by the band of home.

How ravishing, methinks, the view,  
If, by the painter's art,  
Were, in one group developed true,  
The pictures on each heart!

The peaceful galley for a while  
Its every toil suspends;  
'Neath sea and sky's stupendous pile  
The voice of prayer ascends.

The welkin's soft cerulean dome,  
Propped by a wave-built floor,  
Behold the church, where far from home  
The wanderers now adore.

Yet press they on:—though all is peace  
Within the galley's bound,  
To march the billows do not cease  
In gathering pomp around.

The breezes through each canvass-fold  
Still, still unwearied run;  
To speed his course, as giant bold,  
Rejoices still the sun.

Still wheels the albatross on high,  
Or skims along the deep—  
Still bounds the porpoise to the sky,  
Or o'er the wave doth sweep.

Nor sun, nor breeze, nor billow blue,  
Nor monsters of the main,  
Nor fowls that rove the welkin through  
From customary work refrain.

Yet think not they profane the day—  
Though spurn they to be still—  
'Twere well this day, if true as they,  
Thou didst thy Maker's will.

Fond man! the idle to regale,  
The Sabbath was not given.  
Creation tells another tale;  
It was to work for heaven!

But see amid the peaceful band  
One hand is still employed—  
The guide who at the helm doth stand,  
His post can ne'er be void.

But well amid the praying crew,  
May he the helm control;  
Since Jesus thus is emblem'd true,  
The Pilot of the soul!

The prayer is done—the freshening gales  
Now ask the captain's tongue.  
"Reef, sailors, reef the steering sails!"—  
Is through the galley rung.

H. L. W.

From the Christian Observer.

### ON MYSTERIOUS INTERPOSITIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

It may be presumed that all wise and religious men have come to the settled conclusion, that, in regard to supposed remarkable providential interpositions, we ought neither to believe lightly, nor to reject skeptically;—neither to admit unproved tales, nor to fight against well-supported facts. The general doctrine, that the all-powerful and all-wise Creator can and may afford extraordinary manifestations, is not doubted by any Christian; and that he occasionally does so, even in modern times, is both consistent with reason, and proveable by evidence. Such facts, when fully substantiated, are too valuable to be overlooked; they form a link between the visible and the unseen world; and I am induced, therefore, to bring before your readers a remarkable narrative, which is seriously vouched for by "the author of Tremaine," and which, if true, must be capable of corroboration from other sources. I cannot suppose that the writer, though anonymous, has fabricated the story, as Defoe did that of Mrs. Veal's ghost to recommend Drelincourt's work on death; but in so serious a matter I should wish for direct and well-authenticated testimony. The surviving friends of Sir Evan Nepean, or some gentleman in the public offices, must surely be able to vouch for the facts, if they really occurred. The narrative is as follows:

"At the memorable dinner at Mr. Andrew's which I have mentioned, his story naturally recalled many others of the same kind; and one voluble gentleman, who had a greater range than accuracy of memory, asserted that Sir Evan Nepean, when under-secretary of state, had been warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four persons, who, but for this appearance, would all of them have been hanged through Sir Evan's neglect.

"You may well suppose we did not give much credence to this; but knowing Sir Evan very well, I informed him of what he was charged with, and begged him to tell me what the ghost said. 'The gentleman,' said he, good-humoredly, 'romances not a little; but what he alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me.'

"He went on to tell me that one night, several years before, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately; had no care, nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven to two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the ennui of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the Park. There he saw nothing but sleepy

sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the Home-office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass-key. The book of entries of the day before lay open upon the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him: 'A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution the next day.' It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing-street, knocked him up (it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. 'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan; 'collect yourself; it must have been sent.' The chief clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. 'Good,' said Sir E., 'but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?' 'No!' 'Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early.' It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery-lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the under-secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"With an exclamation of horror, cried the clerk of the crown, 'The reprieve is locked up in my desk.' It was brought: Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning, at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart."

The above facts are so extraordinary that they require ample verification. The narrative may have been incorrectly transmitted; and if Sir Evan Nepean cannot be proved to have related it circumstantially as it is given above, it might be resolved into the more simple statement, that, not having received a return to his order to send the reprieve, he was uneasy, and went out in the night to his office to satisfy his mind. This takes away the most wonderful portion of the story, though it still leaves several remarkable circumstances which may be justly termed "providential," particularly the finding the crown clerk precisely as he was setting off for the country at four o'clock in the morning, so as just to allow time for the express to arrive at York before the execution.

But if Sir E. Nepean really asserted the facts to have been as above narrated, there is no just cause for setting them aside upon the allegation that they are contrary to reason, or Scripture, or experience. They are not contrary to reason; for what is there unreasonable in supposing that Divine Providence might specially interfere to save the life of these persons, who would otherwise have been launched into eternity, innocent perhaps of the crime they were condemned for, but, it may be, with a weight of unrepented sins upon their heads? And if from unassisted reason we turn to the revealed word of God, we find it abounding with narratives of providential interference.

And as it is not unreasonable or unscriptural, so neither is it uncorroborated by similar facts, which, though related in uninspired narratives, rest upon undoubted testimony. There is, for example, a story mentioned by Mr. Newton, in his memoir of himself, which shows how a life, which Providence intended should be of great importance, was preserved by what



seemed an unaccountable whim or fancy. The circumstance is related as follows by Mr. Cecil, whose transcript I give rather than Mr. Newton's own words,\* as it adds Mr. Cecil's testimony to its being a special interposition of Divine Providence.

"On finishing their trade, and being about to sail to the West Indies, the only service Mr. N. had to perform in the boat, was to assist in bringing the wood and water from the shore. They were then at Rio Cestors. He used to go into the river in the afternoon with the sea breeze, to procure his lading in the evening, in order to return on board in the morning with the land-wind. Several of these little voyages he had made; but the boat was grown old, and almost unfit for use; this service likewise was almost completed. One day, having dined on board, he was preparing to return to the river as formerly; he had taken leave of the captain, received his orders, was already in the boat, and just going to put off; in that instant the captain came up from the cabin, and called him on board again. Mr. N. went, expecting further orders, but the captain said, 'he had taken it into his head,' as he phrased it, that Mr. N. should remain that day in the ship, and accordingly ordered another man to go in his room. Mr. N. was surprised at this, as the boat had never been sent away without him before. He asked the captain the reason of his resolution, but none was assigned, except as above, that so he would have it. The boat therefore went without Mr. N., but returned no more: it sunk that night in the river; and the person who supplied Mr. N.'s place was drowned! Mr. N. was much struck when the news of the event was received the next morning. The captain himself, though quite a stranger to religion, even to the denying a particular providence, could not help being affected; but declared that he had no other reason for countermanding Mr. N. at that time, but that it came suddenly into his mind to detain him."

As regards Mr. Newton's preservation, the interposition of Divine Providence is equally conspicuous, whether we believe the captain's statement or not. He might have some reason for detaining Newton, which he did not think proper to own. He was the captain of a slave vessel, familiar with scenes of treachery, cruelty, rapine, and bloodshed; a man to whom by his diabolical profession human life was a trifle, when weighed against a lucrative adventure. Now it appears, by Mr. Newton's account, that the boat was so old and crazy, that it might well be expected to sink, as accordingly it did. The captain, seeing the state of the boat as it was about to sail, could not but forbode some disaster; and though the emergency of the occasion, or his recklessness of human life, might induce him to risk it, yet there were strong reasons why he might not wish to expose Newton to the danger. The reader of Newton's memoir will remember, that when he was an outcast and a slave in Africa, his father had applied to a friend, a merchant in Liverpool, to rescue him; and this friend gave directions to a captain of one of his vessels, who

was setting sail for Africa, to find him out, and bring him home. He was at length discovered, but was so brutalized, that he scarcely desired deliverance; so that the captain, unwilling to lose him, invented a story about a person's having died, and left him £400 per annum. On the voyage homeward the ship was nearly wrecked, and the crew underwent the most appalling sufferings,—Newton being, throughout their labours, the foremost in every toil, and in cheering their drooping spirits. Upon their arrival in Liverpool, his father's friend received him with great tenderness; and Newton having now, through the mercy of God, been, as he expresses it, "restored to his senses," and become desirous of leading a new and Christian life, his father's friend offered him the command of a ship bound for Africa, on a slaving voyage, which he declined, not from any consciousness of the turpitude of that wicked commerce, but because he wished first to make another voyage in a subordinate capacity, in order to learn to obey, and to become acquainted with business, before he undertook the charge of a vessel. The mate of the very vessel which he came home in was in consequence appointed to the command, and Newton accepted the office of mate under him; and from his own modest account of his performances, was the very life and soul of the whole adventure. Nothing, therefore, can be more probable than that, if the captain foresaw that the boat was likely to incur serious danger, though he did not choose, for whatever reason, to countermand its sailing, he would wish not to expose Newton to the risk. He might cherish strong attachment to his old companion, the sharer with him of so many perils; and Newton was a man who called forth strong feelings of affection. He might also cherish gratitude for his having so disinterestedly relinquished the command to him; he would further be anxious not unnecessarily to risk the most valuable life in the ship; and he must foresee, after the interest shown about young Newton, that if anything happened to him, his friends at home, including the owner of the vessel, would institute a rigid inquiry, and that he could not answer to them for having turned him adrift at night in a dilapidated boat. But if any or all of these motives caused him "to take it into his head," as it is phrased, that Newton should not go out, it is clear that he could not disclose his real motive; for to have acknowledged that he knew there was serious risk, and that, knowing it, he had ventured the lives of the boat's crew without absolute necessity, and therefore had also acted partially in exposing one man instead of another, would have ruined him in his profession, and perhaps have led to still more serious consequences. He could therefore only say that "it came suddenly into his mind," as he could not assign any reason which would not have injured himself. But though the assertion of this slave-trading captain was not to be relied upon, where his interests were so much at stake, Mr. Newton's deliverance on this and other occasions was not the less providential; and the same may be said of the escape of the reprieved convicts in the case of Sir E. Nepean, even should it prove that the narrative has been embellished, and that Sir Evan was led to the inquiry by not receiving the official return to his order.

\* [Our readers will find Mr. Newton's own words in his memoir, lately published in Mr. Bickersteth's "Christian's Family Library." This memoir is more ample than any other extant of that remarkable man; and it is one of the most valuable and interesting volumes in the excellent series of devout and edifying publications of which it forms a part.]

But if the facts recorded of Mr. Evan are correctly narrated, they are very extraordinary, and ought to be kept upon record as an instructive illustration of the

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

## TRAVELLING TITLES ; OR, OMNIBUS CUSTOMERS.

providential care of God. Sir Evan's unaccountable wakefulness ; his getting up, and walking out in the Park at two o'clock in the morning ; his promenading up and down before the Home-office, and determining to go in without any object ; his having the pass-key, and letting himself in through all the doors and fastenings unnoticed by the sentinels ; his finding the entry-book not deposited in its proper place, but left carelessly open upon the table ; his happening to notice the very entry upon which so much depended ; his not being satisfied with the chief clerk's statement that the reprieve had been duly sent to the proper officer, the clerk of the crown, but repairing to that officer at four o'clock in the morning to know if it had been forwarded ; and his finding him before he set out on his intended journey, just in time, and barely in time, to prevent the execution—present a chain of events little short, in their union, of a direct miracle, though each particular was of trivial occurrence.

The whole depends upon the exact circumstances being accurately ascertained. There may be some mystery not unfolded. Sir Evan might be labouring under somnambulism, and have gone to his office, as persons under that influence often do to the scenes of their daily affairs, and have taken down the book, and placed it on the table, before he was awake. Still the providential interposition would not be the less apparent. Or he might have gone to examine the office-books in secret, more especially if he suspected any negligence or irregularity ; and he might not, for obvious reasons, wish to state this, but would rather pass off his visit, which the neglect about the reprieve had unavoidably brought to light, as a mere accidental circumstance. His having a pass-key to open, not merely office desks and presses but outer doors, is somewhat singular, unless he thought it his duty to make occasional inspections when the clerks and attendants were absent. Such facts require to be fully cleared up before any decided conclusion can be grounded upon them.

Immeasurably glorious and consolatory is the doctrine of a special individual providence. What can be more delightful than the consciousness that we have an all-wise and almighty Friend who is about our path and about our bed ; who knows all our ways ; and without whose vigilant superintendence not a hair of our heads falls to the ground. To understand and value this truth rightly, we must look at it in all its range. We must not confine it to a few striking incidents ; to the apparent strongly marked isolated footsteps of Divine power ; we must not be too anxious to catch at extraordinary incidents, as if it were only in such events as these that the traces of Omniscent Providence are to be found. Whether such narratives as those above related are correct or not, the grand truth of a superintending Providence lies much deeper ; it extends throughout the whole course of human life ; it began, so far as concerns mankind, with Adam, and it will not cease till the morning of the Resurrection : and even if no such inspired histories as those of Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, or Joseph, or Moses, or David, were on record ; and there were no such uninspired corroborations as the page of history amply affords ; still the last day will solve all difficulties, and show, amidst every paradox, that there is "A God that judgeth in the earth."

N. P.

We are certainly becoming a vehicular nation. No man—at least, no man resident in London or in the suburbs—now thinks of walking a couple of miles, without first debating in his mind the question, "Will it not be better to take the omnibus !"

I found myself, a short time back, at the south-eastern extremity of the City Road, when (though I consider walking an exceedingly healthful exercise, and always tell my wife and daughters so when we go a little way out to dinner,) as a drop or two of rain happened to fall, I at once moved the order of the day for taking into consideration the omnibus question. On the one hand, I was but three miles and a half from home ; and the little rain then felt could do me no harm ; on the other, the time that would be saved, and the probability of the weather becoming more unfavourable, were pressed upon me, together with the reflection that to ride would only cost sixpence. In the end, a resolution to ride was carried.

Just then an omnibus approached, and I drew myself up with an air of no small importance, intending to answer the solicitation of the driver, indicated by the customary graceful and conciliating flourish of the uplifted whip, with a condescending nod of assenting patronage. But this was not to be. The hero of the box took no more notice of me than if I had been the post against which I rested ; and when, as the convenience had nearly got by, I abandoned my well-considered attitude, to beckon the conductor, that functionary, instead of detaining his predecessor, descending the step, and opening the door, gave me an awful shake of the head, something like that by which the spectre on horseback, in the drama of *Don Juan*, uses to terrify Scaramouch, whom I, by my discomfiture and surprise, represented tolerably well on this occasion.

A second, a third, a fourth, and even a fifth, passed, and all were full. I now concluded that my only course was to walk to the Bank ; but, having got through Finsbury Square, I had one more chance. I beckoned to the Jehu as he approached. He had the courtesy to notice me, but only to annihilate my hope. The guard, however, said, "Yes, we have room for one." "You forget," said the other, "we have an *Eagle* to take up." "No, I don't," replied the guard ; "but I have a *Star* to set down."

I entered, and found a seat next the door vacant, and felt not a little obliged to the conductor for his patronage. But the brief dialogue I had heard roused my curiosity ; and being somewhat of an amateur in *Stage* matters, I took it into my head that the *Star* who had been mentioned must be an *Actor*, and determined without loss of time to question the *Epi-logue* of the omnibus.

On my doing so, the man stared at my ignorance, and briefly explained that, as persons in his situation could not know the names of their customers, they were in the habit of distinguishing them by those of the places at which they desired to be taken up or put down. "That afternoon, they had a passenger to take up at the *Eagle Tavern*. I had been in the first instance refused ; but as one of the folks inside was Mrs. Fish, who lived next door but two to the *Star*, at

the corner of Old Street Road, why, when she got out, there would be a place left for the *Eagle*."

I was amused with the titles thus bestowed. The conductor thought I was laughing at the close packing arrangements. These, he assured me, they were obliged to make; but he added, they did not allow such tricks now as were formerly played on the Strand Road. One night there they got sixteen in, and a precious row there was.

"What about?" said I.

"Why, it was all nonsense," he replied. "You see we had that night a *Spotted Dog* and a *Temple Bar*. It happened, unluckily, that, while getting in, the *Spotted Dog* trod on *Temple Bar's* toe, upon which *Temple Bar* sung out. The *Spotted Dog*, who was very polite, begged pardon; but *Temple Bar* roared and grumbled like a bear with a sore head: he in fact said, *Temple Bar* did, 'Let me out!' In course, I didn't like the idea of *Temple Bar* getting out in Cheapside, and so I told him the *Spotted Dog* meant no offence. Well, just as we had got into St. Paul's Church Yard, we took up a *Somerset House*. *Temple Bar* then seemed a little better; but as *Somerset House* moved forward, bang went one of his iron heels on the same toe that the *Spotted Dog* had crushed. *Temple Bar* then kicked up a greater row than before; and when he saw the *Spotted Dog* shake hands with *Somerset House*, and found that they were old friends and neighbours, he swore they were not gentlemen. *Somerset House* was just offering a pinch of snuff to the *Spotted Dog*; but he no sooner heard this, than he knocked *Temple Bar* down. The *Spotted Dog*, who had begun to growl, upon that laughed, and said he might take his change out of that; but *Temple Bar* called the policeman, and insisted that *Somerset House* should go to the station-house. However, the policeman refused to take the charge, because why, he did not see the assault; and so *Temple Bar*, to spite us, afterwards informed against the buss for carrying more than the proper number."

While this narrative was being delivered, the *Star-Fish* glided out, the *Eagle* flew in, and I began to look about to see who my neighbours were. I soon made out that the vehicle contained one *New River*, an *Angel*, a *Small-pox Hospital*, a *St. Pancras* (so called for shortness, meaning a *St. Pancras Church*), an *Old King's Head*, a *Regent's Park*, a *Marylebone Work-house*, two *Yorkshire Stingoes*, two *Edgeware Roads*, and one *Wheatshaf*, making fourteen with the *Eagle*, who proved an additional *Edgeware Road*, and myself. The *Eagle* was a bouncing, fresh-coloured young woman, of six or seven-and-twenty. As she got in, she experienced the politeness common in an omnibus—that is, every one seemed to think her an intruder, and opposed her advance as much as they could by their dogged reluctance to make room. Each seemed to think, "You may get on as you can: I shan't assist." The *Angel* was a very plain old woman; and the *Small-pox Hospital* a fine lady, or lady's-maid, perhaps, who seemed to contemplate the vulgarity of all around her as a perfect novelty, which she could not regard but with wonder and dismay.

I do not know how it happened, but the *Eagle*—so, for distinction, I must still call the fair passenger who last joined us—in taking her seat, had the misfortune to give some offence to the *Small-pox Hospital*. I saw the last-mentioned lady give her nose a most dignified toss, while she muttered that she had not

been used to such company. The *Angel*, upon this, became rather high, and said it was a pity such very genteel people should be constrained, by their beggarly circumstances, to ride in a sixpenny convenience.

"I did not speak to you, madam," said the *Small-pox Hospital*; "I only referred to low people, who do not know how to behave themselves."

The *Eagle* took this to herself, and, in order at once to establish her gentility, pithily remarked, "I have been in an omnibus before to-day!"

This was saying something rather grand; and the speaker evidently felt that it was so. A volume on the subject of her respectability could hardly have told more. But the *Small-pox Hospital* magnificently replied, that "she could not make the same boast, as her relatives (among whom she might number the late Lord B——) had always rode in their own carriages."

"Yes," said the *Eagle* (who had a pretty talent for compliment,) "and your husband, I believe, had a seat on her majesty's own Bench in St. George's Fields. But it is a pity the relation of the late Lord B—— could not find a more genteel home, after passing through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, than the ragamuffin neighbourhood of Battle Bridge."

How she came to learn where the *Small-pox Hospital* would alight, I cannot tell. To me it was quite clear, from this, that the *Eagle* knew more of the *Small-pox Hospital* than that lady had bargained for. She was evidently bursting with rage, which she feared to vent, and affected contemptuous silence, which the *Eagle* laughed at with unaffected gaiety. Every one saw that the *Small-pox Hospital* had been touched in the tenderest part. I do not know what might have been my own feelings, if such disdainful mention had been made of Battle Bridge, had I been in the situation of the *Small-pox Hospital*.

It ought not to be forgotten, that the *Old King's Head* repeatedly attempted to make peace between the fair wranglers. He offered some judicious remarks on the folly of throwing out personal reflections, and taking offence at trifles; but his well-meant efforts failed. The impracticable tempers and untameable hostility of the parties, not a little bothered the poor *Old King's Head*; and not, as I have since heard, for the first time.

A sulky silence ensued; which, however, lasted but for a very few minutes. I suppose, either the rappee of the *Old King's Head*, or the Scotch snuff of a *Yorkshire Stingoe*, got up the nose of the *Small-pox Hospital*. It would be dangerous to speak positively on this point. The *Yorkshire Stingoe*, and the *Old King's Head*, too, may both be as innocent as I was myself; but certain it is, the *Small-pox Hospital* sneezed.

"Hold hard!" cried the conductor.

There was nothing remarkable in these words, which are bawled out from behind as often as the vehicle is required to stop; but the manner in which they were roared, just after the *Small-pox Hospital* had sneezed, seemed to tickle the fancy of the *Eagle* amazingly, and she laughed out.

Another passenger entered, who turned out to be another *Wheatshaf*. The laugh of the *Eagle* had evidently given new offence to the *Small-pox Hospital*, who "looked crab-apples" at her, as brother Jonathan would say, and might probably have given speech to her displeasure; but, just then, the rappee,



Scotch snuff, or whatever it was that annoyed her before, again disturbed her dignified scorn, and she sneezed a second time.

"All right!" cried the conductor; meaning, thereby, that the vehicle was to proceed, which it accordingly did.

The words "All right!" succeeded the sneeze more instantaneously than the exclamation "Hold hard!" had done; and the *Eagle*, notwithstanding the lowering aspect of the *Small-pox Hospital*, laughed again.

"I wish," said the *Small-pox Hospital*, half-aside to the *Angel*, "they would go faster. In these common vehicles, one meets with such insufferably low company—people who do not know themselves."

"Yes," said the *Eagle*, "and sometimes with those who know others."

"I do not want to have any conversation with a cook," said the *Small-pox Hospital*, with an air which I thought vastly sublime. It, however, betrayed to every one, that she and the *Eagle* did not then meet for the first time. The latter, outraged by the tone in which her profession had been mentioned, from that moment considered (to use a kitchen saying) that "the fat was in the fire;" and it was sufficiently evident to all present, that a *flour-up* was in consequence to follow.

The *Eagle*, who looked well-disposed to use her *talons*, pounced on the *Small-pox Hospital*.

"And a cook," said she, "since you come to that, does not wish to talk to the wife of a gaol-bird. Sawney Fumble, the bungling lithography man, and his stuck-up dowdy of a wife, had better pay their way, as I have done, before they give themselves airs about being—(people may believe it, if they please)—a dead lord's scamping, shabby relations."

"Zounds!" exclaimed *St. Pancras*, "we have now had quite enough of this!"

The *New River*, *Marylebone Workhouse*, the *Old King's Head*, and the *Yorkshire Stingo*, were evidently of the same opinion.

"Don't I know," resumed the *Eagle*, preparing for one of her *highest flights*, "as how that this fine lady, with all her brag about relations, has hardly a shoe to her foot that's paid for? and, in fact, if I am forced to tell the truth, is little better than —"

The *Small-pox Hospital* seemed in a fury, and *St. Pancras* was evidently inoculated with her rage.

"Death and the devil!" roared the Saint (who seemed addicted to swearing,) more impatiently than before; "I can't sit here and listen to such language!"

The *Small-pox Hospital* was deeply affected by the generous warmth with which *St. Pancras* had marched to her assistance. A tear trembled in her eye, and a smile of gratitude followed. She gave another move of her head, indicative of her scorn for her assailant, but in so delicate and lady-like a way, that it seemed rather intended for the eye of *St. Pancras*, than for that of the *Eagle*.

The *Eagle* was a little startled by the coarse exclamations of the Saint, and abashed by the disapprobation indicated, though not expressed, by the *New River* and Company, and that moody silence ensued which usually prevails in an omnibus.

*Saint Pancras*, having restored peace, manifested by his looks the kindest sympathy for the lady he had defended; and the *Small-pox Hospital*, touched by his benevolence, assumed a very interesting appearance. Inwardly I reproached myself for not having

acted the part of the saint, and used my best exertions to save so tender a being from the roasting of the cook.

So, on we went, till the vehicle reached the further end of Battle Bridge, where the relative of the late Lord B. was to alight. She got out; and *Saint Pancras*, suddenly changing his destination, rose to follow. He held the sixpence for the conductor in his hand, when he had the misfortune to drop it, and it instantly vanished beneath the straw, which thickly covered the floor of the *buss*. He stooped, and groped for it, but in vain.

"A plague on it!" cried the *Saint*,—"let it go—no matter;" and he gave another in payment of his fare.

He had, however, scarcely left us a minute, when it was picked up by a *Wheat-sheaf*, who very properly called after *Saint Pancras*, that his money was found.

"The gentleman don't hear you," said the conductor. "Well, it can't be helped. The tizzy will do to buy me a drain of rum-and-water, when we get to the Sheaf."

But the finder again called out, "Here's your money."

"You must strain your pipes a little more, to make him hear," said the *Eagle*, very maliciously; "he is thinking of something else just now, and trying to console the late Lord B.'s kinswoman."

I had supposed the *Saint* got out from a wish to contemplate the *Cross* (King's Cross) there established; but the *Eagle*, pointing after those who had just left us, made me see, and I recall the sight with horror, that *Saint Pancras* had offered the lady his arm, and that he and the *Small-pox Hospital*, *spolless* as I believed that lady to be, were at that moment entering a gin palace!

The vehicle resumed its course, and now the *Wheat-sheaf*, who had found the sixpence of *Saint Pancras*, with all the gravity which the importance of the subject demanded, called the attention of the company to the speech which had been made by the conductor, touching the disposition of the money, which he considered involved an assumption materially affecting the interests of all omnibus travellers, as it amounted to nothing less than this,—that property left in a vehicle of that description belonged to him, the conductor, and not to the finder of the same.

The *Old King's Head* apprehended that, in law, it must be regarded as *treasure trove*, and was, consequently, the property of the crown.

*Marylebone Workhouse* thought it had better be given to the poor of the parish.

The *Wheat-sheaf*, who, by the by, I recognised as a rich old stock-jobber, pricked up his *ears* at this; but did not seem to approve of the suggestion.

The *Yorkshire Stingo* thought it was quite clear, that the conductor had nothing to do with it.

The *Regent's Park* and myself were of that opinion.

The *Eagle* proposed that it should be divided equally among the six who last remained in the coach,—a proposition which, as she was an *Edgware Road* (so, indeed, I was,) I thought very disinterested, and reasonable.

But it did not so strike the *Wheat-sheaf*. He had heard that "possession was nine points of the law;" and, so far as I could see, had no intention of giving any one of them up.

While this matter was in debate, a vacancy, which



## EXTRACT FROM STORIES OF SPANISH LIFE,

FROM THE GERMAN OF HUBER.

had been left by the *New River*, as well as the sites of *St. Pancras Church*, and the *Small-pox Hospital*, had been filled up by some *Liason Greens*. The *Workhouse* and the *Regent's Park* successively vanished; and—this I ought to have mentioned before—at the corner of the *Hampstead Road*, the *Old King's Head* dropped off.

Still, on we went. A couple of new *Wheatshaves* entered; and at length every inmate of the vehicle was an *Edgeware Road* or a *Wheatshaf*.

The debate on the bullion question had died away. With that indifference to constitutional rights which many persons exhibit, the *Yorkshire Sting*, as well as the *Old King's Head*, and others of the company, had withdrawn, leaving a point so important to our omnibus successors undecided. Mentally, I censured their apathy, but prepared to follow their example; for, deserted by them, what could I do alone?

The *Wheatshaf* who had found the money stepped out of the buss, and paid his fare.

"But the sixpence you found," said the conductor.

"You have nothing to do with that," said the other; "it is not yours."

"But it is mine."

"No, it is not,—for you were paid your fare; the gentleman gave you another sixpence."

"That's nothing to you," said the conductor, "if the gentleman chose to give me a shilling. Whatever is found in my buss belongs to me."

"The devil it does!" said the *Wheatshaf*; "but you shan't have it."

"Then you shan't go."

"You detain me at your peril. You will find," added the *Wheatshaf*, "that I am not a man of straw."

"You don't move," replied the conductor, "till you give me sixpence, for all that."

By this time, the passengers had all got out of the vehicle, and gathered round the disputants. Others soon joined us; and I, fearing for my pockets, thought it prudent to retire to the outer edge of the multitudinous assembly. The *Wheatshaf* was bravely obstinate; the conductor determined to conquer.

Another *Buss* came up, when the driver of ours thought fit to take his horses to their stable. The contest continued; but the *Wheatshaf*, annoyed by the jeers of the mob, a large proportion of which was furnished from the neighbouring inn yards, and were evidently the cronies of the conductor, and the general curiosity of which he was the object, at length gave up, not the point, but the coin, threatening the conductor that he should hear of it elsewhere. The latter treated the threat with contempt, and ran after his comrade. In the joy of triumph, he overlooked me, or at least omitted to claim my fare. He was out of sight in a moment, and I did not know where to seek him; so I was obliged to go off without paying. I thought I should have an opportunity of settling with him in a day or two; but it is now three weeks since. He has not yet been paid, and I begin to doubt whether, if I meet him to-morrow, I shall know him again.

The tragedy occurs at a booth in a fair, where there has just been a difference between two parties.

"Suddenly, a deep voice from the crowd which surrounded him cried, 'Down with the Constitution! to the seventh hell with Riego!' And, at the same time, a man stepped forward, wrapped up in his mantle, and his large hat pulled deep over his face. The officer, uncertain what he was to think of this unexpected opponent, cried, 'Who are you? What do you want? In the name of the King and Constitution deliver yourself prisoner.'"

"At the first word of the disguised man Dolores was on the point of springing to him, with the words, 'Jesus Maria! it is Christoval!' But her brother, and the young gipsy girl, who had joined her in the meantime, held her back. Christoval himself, throwing hastily his hat on the ground, and swinging back his cloak, which he at the same time twisted round his arm, stood in a moment with a drawn knife in his hand ready for the conflict. Remarking the movement of Dolores, he called to her, 'For the love of God, girl, keep back! Esteban, hold her back!' Then looking round, 'And you, Caballeros, keep quiet! I have an account to settle with the young gentleman there. You do not know me, sir, you say,' he continued, as he turned towards the officer, 'but I know you—you are one who has ruined me. Recollect the Venta de Gualdiaro. You are the murderer of the brave Pedro Gomez. His blood still sticks to your sabre, and blood will have blood!'"

"With these words Christoval pressed in upon his adversary. The latter could not conceal from himself the danger of his situation. All round him he saw, by the uncertain light of torches, either curious or indifferent countenances, whilst single *Embozados* darted gloomy and unfriendly glances at him. He knew very well that he was hated by the lower classes of the people in the neighbourhood, and by the *Serviles*, on account of the zeal with which he had distinguished himself in the pursuit of robbers, contrabandists, and people of that description. He hesitated, then, a short time, whether he should engage in a duel with such an enemy or should call in the arm of the law to his assistance; but the desire of adventure, natural to so young a man, rose within him, and he was ashamed, when opposed only to a single adversary, to have the appearance of calling for help.

"The extraordinary combat had, in the meantime, begun. Not unacquainted with the fearful weapon of his antagonist, and with the only means of escaping it, the officer stood in a calm attitude on his ground, with his right arm drawn back, ready either to cut or thrust. He knew he was lost, without hope of escape, if he did not lay his antagonist low at the first stroke, and he followed his movements with eyes and body in high-wrought attention. Christoval, in the meantime, bent forward, in an almost cowering position, behind his cloak, which was stretched out far before him on his left arm, while in his right hand he held his long knife, the blade of which, of two fingers' breadth, diminished gradually to a fine point, and was hollowed out below for the convenience of thrusting. In this attitude he slid round his adversary, in circles gradually smaller, watching, with glowing eyes, his every motion. It was

evident that the latter was gradually losing his patience, while his fiery courage excited him to make a speedy end of the affair.

"He is lost!" quietly remarked an old bull-fighter who stood amongst the crowd, and observed the fight with the eye of a connoisseur.

"The cloak now seemed to slip from Christoval's left arm, and whilst he endeavoured to gather it up again, he exposed himself, in some degree, to his adversary, who, thinking the right moment had arrived, rushed forward, and aimed a powerful blow at his adversary's head, but sank at the same moment to the ground, with a faint cry. The apparent slipping off of the cloak was only a feint of Christoval's, by which he might mislead his adversary into some imprudent movement. Receiving the blow on his cloak, he sprang forward at the same moment, with the quickness of lightning, on his adversary, like the tiger on his prey, and thrust the knife from below, under the ribs, into his left side; and such was the force of the blow, together with that of the spring, that he tore the unhappy man's body open, completely across, so that the trunk only hung to the under body by the bones of the spine, while the numerous layers of his thick woollen cloak had defended Christoval from every injury.

"God be merciful to his poor soul!" said he, with an agitation which he with difficulty suppressed, while the persons around, keeping silence for a moment, gazed on the terrific wound.

"Well struck, Christoval!" cried Esteban at last, giving his hand to his cousin; 'but now away, I hear the Round. My horse is standing yonder: give Dolores a kiss, and away!'"

There can be no doubt, that even the tender Dolores would have willingly kissed the murderer, while his blade was reeking with new shed blood. It is even stated by the author, that the "gay proceedings on the place were only interrupted for a short time by this event, and the night was enlivened by sounds of music and the dance till the break of morning."

From the Athenæum.

## REVUE FRANCAISE.

The publication of a new political theory by M. Guizot falls within our province, it being pure philosophy without allusion to parties or to names. It was published in the work before us, but has gone the round of almost every journal in France, exciting the choler of many, the admiration of few. M. Guizot is a courageous man; his delight is to oppose the popular and general opinions of his countrymen; he always runs counter to their feelings, their principles, their tastes; and it is a proof of his very great talent that, though generally disliked, he is still respected and appreciated, even by his fiercest opponents. His very style and form of expression is repulsive to the French; it is that of a Swiss protestant divine, full of the solemnity of the pulpit, indulging in scriptural phrases, and implying always a certain religious feeling in writer and reader, which the latter in France rarely possesses. On one occasion, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Guizot so far forgot himself as to exclaim *que Dieu menait la France*: and the expression shocked the liberty and equality of the chamber

to such a degree that the orator was hardly permitted to proceed. We need not say that this quality, which renders him distasteful to the French, would rather win favour for him with an English ear; and indeed in all but his political theories, M. Guizot is entitled to our admiration. In the recent manifesto to which we are now alluding, M. Guizot attacks the two principles on which French democracy is founded; the first is the right of every individual to full liberty of thought and action, except in so far as he *consents* to limit this liberty. The second principle is the sovereignty of the greater number, or of the majority over the minority. In relation to the first position, Man, says M. Guizot, taken alone, acknowledges a moral rule of action independent of him, and of which his *will* is no proof, it being often in contradiction with this rule, which is that of reason and right. If man, then, considered individually and morally, be not master of his actions, and if his will be not his law, how can he be master, or how can his will be law in social and political relations? Having thus, to his own satisfaction, disposed of the first principle, M. Guizot attacks the second, and denies the rights of the majority over the minority. "Number," he says, "is force, and force is not right." What then does bestow a right to govern? *Capacity*, says M. Guizot. This was long known to be the foundation of the political theory of the sect called *Doctrinaires* in France, but it was never clearly and boldly proclaimed till now. What M. Guizot demands is the aristocracy of talent. We need not occupy time by repeating the many obvious and even stale arguments with which this theory has been before contested; it is enough to have pointed out to the Benthamite school, where and how their enemy has taken up his position.

From Chambers's Journal.

## JENNY AND THE WATCH.

In some of the country parts of Scotland, a custom prevails of young men giving their watches in trust to young women for whom they have declared their attachment. The watch is kept and carried in the bosom of the fair one, until the anxious couple are united in the bonds of wedlock, when, as a matter of course, the pledge of sincerity is delivered up to its original owner. This is imagined by country lasses to be an infinitely better plan for securing the fidelity of a sweetheart, than that of breaking a sixpence. A watch is a valuable and highly prized article. It is worth at least a couple of pounds; and the loss of that sum by an individual in a humble condition of life, is a very serious matter. Still, we believe, there are cases in which the proposed match is broken off, and the watch abandoned for ever; though doubtless this is only in cases of great fickleness, or when weighty reasons for desertion intervene.

The following laughable incident regarding a watch so entrusted, occurred a few years ago. Jenny Symington, a well-favoured sprightly girl in a certain farmhouse in Galloway, had been entrusted with the watch of her sweetheart, Tam Halliday, a neighbouring shepherd, and which she carried with scrupulous care in

her bosom; but even the most carefully kept articles will sometimes disappear in spite of all the precautions considered necessary to preserve them. Jenny, be it known, was esteemed a first-rate hand at preparing potatoes for the family supper; none could excel her in serving them up, beaten and mashed in the most tempting style. On one occasion, in harvest, when the kitchen was crowded with a number of shearers waiting for their evening meal, and while Jenny was busy beating a mess of potatoes, what did the unlucky watch do, but drop from her bosom, chain, seals, and all, into the pot among the potatoes! Jenny's head being turned away at the moment, she knew nothing of the disaster, and therefore continued to beat on and on at her task. She certainly was a little surprised when she felt there was still a hard potato to beat, notwithstanding her previous diligence; but thinking nothing of it, she continued to beat, occasionally giving the hard potato, *alias* the watch, a good thump with the end of the beetle. At length she thought she had fairly completed the business; and so infusing a large jar of sweet milk into the mess, she stirred all together, and placed the vessel ready for the attack of the hungry on-lookers.

Behold, then, the pot—a round gawsy tripod—planted in the middle of the floor. A circle was formed round it in a trice, and horn for horn the shearers began to stretch and strive. Many mouthfuls had not been taken before certain queer looks began to be manifested. "Deil's in the tatties," says one, "I think they've got banes in them." "Banes!" says another, "they're the funniest banes ever I saw; they're made o' broken glass and pieces o' brass; I'll sup nae mair o' them." With that, another produced a silver watch-case, all battered and useless, from his capacious horn spoon, and a universal strike among the suppers immediately ensued. It was clear that a watch had been beaten up with the potatoes; so the good wife had nothing for it but to order the disgraced pot out of the way, and to place a basket of oatmeal cakes and milk in its stead.

What were poor Jenny's feelings during this strange denouement! On the first appearance of the fragments of the watch, she slipped her hand to her bosom, and soon found how matters stood. She had the fortitude, however, to show no symptoms of surprise; and although every one was wondering where the broken watch had come from, she did not disclose her knowledge of how it had found its way into the pot. As it had belonged to no one in the house, the materials were not identified; and as Jenny was a young woman of great prudence and modesty, and had never shown any one that she had a watch in her possession, no one teased her about it. In a short time the noise of the circumstance died away, but not till it had gone over the neighbourhood that the family had found a watch in the potato pot; and, among others, it came to the ears of the owner, Tam Halliday, who was highly pleased with the conduct of his beloved Jenny; for he thought that if she had cried or sobbed, and told to whom the watch belonged, it would have brought ridicule on them both. Tam was, in short, delighted with the way the matter had been managed, and he thought the watch was well lost, though it had been ten times the value.

Whatever Tam's ideas were on the subject, Jenny felt conscious that it was her duty to replace the watch. Accordingly, next time she met her lover, she

allowed no time to elapse before she thus addressed him:—"Now, Tam, ye ken very weel how I have demolished your good silver watch, but it is needless to regret what cannot be helped. I shall pay you for it, every farthing. The one half I will give you when I get my half-year's wages at Marti'mas, and the other half soon, as my brother is awn me three pounds, which he has promised to pay me afore the next Eastern's e'en fair." "My dear Jenny," said the young man, taking her kindly by the hand, "I beg you will say nothing about that ridiculous affair. I do not care a farthing for the loss of the watch; mair by token, I have gotten a rise in my wages frae the new laird; for I maun tell ye, I'm now appointed chief herd in the Ca's Hope. However, to take any payment from you, to rob you of your hard-won penny-fee, would be disgraceful. No, no, I will take none of your wages; but there is one thing I will take, if you are willing, and which, I hope, will make us baith happy for life." "And what may that be, Tam, now that ye're turned a grand head shepherd!" "I will take," said he, "yourself; but mind I do not ask you as a recompense for a paltry watch; no, in my eyes your worth is beyond all estimation. If you will agree to be mine, let it be done freely; but whether you are willing to marry me or not, from this time henceforth the watch is never more to be spoken of."

What followed may be easily imagined. Tam and Jenny were married as soon as the plenishing for the cottage at the Ca's Hope could be prepared; and at the wedding, the story of the watch and the potato pot was made the topic of much hearty mirth among the assembled company. The last time we visited Jenny's cottage, we reminded her of the transaction. "Houts," said she, "that's an auld story now; the laird has been sae weel pleased wi' the gudeman, that he has gien him a present o' that eight-day clock there; it cost eight pounds in Jamie Lockie's, at the east port o' Dumfries, and there's no the like in a' the parish."

From Chambers's Journal.

#### SAWNEY.

THAT there is no part of the world where a Scotsman and a Newcastle grinding-stone may not be found, is a most true saying, as far as the Scotsman, at least, is concerned. It has been so since ever Scotland was a nation. If we can believe Dempster, there were Scotsmen in learned situations all over Europe so early as the eighth century. In the whole range of Scottish biography, four-fifths of the details refer to countries out of Scotland. It has been stated that, in the reign of Charles I. there were several thousands of Scottish pedlars in the kingdom of Poland alone.\* Germany, Prussia, Denmark, and other countries in the centre of Europe, contain many landed families descended from Scotch gentlemen of the same period, who lent their swords to Gustavus Adolphus.

\* The Scotch term for pedlar is *pether*, which being found in England and other countries as a family surname, may lead to the conclusion that persons so called are descendants of the Scotch pedlars who roved so extensively abroad in ancient times.

Modern emigration has produced still greater wonders. Whole districts of America are peopled by Scotch. A certain valley in New Jersey, we have heard, is settled almost entirely by persons from Roxburgh and Selkirk shires. In a large part of Prince Edward's Island, the vernacular tongue is Gaelic, the inhabitants being mostly Highlanders. And a gentleman who has the means of knowing, lately mentioned to us that there are more people from the Isle of Syke in different parts of America, than the whole of the population of Syke amounts to at present—such has been the extent of the emigration. In Nova Scotia, a large section of the inhabitants are Scotch; and at Halifax and many other towns, there are St. Andrew clubs, composed exclusively of Scotch and their immediate descendants. In New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and the East and West Indies, this singularly migratory people are to be found in equal abundance. They are likewise, in lesser or greater numbers, scattered over the different islands of the Pacific, also the Isle of France, Madagascar, the Cape of Good Hope, and Madeira; one of them was lately discovered by an English traveller in Kamptschaka, quite nationalized among the inhabitants of that half-savage country. This instance was not more remarkable than the discovery of the son of an Edinburgh porter at the head of a predatory band of Arabs in the deserts of Africa, as mentioned in an early number of the Journal. The story, we should suppose, is also well known, of a certain vizier to the sultan of Constantinople, having been a Scotsman from Kirkaldy. It is as follows:—At the conclusion of a war between the Russians and Turks, before the treaty of peace was concluded, there was occasion for a conference between the Russian general, who was Field-Marshal Keith, and the grand vizier, to settle some preliminary articles. When the conference was at an end, they arose to separate; the marshal made his bow with hat in hand, and the vizier his salaam, with turban on his head: but when these ceremonies of taking leave were over, the vizier turned suddenly, and coming up to the marshal, took him freely by the hand, and, in the broadest Scotch dialect, spoken by the lowest and most illiterate of our countrymen, declared warmly, that it made him "unco happy, now he was sae far frae hame, to meet a countryman in his exalted station." Marshal Keith was astonished; but the vizier replied, "My father was bellman of Kirkaldy, in Fife, and I remember to have seen you, sir, and your brother, often occasionally passing." More than one Scotsman have figured as Russian admirals. Admiral Greig, a native of Inverkeithing, who died about 1791, occurs to us as a remarkable instance. Catharine, also, had a physician who was the son of a miller at the head of Peeblesshire.

An acquaintance lately mentioned to us, that, while some time ago travelling on the Continent, he alighted upon a couple of Sawneys by pure accident—the one keeping a saddler's shop in Paris, and the other keeping a provision warehouse in Rome. In the first instance, he had gone into a shop to ask his way, and to his astonishment, his inquiry, in bad French, was answered by a reply in good broad Scotch. This puts us in mind of a story we saw some time since in a Perth paper. A gentleman from the neighbourhood of Perth, a few years ago, had occasion to visit Alexandria, and as the Pasha's reforms had not been then effected, he was more than once exposed to the

outrages and insults of the populace. Having applied to Mr. Salt, the British consul, for protection, he was given in charge to a Mussulman of respectability in the place, under whose guardianship he visited every accessible object of interest in that wonderful city. He was surprised, on a very short acquaintance, to find that his companion spoke English fluently. On questioning him, he was informed, to his no small astonishment, that the Musselman was a native of Scotland; that he was born and spent his youth at Luncarty bleachfield, in the neighbourhood of Perth; that he had had a scuffle with another young man there, whose life was in consequence despaired of, and, dreading the punishment of the law, he had fled from his native place, and taken refuge in a vessel bound for the Mediterranean. This vessel was captured by Algerines, and the prisoners carried into port. After going through sundry adventures, he came into the service of an apothecary in Alexandria, who employed him to sell drugs through the city, allowing him a very small pittance from the sums he thus collected. He afterwards applied to Mr. Salt, who kindly assisted him with money sufficient to commence business as an apothecary on his own account, and he had been so successful, that he soon repaid the borrowed money; and he was now in good circumstances.

Travellers abroad cannot be more surprised with the universality of Sawney, than they would be in journeying through Scotland, and finding on private inquiry how many of the natives of the different towns have left their homes in order to better their circumstances elsewhere. It is our belief that there is not a small town or village in the whole country, but, as in the case of the Isle of Syke, has as many of its natives abroad as there are left at home. In some cases the number of these absentees must be double that of the residents. Every family you visit has relations in foreign countries. The lower and middle classes have friends in North America and Australia; the higher orders have sons in the East Indies or in the army. Every one has a cousin, a son, an uncle, or some relative or other, abroad. Indeed, there is no such thing as a complete set of relations to be found. There is an universal scattering. One day, entering into a little friendly chat with an old man who was breaking stones on a roadside in a distant part of the country, and whose family we had known many years ago at school, we found this kind of dispersion pretty well illustrated. "Well, Robert," said I, "there's a fine day." (By the bye, always begin with the weather with a Scottish peasant: it gives an easy opening to a dialogue.) "Ay, it's grand weather, sir, for the craps; we've great reason to be thankful." Resting on his hammer, and looking sidewise at us, the old man continued—"But ye seem to ken me, sir, and I'm rather at a loss." "Oh," I replied, "it's many years since I saw you; but I knew your sons very well at school. What has come of Jamie, and Rob, and Wattie?—they were about my age, and I knew them better than the others of your family." "Thank ye for speering, sir; is it possible that ye kenn'd sae mony o' my callants? I'm really greatly obliged to ye; but, as I was saying, I'm rather at a loss." I told him who I was, and he proceeded. "Weel, sir, I'm very glad to see ye, and I'm as glad to tell ye that my family are a' weel, the last time I heard o' them; there are nane o' them at hame noo; it's lang sin' they gaed away, ane by ane, and I've naeboddy wi' me i' the house but the auld



woman." "Why, where have they all gone to?" I inquired. "Ou, ye see, sir, there's Tam, he was the auldest—ye didna ken him, though—he listed in the 42d regiment, and was sae lang away somewhere, that we thought we had lost him; at length we got a letter, that tell'd us, that he had first been made a corporal and then a sergeant, but that he had been greatly wounded, lost an ee or something, at the battle o' Waterloo, an' that he got his discharge; however, he said he wasna comin' hame, for that he had married a decent woman that keptit a hotel in Brussels; and sae there he is noo; he's very mindfu', and often sends to us. As for Jamie, he is now in Canada. He was bred a mason, and was thought gaye guid at his trade. He had a turn for carving, and cut a headstane in the kirkyard, that was set up for the auld minister by the parishioners. But what could he do here?—there's nae buildin' worth speakin' o'; sae he gaed into Edinburgh when the trade was at the briskest, in the year twenty-four. Next year, however, cam the great dullness, and he was laid aff wi' mony ane besides. At length government advertisees for masons to gang out to Canada, to build the locks and things o' that kind on the Ottawa canal; and sae ye see Jamie jumpit at the offer, like a cock at a grosset, and aff he set to Greenock. He wasna lang o' getting to Canada, and there he is, when I last heard o' him." "And doing well, I hope," said I. "Ou," continued the old man, "as for that, I'm no feared. He tells me in his last letter that he is now appointed manager o' the warks, and has a capital house, wi' rowth o' a' thing." "I like to hear such good news of Jamie," I observed, in order to carry on the narrative of the family's dispersal; "you must now inform me of Rob and Wattie." "I'll do that, sir; that's easy done. Baith Rob and Wattie are in Van Dieman's Land, a place clean on the other side o' the world, as I understand, but a fine country for a' that. The ane gaed out before the other. Wattie he gaed out first. He was brought up a wright; made ploughs and harrows, and sic-like things for country wark. Weel, ye see, after he had served his apprenticeship near hand in the village, he got employment in Leith frae the Mortons, the great agricultural implement makers. He hadna been there ower twa years at maist, when an order came frae the governor o' Van Dieman's Land, to send out some harrows and ploughs, and a pair o' the new kind o' fanners, and nae less than a complete threshin' mill. They were also, that's the Morton's, to send out a clever steady man that understood the makin' and mendin' o' machinery. Weel, a' that was gane through; they sent a' the things that were wanted; and what did they do but make an offer to Wattie to gang out wi' them? Wattie wasna very fond o' the job at first; but they got him coax'd ower to gang, telling him that he would get on famously under the governor; and sae, to mak a lang tale short, he at length consented, and after comin' out here to bid us farewell, he sailed frae Leith in a vessel for Hobart Town. He was soon greatly taken notice o' by Captain Mac—something, I forget his name, but he was the governor's secretary, at any rate, and got Wattie appointed to a first-rate situation in the agricultural line. Wattie liket the place sae weel that he sent for Rob, who was hingin' about at hame, no doing muckle for himsel' or ony body else; and sae he set off too, and by Wattie's assistance has begun the farming way, and I believe he's doing no that amiss."

Here my old acquaintance paused, thinking perhaps that he had told me enough, and that it was now my turn to answer a few of his questions; however, I still had something to ask. "But, Robert," said I, "you had a daughter—Jean, I think; is she gone away from you too?" "That's true, sir; Jean's away too; she was first in service up bye at the Hall; frae that she was married by Simmie Robison, the farmer o' the Park Neuk, but afterwards they gaed into the Lowdens, and hae a bit guid downsittin' at a place called the Cleugh; their bairns sometimes come and see us in the vaicans, and there's ane o' them, a stout callant, that's already speakin' o' gaun out either to his uncle Jamie in Canada, or Wattie in Van Dieman's Land." "I see," said I, "your family have all a roving turn—don't like to stay much where they were born." "Stay where they were born!" exclaimed the old hearty Scot, with a smile on his weather-beaten countenance, and a spirit flashing through his watery though undimmed eyes. "Stay where they were born! that would be a set o't; what in all the world would they do here! there's no wark for the half of the folk in the place; every ane idler than another. If they were to stay at hame, I doubt it would turn out a pair business; and if they married, it would be naething less wi' them than the cat lickin' the dog's mouth, and the mouse in the press wi' the tear in its ee. Na, na, that would never do; they maun gang where there's bread to be got for the winning."

"Well, but," I remarked, "I hope they have not all left you and their mother without doing something for you in your old age. I think they might at least have saved you from going out as a labourer on the roadside." "That's very mindfu' o' you to say sae," replied my friend of the hammer; "my sons have a' as guid as tell'd me they wadna see me come to a strait, and they now and then send me a bit remembrance. It was only the other day that Wattie sent his mother a real India silk gown, and me an order on the bank for five pounds, which I got, every farthing. But, ye ken, we dinna need muckle to keep us; we have aye the pickle tatties and the kail yard, and the cow; and as lang as I am yable to do a day's wark, Mr. Thompson has promised to gie me stanes to break; and that's a job that does unco weel for me, for I can tak my leisure, and gang and come when I like." "And how much do you get for breaking these stones?" I asked. "I'll tell ye what I get—just sixteen for the square yard." "Do you mean sixteen shillings?" "Na! sixteen shillings! that wad be a payment; I get sixteen pence, and it's weel-paid siller." "And how long do you take to break a square yard?" "Why, ye see, that depends on the weather; I daurna come out on wat days for the pains; I've haen a kind o' rackit back for fifteen years, come handseel Monday; I got it liftin' a lade o' meal on to a cart at the mill; sae I maun tak things canny, ye see; if I mak sixpence a-day, I think I do no ill i' the main." "Well, Robert, I see you have got the good old Scotch spank in you, and wont be a burden to any one, as long as you can keep your head above water." So saying, and after a little more chat between us, I left the old man to his humble but honourable labours.

Robert's family history is quite a sample of what one may hear at every step in Scotland. There is a universal migratory spirit in the people, who, though as warmly attached to their native country as the English can be to theirs, do not in general scruple to

abandon that native country for ever. This national trait has frequently been the subject of remark, but has never yet been fully accounted for. It arises from various causes. The chief reason is, undoubtedly, the inability of the country to afford scope for the industry of all the population it produces. But this is by no means peculiar to Scotland. There are hundreds of other countries equally incapable of supporting all their inhabitants in comfort, and yet we do not hear of the migratory spirit existing in them to any great extent. Is it, then, any way attributable to the absence of a poor-law? A good deal owing to this, but not altogether, because other countries similarly situated have no poor-law, and yet the people do not care for bettering their condition by removal. The absence of a law to compel the rich to support the able-bodied poor, has been of considerable benefit to the Scotch. It has prevented the people from entertaining the most distant notion of being ever supported by public contribution. Their thoughts have therefore been turned entirely into a healthy channel—that of self-dependence. From the dawn of boyhood, they have been compelled to look forward to the possibility of their removal to a new scene of exertion. We remember once conversing with a gentleman, who told us he had endeavoured to procure a number of operative English cloth-manufacturers for an establishment he had begun in Scotland, but without avail. He had offered them higher wages than they were at the time getting; but they would not be tempted. "What!" said they, "do you think we will run the risk of *losing our parish*?" The argument was unanswerable. As the Scotchman had no parish, in the English sense of the word, he is not afraid of losing any thing by going abroad.

The emigration of so many young men from the country, has both its advantages and its disadvantages. Among the most obvious of its disadvantages, is the inequality produced in the number of the sexes at home. Of young women of the trading and professional classes, in country towns, there are usually ten for one of young men; and the consequence necessarily is, that a great number of the young women of those classes are either never married at all, or only married late in life to persons still older than themselves, in many instances to individuals who have returned from abroad with incompetencies. Of the advantages, on the other hand, we may reckon, in the first place, the fulfilment of the purposes of commerce, and, in a certain degree, of those of emigration also. Distant countries are improved by the incoming of so many members of a civilized and educated race. If these countries do not ultimately benefit by the settling of the strangers, their original country at least profits by their return. When they come back to the British shores, it is usually with an independency, which they desire to enjoy in the bosoms of their families, amidst the scenes of their boyhood. They either purchase the property of spendthrift rank, or create new residences for themselves; and hence it is in no small measure to this class, that we are indebted for so large and useful a body of resident gentry. Nor must it be overlooked that these roamers, during the days of their pilgrimage, do much good to the friends whom they have left behind. A Scotsman is not only the most disposed of all men to travel or emigrate, but he is the most unchangeable of all men during his absence from his native seat. He never forgets the place

of his birth, his old schoolmaster, his mother, his father, his sisters, the friend who helped him off upon his cruise, or any thing else that has once entered his affections, or become to him a habit of feeling. Usually, fortune has no sooner begun to shed her courted light upon his path, than he endeavours to reflect a portion of it back upon the modest household and perhaps poverty-chilled hearth, where he knows that kind hearts are beating for him. Many is the family in old Scotland, whose reduced circumstances are only redeemed from bitterness, by the generosity of the "callant" who went away almost penniless from them a few years ago, and whose loadstar in all his wanderings is still the parlour in which their daily assemble, and over whose fire-place there hangs a little black portrait of him, more prized and admired than any thing else in the house. Thus to recollect and cherish their relatives, is the *rule* amongst the numerous Scotch scattered over the world: there are of course exceptions, but they are not numerous. If, in the wanderings of the present sheet—for it, too, like every thing Scotch, wanders—the sentences we have just penned should fall beneath the eye of any one who feels that they do not apply to him, may we hope that they will not be without avail in awaking an affectionate remembrance of a home where he can never be forgot, and in prompting that succour to his less fortunate friends, which so many of his countrymen are proud and happy to render?

#### THE ABERDEEN PROVOST.

ONCE upon a time it struck the good people of Aberdeen that it would not only add to their dignity, but also to their profit, that a West India ship should directly sail from their port to Jamaica. They had long looked with an envious eye upon the profits of the high-fed and punch-consuming burgesses of Glasgow, and grudged them the accumulated treasures won from the successful navigation of the Atlantic. They considered within themselves that every pound of sugar which softened the tea of the fair, or seasoned the toddy of the sages of the city, paid an indirect tax to those rum-bibbing varlets, and they resolved in their own minds that this was a growing evil that must be abated; so, after much consultation, they formed the magnanimous resolution, that they should possess the means of supplying themselves with such outlandish luxuries as had added to the profit of the Glasgowwegians. After many mature consultations, therefore, and a great consumption of thought and toddy, it was resolved that a ship should be built, manned, and equipped, to undertake a voyage (which they looked upon as in the last degree doubtful and dangerous) by a kind of joint-stock company, of which the provost patriotically consented to become the head.

Week after week and month after month passed away, and doubts and fears were hinted at, for the safety of "the boaty;" but still it came not. At last some murmurs were expressed by owners to the amount of ten pounds, that it would have been better to have allowed the men of Glasgow to have taken both the risks and profits of sugar and rum speculations, than for the decent and sober burgesses of Aber-

deen to have left the safe and profitable stock-trade with Holland, for any such outlandish speculation. At last, when hope had grown sick, the joyful tidings were spread that "the boaty" was safely moored, and all was as it should be. All the substantial, 'sponsible men of the city, hastened on board, with the provost at their head, to behold with their own eyes a ship which had actually passed twice over the Atlantic; a feat to which Captain Parry's voyage now would seem the mere crossing of a ferry.

Captain Skene received them at the gangway with the gruff hospitality of a seaman, and heartily welcomed his owners on board. But what pen can describe the wonders that met their admiring eyes! There was a cocoa-nut, husk and all—a head of Indian corn enveloped in its blades—a negro—a shark's jaw, with its triple row of teeth—a land tortoise—a turtle—a plantain to cure wounds—a centipede in a doctor's phial—a dolphin's tail—and a flying fish preserved in rum. When they had satiated their eyes in admiring these tropical wonders, they were summoned to a dinner in the cabin, rich with all the delicacies of a foreign voyage. There were the Chili pickles that made the eyes to water—the pine-apple, which had lost every flavour save that of the spirits in which it had been preserved—the barbecued pig, and the sea pie of innumerable contents—with the terapia baked in the shell, and the lobscous reeking from the coppers.

The provost never felt himself so great a man before. He was now on board of a trader which had visited foreign parts, and of which he was undoubtedly the principal owner. He had been the great means of introducing a new trade into his native city, and he was now in the full fruition of these gratifying reflections. He felt elated with a double portion of dignity, and was laying down the law with a relative portion of his usual solemnity, when he was most indecorously interrupted by a sudden and violent pulling at his pig-tail from behind. He looked round in wrath; but seeing his assailant was a sickly, weak-looking, dark-complexioned lad, who had skipped off the moment he was observed, and having compassion for his want of breeding, he rebuked him with mildness and dignity, and resumed the thread of his discourse. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the attack was resumed; this was too much to be borne—he forgot in a moment both his age and his place, and exclaimed in peevish fretfulness, "Laddie, but gin you come that gait again, I'll put ye in the heart o' auld Aberdeen" (the jail.) "What's the matter wi' ye, provost?" said the captain. "It is only that ouchaney laddie o' yours," replied the provost, "has pu'd my tail as an' he would tug it oot by the roots." "What laddie, provost?" cried the captain. "Why, that yin there wi' the rough mouth and the sair een." "Laddie! bless you, provost, that's only a monkey we hae brocht wi' us." "A monkey ca' ye it?" said the astonished provost; "I thoct it was a sugar-maker's son frae the West Indies, come hame to our university for his education."—*From the Scotch Hag-gis, a collection of Anecdotes.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

MAN comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness.

Jeremy Taylor.

Who sleeps below? who sleeps below?—

It is a question idle all!—

Ask of the breezes as they blow,

Say, do they heed or hear thy call?

They murmur in the trees around,

And mock thy voice, an empty sound!

A hundred summer suns have shower'd

Their fostering warmth and radiance bright:

A hundred winter storms have lower'd

With piercing floods, and hues of night,

Since first the remnant of his race

Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say, did he come from east, from west?

From southern climes, or where the pole,

With frosty sceptre, doth arrest

The howling billows as they roll?

Within what realm of peace or strife

Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?

Did grandeur smile upon his lot?

Or, born to dark obscurity,

Dwelt he within some lonely cot,

And from his youth to labour wed,

From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years,

Bow'd down and bent by hoary eld,

When sound was silence in his ears,

And the dim eyeball sight withheld:

Like a ripe apple falling down,

Unshook, amid the orchard brown;

When all the friends that bless'd his prime

Were vanish'd like a morning dream;

Pluck'd one by one by spareless time,

And scatter'd in oblivion's stream;

Passing away all silently,

Like snow-flakes melting in the sea:

Or, 'mid the summer of his years,

When round him throng'd his children young,

When bright eyes gush'd with burning tears,

And anguish dwelt on every tongue,

Was he cut off, and left behind

A widow'd wife, scarce half resign'd?

Or, 'mid the sunshine of his spring,

Came the swift bolt that dash'd him down;

When she, his chosen, blossoming

In beauty, deem'd him all her own,

And forward looked to happier years

Than ever bless'd their vale of tears?

Perhaps he perish'd for the faith,—

One of that persecuted band,

Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death,

To free from mental thrall the land,

And, toiling for the martyr's fame,

Espos'd his fate, nor found a name!

Say, was he once to science blind,  
A groper in earth's dungeon dark?  
Or one whose bold aspiring mind  
Did, in the fair creation, mark  
The Maker's hand, and kept his soul  
Free from this grovelling world's control?

Hush, wild surmise! 'tis vain—'tis vain—  
The summer flowers in beauty blow,  
And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,  
O'er some old bones that rot below:  
No other record can we trace,  
Of fame or fortune, rank or race!

Then, what is life, when thus we see  
No trace remains of life's career—  
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee  
A moral lesson gloweth here;  
Put'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?  
'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter, then, if thus,  
Without a stone, without a name,  
To impotently herald us,  
We float not on the breath of fame;  
But, like the dewdrop from the flower,  
Pass, after glittering for an hour.

Since soul decays not; freed from earth,  
And earthly coils, it bursts away;  
Receiving a celestial birth,  
And spurning off its bonds of clay,  
It soars, and seeks another sphere,  
And blooms through Heaven's eternal year!

Do good; shun evil; live not thou,  
As if at death thy being died;  
Nor error's syren voice allow  
To draw thy steps from truth aside;  
Look to thy journey's end—the grave!  
And trust in Him whose arm can save.

### THE PEASANT POET, JOHN CLARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURT JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—I lament to hear that "the Northamptonshire peasant," John Clare, is the inmate of a lunatic asylum in York. May I venture to ask you to insert the inclosed biography from the "Book of Gems?" It may direct public attention to the unhappy poet and his destitute family.

Your obliged servant,  
S. C. HALL.

John Clare was born at Helpstone, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in 1793. His father was a day labourer; and the poet was acquainted with Poverty long before he associated with the Muse. His manhood has been doomed to a lot as severe, and it would seem that want is his only prospect in old age; for modern legislation has deprived him even of the "hope" on which he reckons, in one of his early poems, as a "last resource,"

To claim the humble pittance once a week,  
Which justice forces from disdainful pride.

The story of his life presents, perhaps, one of the most striking and affecting examples that the history of unhappy genius has ever recorded; illustrating, in

a sad and grievous manner, the misery produced by the gift of mind in a humble station,—by great thoughts nourished in unfitting places. If ever the adage which tells us that a poet is born a poet, has been practically realized, it is in the case of the peasant of Northamptonshire. If ever the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties has been made clear beyond a doubt, it is in his case. It is our melancholy task to add—if ever the oft-denied assertion that genius is but the heritage of woe may be placed beyond controversy, it is in this instance also. By working "over-hours" he contrived to earn enough to pay for learning to read; the savings of eight weeks sufficed to obtain a month's "schooling;" and his first object having been achieved, his next was to procure books. A shilling made him the master of Thomson's "Seasons," and he immediately began to compose poetry; but for some time afterwards, being unable to muster funds to procure paper, he was compelled to entrust to his memory the preservation of his verses. He lived in the presence of Nature, and worshipped her with a genuine and natural passion: "the common air, the sun, the skies;" the "old familiar faces" of the green fields, with their treasures of blade and wild flower, were the sources of his inspiration; and the people—their customs, their loves, their griefs, and their amusements—were the themes of his verse. Thus he went on, making and writing poetry, for thirteen years, "without having received a single word of encouragement, and without the most distant prospect of reward." Perhaps his destiny would have been happier had he never encountered either. Accident, however, led to the publication of a volume of his poems: it passed through several editions, and brought money to the writer; a few "noble" patrons doled out some guineas; and we believe that something like an annuity was purchased for the poet. Several other volumes followed; but the public no longer sympathized when they ceased to be astonished; and latterly, we imagine, not only has the writer received nothing for his productions, but the sale of them has not sufficed to pay the expenses of their publication.

Clare has, we understand, made an unsuccessful, indeed a ruinous attempt to improve his condition by farming the ground he tilled; and has for some years existed in a state of poverty as utter and hopeless as that in which he passed his youth. He has a wife and a very large family; and it is stated to us that at times his mind gives way under the sickness of hope deferred. His appearance when, some years ago, it was our lot to know him, was that of a simple rustic; and his manners were remarkably gentle and unassuming. He was short and thick, yet not ungraceful in person. His countenance was plain but agreeable; he had a look and manner so dreamy, as to have appeared sullen—but for a peculiarly winning smile; and his forehead was so broad and high as to have bordered on deformity. Further, we believe that, in his unknown and uncherished youth, and in his after-days, when some portion of fame and honour fell to his share, he maintained a fair character, and has subjected himself to no charge more unanswerable than that of indiscretion in applying the very limited funds with which he was furnished after the world heard of his name, and was loud in applause of his genius. It is not yet too late for a hand to reach him; a very envied celebrity may be obtained by some wealthy and good "Samaritan;"—Strawberry Hill might be



gladly sacrificed for the fame of having saved Chatterton.

We do not place him too high when we rank John Clare at the head of the poets who were, and continued to be "uneducated," according to the stricter meaning of the term. The most accomplished of British poets will not complain at finding him introduced into their society:—setting aside all consideration of the peculiar circumstances under which he wrote, he is worthy to take his place among them.

From the Literary Examiner.

### HAYMARKET.

On Thursday night an original domestic drama (advertised in the bills as the work of one Mr. Frederick Lawrance) was produced at this house, and was received in play-bill phraseology "with roars of laughter"—meeting, in short with a reception which would have been most delightful to the author's feelings if the piece had been intended to be funny, but which (his attention apparently being that it should be very affecting) was calculated to awaken feelings of quite an opposite description in his mind—if he has such a thing about him, which we rather doubt.

The *dramatis personæ* are *Pierre Bertrand* (Mr. Ranger,) an amiable Frenchman, reduced to the small but honourable independence derivable from breaking stones for the parish; *Albert*, his friend (Mr. Hutchings;) *Colonel Lacy*, every body's friend (Mr. Strickland;) *Hardheart*, nobody's friend and an overseer (Mr. Ray;) *Richards*, a landlord (Mr. Worrell;) *Trusty*, a servant (Mr. T. F. Mathews;) *Madame Clement*, a mourning bride of eight-and-twenty years' standing (Mrs. Glover;) and *Agnes Lacy*, a ballad singer of private life (Mrs. Waylett.)

The plot is by no means complicated. *Pierre* speaks broken English, walks about in muddy inexpressibles and no linen; and in the absence of a flannel waistcoat wears next his heart the picture of an unknown mother, who gave him up to a tutor who never told him who he was; and becoming naughty left him to take care of himself. In this stage of his fortunes the pupil took to making love and gaming, and becoming poor forsook the young lady and took to sentimentalizing and stone-breaking. Well; he gets very poor indeed, and then his landlord comes for his rent, and as he can't pay it wonders why he don't go out with his flageolet (for he has a flageolet which all parties had forgotten) and play under the windows of the nobility and gentry. Upon this *Pierre* goes into transports and out with the flageolet, and playing in the streets receives a shilling's worth of half-pence instantly to go away, and is going away, when a servant comes out and says he must come in and see his missis, for his missis is fond of vagrants, especially French vagrants, and requests the honour of his company. He goes in accordingly, and is introduced to an elderly lady of a stout figure, with a damp pocket-handkerchief, who first asks him to take a glass of wine and then to tell his history, which he does, and pending its relation the stout lady becomes agitated and asks what his name is, and he says what his name is, and the stout lady screams, and holding out a miniature says that's his father, and he screams, and holding out a miniature says that's his mother, and

the stout lady says "that's me," and the son says "oh!" and the mother says "my son!" and the son says "my mother!" and they are just going to fall into each other's arms when a noise is heard in the street, upon which they each strike an attitude and look—as people always do upon the stage when unaccountable noises are heard—into the flies for an explanation. Now this noise is no other than a verse of a song, sung by a young lady whom the old lady is very fond of, because, being low-spirited, her sad songs console her, and who, having knocked a double knock, is just passing away the time by singing as loud as she can in the street until the door is opened; and the young lady comes in all pretty and unconscious, and screams out very loud, for the flageolet-player is her long-lost lover, and then the stout lady looks up at the place where the chandelier ought to be, and clasps her hands and joins theirs. And finally they sit down in chairs, and the stout lady says that she was unfortunately obliged to desert her son, because if she hadn't, her husband couldn't have got a situation at Court, which could only be held by a bachelor, to which the son replies that he is perfectly satisfied, and begs she won't mention it. A letter arrives in the very nick of time to say that the old gentleman who was supposed dead (why, the supposers best know) is alive, and, having made his fortune, is coming home by the next coach; whereupon another old gentleman, apparently insane, habited in a blue surcoat, and agitated without cause, rushes in and going up to the stage lights without ever stopping, says that's the reward of honour and affection and runs back again with a bow as the curtain falls.

Of all the insults ever offered to the understanding of an audience this is the greatest.

From the United Service Journal.

### WRECK IN THE CHINA SEA.

THE dark sullen waters of the China Sea never looked less friendly nor more portentous than on the morning of the 19th January last: tempestuous weather, and a sea rising in mountains around and over the ship's sides, hurled her rapidly on her passage homewards, when suddenly, in lat. 11° 11', a wreck was discovered to the westward. The order to shorten sail was as promptly obeyed as given, and the vessel was hauled towards what was discovered to be a China junk without masts or rudder, having many persons on deck vehemently imploring assistance. The exhibition of their joy as they beheld our approach was of the most wild and extravagant nature; but it was doomed to be transient, the violence of the elements driving the ship swiftly past the wreck. It became necessary to put her on the other tack—a manoeuvre which they construed into abandonment, and the air rung with the most agonizing shrieks of misery: hope appeared to have been rekindled at the eleventh hour, but to render despair more desperate and death more frightful.

The excitement on board was intense: a boat was immediately lowered, in which the hawser was placed, with a small line attached to it as a messenger, and was thrown to the wreck for the purpose of towing her to the ship; but this intention was frustrated by the breaking of the windlass to which it was fastened.

The anxiety of these unfortunate people to quit their perilous position was so great that it became dangerous to approach them: one man, in a paroxysm of despair, jumped overboard after the hawser, as the windlass broke, in the vain hope of reaching the boat; he was an expert swimmer, but no human power could prevail against that sea—the furious ocean mocked his efforts—he rose and sunk upon the swelling billows until nature was exhausted; he was lost in sight of his companions in misfortune and the persons sent to their aid, without any being able to afford him relief.

Fears were entertained for the boat and her crew, as seen from the ship contending with the violence of the element in which she floated, and a moment of doubt passed the mind as to the expediency of permitting another attempt. It was only for a moment; the piercing cries borne upon the hollow blast fell upon the sense with such terrific horror that indecision seemed a crime; directions were then issued to keep the boat away, and a rope with a bowling-knot at one end was thrown to the junk, into which signs were made for each man to place himself, and then plunge into the water, whence he was dragged into the boat, and eventually, in like manner, to the ship. Thus were eighteen persons rescued from the very grasp of death at a moment when every ray of hope appeared to be utterly extinguished. Their gratitude was boundless: they almost worshipped the officers, the crew, and the vessel—prostrated themselves, kissed the feet of the former, and the very planks of the latter.

Now that they were lodged in safety, all eyes and hearts were interested about the gallant fellows who had behaved so humanely and so courageously. The short space which elapsed from the time they threw out the last man to be hauled into the ship, and that of getting up the boat, was a season of exquisite anxiety—every eye watched with intense feeling, but no one spoke a word—the stillness of death reigned through the decks. The fury of the elements had considerably increased, and their violence appeared resistless: the heavy sea rendered it dangerous and difficult to bring the boat alongside—a too sudden or too tardy approach would be equally destructive; but they were ultimately got on board in safety, and were welcomed with shouts of kindness from their shipmates, in whom their intrepidity excited enthusiastic admiration.

The greatest praise is due to the second-officer, who had charge of the boat, and the four men with him, for the zeal and coolness with which they executed their arduous duty upon a sea in which it appeared almost impossible for any boat to live: but for the salutary precautions already mentioned, she would probably have been swamped and all hands perished. The boat was, however, speedily made fast to the davits again, and the ship once more on her course.

With so large an addition to her numbers, it became a question of importance what was to be done with them. They were first visited by the surgeon, who prescribed water in sparing quantities, it appearing from signs which they made that they had been eight days without any, and so great was their eagerness to obtain it, that several amongst them offered purses of dollars for a single draught; but the crew were strictly forbidden to accept any thing from them; an order which, I have pleasure in stating, was strictly complied with.

They were Chinese Tartars, from some of the northern provinces, principally young men (rarely being above thirty,) of fine athletic forms and good features. Their chief, or commander, was a remarkably well-made man, about five-and-thirty, with piercing raven eyes, and generally handsome countenance. Neither he nor his companions understood European languages, nor we theirs. Yet there was an undefinable grace and interest about this man, which gave a peculiar charm to his pantomimic gestures, to which his singular and very becoming style of loose dress, handsome turban, and abundant black glossy hair, did not a little contribute. His religious scruples confined him to beef only, as food; whilst to the others that, and swine's flesh, or whatever else was offered, was indifferent.

After being on board five days, we made Pulo Aor, in lat.  $2^{\circ} 40' N.$ , where they found one of their own countrymen, or, at any event, a person who could jabber with them; and an arrangement was entered into with the Rajah to send them, at their own request, to Singapore, upon payment of a certain sum, and to maintain them until arrival, whence they could proceed to their own land.

We took in water at this place, and so desirous were those simple-hearted people of testifying their gratitude, that they would not permit the men to carry it, but filled the casks themselves; and at parting knelt down and kissed each man's feet with the fervour of devotion. Here we separated from seventeen men who had been nine days at sea upon a miserable wreck, water-logged, without water to drink, and scarcely food to eat. One of them, an old man, died on the preceding evening, from the effects of fatigue and exhaustion: the others, I doubt not, have long ere this time reached their homes, and taught their friends and children to bless the Englishmen and the English ship, which, under providence, snatched them from a watery grave, and returned them to their affections.

W. W.

From the Literary Examiner.

*Portraits of the Children of the Nobility: a Series of highly finished Engravings, executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, from Drawings by Alfred E. Chalon, Esq., R. A., and other eminent Artists. With Illustrations in Verse by distinguished Contributors. Edited by Mrs. Fairlie. First Series. Longman, Orme, and Co.*

THE idea of this book was of the happiest kind, and has been executed with great beauty and success. No illustrated book of the season that we have yet seen is worthy to take a place beside it. Its honest, downright, happy little English faces, teeming with animal spirits and all the most graceful luxuriance of life, may well put to flight some score or two of the maudlin "beauties" which are hashed up so nauseously every year, and served upon our tables as flowers of loveliness. Here, of a truth, are flowers of loveliness, showing happiest in the spring-time, and really worthy of association "in being and in name,"

"With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring!  
Born—with the primrose and the violet  
Or earliest roses blown—when Cupid smiled  
And Venus led the graces out to dance,

And all the flowers and sweets in Nature's lap  
Leap'd out!"

In plain prose the portraits of these children are very charmingly executed, and by artists who seem to possess the rare merit of being able to sympathise with children. This is the great difficulty in these cases. An artist who approaches such a task with business-like gravity, and instead of romping about like a child himself, proposes to make his little sisters "sit still," might as well turn them into a corner at once and clap foolscaps on their heads. The gaiety of childhood no grave medium knows. It is either all life, or all dulness. It must be left to its full swing, or it will stop altogether.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits of children are, beyond a doubt, his master-pieces. All his other portraits, his lords, ladies, authors, actors, all (except Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith!) are likely to lose interest, and (what with the fading of colours, the failing of memories, and the turning-obsolete of coats) be gradually lost or forgotten; but the charm of his children will survive. There was here a carelessness in his pencil which has far exceeded care. Upon these little folks none of the overvalued secrets, none of the unwise elaboration of his art, were attempted to be practised. He aimed only at simplicity, and by trusting to his best because his most unfinished style, achieved it. His infantine groups have been strikingly compared to the "infancy of the art itself;" they are so bold, so careless, and so happy. We need not add that the first source of all these merits and successes is to be sought in what we have mentioned as the chief distinction in a painter of such subjects—thorough sympathy with childhood and its pursuits. It requires no great effort of the imagination to conjure up Sir Joshua, his dignity put off, his spectacles and ear-trumpet laid aside, romping with his lively little sisters on all fours round his painting room, or, as the mouse is caught, sharing the delighted wonder and triumph of his own Muscipula.

Mr. Chalon's groups have only too much of the air of fashion about them; in all other respects they have the ease, the grace, and the simplicity of nature. And it matters not much if his little people do stare at us like future lords, since, possessing what Pope defined to be the true "nobleman look," they ape nothing which nature has not given them a title to. His most successful effort is that of the children of Lord Wilton—the one a stout, hearty little fellow, with a vein of manly humour in his face; the other, one of the sweetest girl's faces we ever saw, with earnest, laughing eyes, and a glad, affectionate mouth. Lady Blesington describes this pair in pleasant rhymes—

Achilles, in the days of old,  
Disguised at Syros, as we're told,  
In female garb, his sex betrayed  
When sword and helm he saw displayed.  
E'n thus a boy, though babe he be,  
The manly taste will let us see;  
In sword or gun he takes delight,  
To arm him for the mimic fight;  
And ere the urchin well can walk,  
Of horse and dog he loves to talk.

No such bold thoughts the girl perplex:  
True to the instincts of her sex,  
With all a mother's fondness blest,  
She presses to her infant breast  
The darling image of a child,

And lisps to it in accents mild.  
Thus ever, Nature in the heart,  
Unchecked, unchanged, asserts her part,  
And different duties prompts to each,  
Ere Time and Reason gravely teach.

Fair branches of a noble tree,  
Oh! may you, when matured ye be,  
Fulfil the promise now you give,  
And honoured, loved, and happy live,  
To show, where'er ye take your stand  
Among the proudest of the land,  
What praise is their's, what love, what charms,  
Who trust in Virtue, not in Arms.\*

Our next favourite is the daughter of Sir Wm. Somerville by Maclise—stretching on tiptoe to play the piano to her doll, and suddenly fascinated herself by the sounds her wandering little fingers have struck out. This is a most charming figure, and inspires some lively lines from Mr. Henry Bulwer, mindful of the schooldays of himself and Sir William and of all the joys and follies that have passed away with them:

They're done! they're gone! and here we are,  
As grave as wiser men should be!  
I, with petitions in my hand,  
And "Sir," as on my legs I stand;  
You, with the most paternal air,  
And "Nurse, pray take the greatest care."  
You pity me, I pity you,  
That's what two friends are bound to do;  
But, still, I own, if this dear child  
Had only once as gaily smiled  
On me, as now she gaily smiles,  
I might have loved her infant wiles,  
And half recalled the vows I've vowed  
Against that little squalling crowd;  
Which now with doll, and now with drum,  
Proclaim that HYMN's reign is come.

Two single portraits by Mr. Bostock, the daughters of Lords Carlisle and Canterbury, are very highly successful. The deep and quiet expression in the face of the latter, as she gazes off from the flowers that lie crowding in her lap, is strikingly beautiful, and Miss Landon appears to have felt it well—

Her eyes are not upon them—her deep and earnest  
eyes,  
Where something not like childhood's thought in  
shadowy silence lies:  
Her eyes are not upon them; and yet they fill her soul  
With all the dreaming fancies that own their sweet  
control.

The sweet control of Nature, it teacheth that fair child  
To love the true and beautiful, the dreaming and the  
wild;

I feel those downcast lashes oft drop unbidden tears:  
How many things are in that face for anxious hopes  
and fears!

To think—to feel—alas! how much is said in these  
brief words!—

The music and the misery of life's divinely chords.  
To think,—to feel,—it is that makes the suffering on  
this earth;

And yet are they immortal signs of an immortal birth.

Maclise's group of the children of Lord Lyndhurst, full of character, is illustrated in some pretty lines by Mr. B. D'Israeli, who must recollect, however, in his next effort this way, that "dawn" does not rhyme to "morn."

\* "Virtute non armis fido," the family motto.